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THE

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2. *Jean.* Par M. Paul de Kock. 4 vols. Paris: 1828. C. Dupont. Londres: Bossange.

3. *Le Chancelier et le Censeur.* Par M. le Baron de Lamothe Langon. 5 vols. 12mo. Paris: 1828. C. Dupont. Londres: Rolandi.

It is to the land yet peopled with the old recollections of the world, in which the arts and religion only revealed their oracles in the garb of allegory and fable, that we owe the origin of romance. Almost unknown to those nations of antiquity which made public affairs their chief employment, it flourished among the Greeks of the lower empire, and among all the effeminate nations of Asia, from the very necessity of occupying the leisure of servitude. The talent of amusing men, was the first means of which despotic rulers availed themselves in governing them, and at a later period, in free states, it became almost the only secret of instructing them. The most ancient literary monuments of all nations, are romances, or historical poems. The books of Tobias, of Ruth, of Rachel, are the most perfect models of this latter kind: all the three convey in delightful perfection, the tone of the pastoral, and elevate the touching and simple episodes, interwoven with the history of the Hebrew nation, to a height that cannot be surpassed. Some writers have ventured to compare the Iliad with the Bible, and Homer with Moses; but there is a vast distance between the palace of poor Ithaca, and the tents of Abraham; the sorrows of Andromache, and those of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not; between the love of Penelope, and that of Ruth, who will go where Naomi goes—will die where she dies—will make Naomi's people her people, and Naomi's God, her God; between the despair of aged Priam, and the miseries of Job, those harrowing cries of grief, which are soothed by a ray of hope only when the patriarch of the desert lifts his suppliant hands to heaven. Homer must have benefited much by reading the Bible, as Heliodorus and Longus afterwards kindled their genius by studying the poems of the bard of Greece. In reading the Loves of Theagenes, and Chariclea, and the Pastoral of Daphnis and Chloe, by these two authors, we find the traces of a primitive relationship with poetry, which prove that the romance of which these works were the first models, is but the weakened reproduction of some of the different kinds, assigned by the rhetoricians to the "art divine."

The Orientals required, in the *romance*, only amusing stories, ingenious fictions, fitted to entertain their idleness, or to flatter their curiosity. The moderns exact more—with them, romance, really worthy of the name, must belong to the three great families of the epopee, drama, and comedy. The Greek pastorals, and Oriental histories, were forsaken for the description of real sentiment, and the representation of the manners of the age; and Clarissa and Gil Blas succeeded the Loves of Theagenes, and the Adventures of Daphnis and Chloe.

It is to the difference of the female condition in ancient and modern times, that we must attribute the difference between the romances of the two periods. No longer treated as slaves, and submitted to the caprices of a master, but on the contrary, enjoying all the rights of equality, and become the companions of our life, sharing our sentiments and thoughts, our joys and sufferings —women have necessarily introduced into romance, of which they are always the heroines, that purity of sentiment and exquisite delicacy, which so peculiarly distinguish them. Then, love, the soul of this species of composition, which had been degraded to a mere earthly passion, was associated with what there is most celestial in the heart of man. Modesty took the place of sensual abandonment; melancholy became more bewitching than pleasure itself; and the lover, a prey to all the torments, as well as to all the delights, of hope and fear, imagined that he beheld an angelic being in the object deified by his adoration. Moreover, women, by creating new interests in society, brought into play a thousand varying shades of character, which never developed themselves among the ancients, solely occupied with public affairs. The communications of the mind and heart, encircling themselves, amongst us, round the domestic hearth, were surrounded with every thing that composes the divine alliance of love and friendship, of esteem and confidence. All the virtues, formerly centered in patriotism, were developed solely by the attraction which they inspire, and love, sympathy for misfortune, pity, diffused their bewitching charms over existence, and thence passed into literature.

This revolution was not effected at once; it required many ages to instruct modern Europe in the art of exciting terror and pity, tenderness and hatred, by the simple resources drawn from human nature, and the development of the passions.

The first creations in the romantic kind, aimed only at celebrating brilliant feats of arms, jousts and tournaments. Such was the Romance of the Rose, written in the thirteenth century, by the poet Lorris, and afterwards continued by Jean de Meun.

This book was for nearly two centuries considered as the masterpiece of the human mind; it would not now be read without ennui. It is a didactic allegorical poem, full of insipidity; yet it sometimes displays grace, notwithstanding its defects, and has not been useless to the infancy of French literature, at a time when it was not considered worthy of serious works. In short, the Romance of the Rose, with all its extravagant imagination, is a frame that affords the author an opportunity of expressing moral-views and satirical thoughts on the world, particularly on women, and which permits him, whilst displaying his erudition, his scholastic experience and theological science, by turns, to instruct, to banter, and chastise. Thus, as a French critic has observed, "le genie poétique de ce peuple se montre raisonneur dans le premier de ses ouvrages." The Romance of the Rose is not a work of enthusiasm; the allegorical genius of the middle ages is there exhibited, such as the mixture of poetic and scholastic ideas formed it; and the principal idea is only a frivolous one —it is the art of love. Jean de Meun, in continuing the work of Guillaume de Lorris, followed the same plan.

A dream transports the romantic poet near the garden of love, and suddenly a multitude of allegorical personages appeared to him; hatred, felony, baseness, envy, chagrin, old age, misery; these are only women. The idle lady, or rather idleness personified, opens to the lovers the gate of the garden; Love appears and wounds them with an arrow. The lover expresses his wish to gather the rose; which is only what the poets of the time term the reward of love. The poem continues in this strain, and terminates with the conquest of the rose, in which some of the amusements of the *preux* of the times are described.

The Romance of the Rose was the type of all the romances of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The allegorical fell a little into disuse towards the end of the reign of Philip Auguste; and Tristan de Leonois, the oldest romance in French prose, and the most interesting of all the romances of the round table, became the model of compositions which had for their object the description of the chivalrous manners. The romances of the Twelve Peers, of Ogier le Danois, of Amadis, of the Petit Jehan de Saintré, which Tressan, in our times, has gracefully revived, formed the delight of the Paladins, and their noble ladies, until Rabelais, ridiculing this style by his satire, facilitated the reform which the arrival of Anne of Austria effected in the French theatre and literature.

It was at the commencement of the sixteenth century, that Francois Rabelais wrote the romances of Gargantua and Pentagruel. Destined for the church, placed at an early age in a convent of Franciscans, endowed with a lively imagination and an astonishing memory, this extraordinary author drew upon himself the hatred of the monks by his superior talents, and the good will of men of the world by his agreeable buffooneries. Imprisoned by the monks, and protected by the Pope; a Benedictine, after having been a Cordelier, and a canon after having been a Benedictine; forgiven for having misled the cardinals and the Holy Father; at last retiring to Meudon, and there the physician of his diocese, and the pastor of his patients, he published the most foolish, the most reasonable, the grossest and wittiest of books. The monks, by procuring the work to be censured by the Sorbonne, ensured its success, and the author was considered as the most acute and ingenious that France possessed.

We are not entirely of this opinion; there is a great difference, in our estimation, between Rabelais and his contemporary, Cervantes. His Gargantua appears like a coarse painting by the side of that of Don Quixote. It is true, that he had the same object in view—it is the picture of human follies which he paints in his writings. But it must be acknowledged, that his genius was not able to follow up a great and profound satirical idea; and his taste was not sufficiently pure to touch with delicacy the little crosses of humanity. His imagination created monstrous caricatures; his hero is a fabulous giant; his means, arms of every description, which he uses without selection, and without discrimination. All means were justifiable that enabled him to attain his object; nothing appeared to him puerile or obscene, provided he could excite laughter. No one poured forth with so bold a hand the riches of an inexhaustible gaiety, of a bantering and overwhelming philosophy, on the vices and prejudices of his times, the habits of the nobles, the pedantry of the schools, and the faults of the clergy. But he only fights, if we may be allowed the expression, *en tirailleur*—he attacks and wounds his enemy, but he cannot give those last blows which would complete the victory. The only class of men whom he opposed with any perseverance, were the poor mendicant monks, of whom he himself had been one. In Pantagruel, which is only the continuation of Gargantua, the satire is more broad, more peculiar, and better combined. Nothing can be more amusing than the imitation of the French Latinists, in the first book, which Pantagruel mistakes for the patois Limousin. The character of Panurge, a poor scholar whom Pantagruel rescues from misery, to make him his friend and counsellor, is a caricature abounding in talent. The whole age of Rabelais is brought into view by this malicious personage, and the corruption of the judges, and the crafty eloquence of the lawyers, the debauchery and drunkenness, and the stupid superstition of other classes, every thing, even to the old style of the romances of chivalry, appears in the most burlesque form.

The attacks of Rabelais upon the romances of chivalry, having brought them somewhat into disrepute, facilitated the introduction of Spanish literature into the French works; and pastoral romance, in the taste of Diana of Montemayor, became, from the arrival of Anne of Austria, the fashionable productions in France. Nicolas de Montreux, who designated himself anagrammatically by the more romantic name of Olenix-du-Mont-Sacré, composed Les Bergeries de Juliette, a collection of bucolic fooleries. Honoré d'Urfé published his romance of Astreé, which was received with such enthusiasm, that it was considered even in the age of Louis XIV., as an inimitable masterpiece. "Some touches of naiveté," says La Harpe, "some pastoral images that might have been adopted, at a time when better models were wanting, cannot now render its verbiage and nonsense endurable, unless to professed philologists, scholars, or etymologists, who delight to dwell in the tenebrose antiquities of our language, to guess at our old jargon, and who consider themselves repaid for their patience, when they have discovered a derivation, or are able to quote a happy expression." Astreé is full of the personal adventures of the author, who entitled the work an allegorical pastoral, intending by this name, only the travestie of his intrigues and insipid amours.

To these pastoral romances succeeded the historical romances, among which those of La Calprenede, Mademoiselle de Scudery, Mademoiselle Caumont de la Force, Madame Daunoy, and Madame Villedieu, female writers, whom Boileau overwhelmed with his poignant satire, are ridiculously famous. In Clelie, by Mademoiselle de Scudery, which extended to not less than ten enormous volumes, in the Cleopatre of La Calprenede, whose eternal conversations, numerous descriptions, and endless intrigues, escape the most retentive memory; and in the Amours des Grands Hommes, of Madame de Villedieu, all the heroes of antiquity are travestied in modern guise. This last work, in which the authoress amuses herself by "making Cato gallant, and Brutus a beau," contains several *billets doux* of Solon, Alcibiades, and Julius Cæsar.

Some touches of Boileau destroyed these ambitious rhapsodies, in which nature was not less disfigured than history, and the romance of manners arose in France. It was to a female, contemporary with Mademoiselle de Scudery, who had escaped the bad taste of the age, that we owe the first model of this class of compositions. The Romance of Zayde, by Madame Lafayette, may be reproached with containing too many incidents; but we have only praise to bestow upon La Princesse de Cleves, another of her productions more pleasing and attractive. "Never" says La Harpe, "has the struggle between love and duty been described with greater delicacy." Under the pen of Scarron, as well known by his marriage with Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, who became Queen of France, under the name of Madame de Maintenon, as by his merry humour and burlesque poetry, the nature of the romance of manners was somewhat changed. Provincial *ridicules*, country players, and scenes at inns, or at the tennis-court, form the principal contents of the comic romance: the incidents and personages, the style, every thing is ludicrous and burlesque, but every thing is true. It has been well observed, that "to pass from Zayde to the comic romance, is to go from good company to the tavern." The character of *Rancune* is interesting and well-traced; several chapters, particularly that of the boots, are treated very ingeniously, and in language more flexible and accurate than is to be found in most of the productions of this period.

Le Sage, like Scarron, found the type of his romances among the Spaniards, but he far surpassed his models in the natural simplicity of his style, in the comic tone, the variety, and the truth of his observations. Le Sage may be called the Cervantes of France; in Gil Blas he displayed the resources of a comic genius, the only one that might have approached Moliere, had it not met with neglect and forgetfulness, instead of the encouragements which it deserved. Guzman d'Alfarache, the Bachelier de Salamanque, and the Diable Boiteux, are productions inferior to Gil Blas, but too well known in Europe to render any analysis of them necessary. The romances of the Abbé Prévost are not so well known. The unfavourable situation of this author has injured his works. If he had not been obliged to make his fertile pen a continual source of subsistence, he would doubtless have left behind him a greater reputation; it is but too manifest that he multiplies pages for the bookseller, instead of composing works for posterity. The first part of his romances is always the most carefully written; witness his Cleveland, and his Doyen de Killerine. The incidents and characters in the whole of the first volume of Cleveland, exhibit a dramatic imagination, and a sombre but vigorous touch. The episode of the Island of St. Helena, is original and interesting; but the incredible adventures which occur subsequently, chill the curiosity which the author had inspired from the beginning of the work. In the composition and style of the Abbé Prévost, there is no striving after effect; he relates, in general, the incidents, without subjoining any reflections. He describes his situations, without appearing to be moved by them. But as there is always simplicity in his narrative, the reader is affected as if the scene were transacted before his eyes. He seldom endeavours, (like his contemporary Marivaux, to whom the French language is indebted for one of its best romances—that of Marianne, which has been translated into English), to give his sentiments a profound air. There is one exception, and without departing from his usual manner, it is exceedingly moving. We allude to Manon Lescaut: we know of nothing more dramatic, more interesting, or more true, than the adventures, apparently so common-place, of this *fille entretenue* in love with a *chevalier d'industrie.* Two children fall passionately in love with each other at first sight; they both leave their parents to fly together, never supposing that there can be in the world any want but love: they are soon reduced to indigence, the one barters her charms for gold, the other becomes a cheating gambler. From this story, which appears so disgusting, the Abbé Prévost has composed perhaps the most interesting and pathetic romance that the literature of any country possesses. We cannot esteem, and yet we feel impelled, in spite of our better judgment, to love Manon Lescaut. We cannot help feeling an interest in this woman, who, always faithful to the Chevalier des Grieux, even whilst she betrays him, loves nothing so well as she loves him, but fears nothing so much as misery. We are almost subdued with her lover, by the charms which she mingles with her infidelities, by the graces of her person, and the sprightliness of her disposition. We are not astonished at the ardent love of the chevalier; and when in the charette which bears her to the hospital, Manon, fastened by the middle of her body, drowned in tears, and covered with her dishevelled hair floating in loose disorder, stretches out her arms to her lover, we are not surprised at his devotion. Manon appears separated from her wretched companion, by the illusion that always follows beauty, and by the interest that always attaches to intense passion. The wonderful attachment of the chevalier, which is only increased by the faults and misfortunes of his mistress, is founded in nature: we cannot but recognize in it that reciprocal feeling which attracts and rules for ever, two creatures born for each other; that inward sentiment, which, changing its direction, can, as in Manon, exalt itself even to heroism. In short, this guilty woman, who has wallowed in vice, becomes afterwards admirable in her misfortunes, by her constancy and tenderness. The errors of an ardent imagination give place to the virtues of a feeling soul. After having been a charming mistress, Manon becomes an heroic lover; she prefers the poverty, dangers, and banishment of her lover, to an honourable and advantageous alliance with a man in office. This woman, so delicate, so softened by habituation to pleasure, consents to fly to a desert with the man she loves, rather than be separated from him, and at last meets death by his side; "a striking example," adds La Harpe, "that there is no soul that is not raised above itself, and rendered capable of every thing by intensity of passion."

The works of Mesdames de Tencin, Riccoboni, de Graffigny, and de Fontaine, belong rather to the class of Madame Lafayette and Marivaux, than to that of Le Sage and of the Abbé de Prevost. The Comte de Comminge, by Madame Tencin, may be considered as the *pendant* of the Princesse de Cleves. The Comtesse de Savoie, of Madame de Fontaine, is a work of great interest; from it Voltaire took the subject of Tancrede.

The Lettres Peruviennes, the first epistolatory romance composed in France, and the Marquis de Cressy, have immortalized the names of Mesdames de Graffigny and Riccoboni. The style of these romances is distinguished for taste, elegance, and grace. The ideas are not always elevated; the sentiments are perhaps borrowed from a nature somewhat too ideal, but impiety is not here reduced to system, as in the Sopha of Crebillon the Son, the Religieuse, of Diderot, and the *liaisons dangereuses*;—love never ceases to be honourable, and vice is never contagious.

We shall not now stop to examine the fairy tales of Perrault, which are but puerile, or those of Hamilton, which are interesting, although less so than the Memoires de Grammont, which abound in acuteness and wit, but belong to a different class of literature from that which we are now considering; or a multitude of works, (as frivolous as they were ephemeral), which inundated the court of the Regent, and of Louis XIV. We shall not even noticé the charming works of Bernardin de St. Pierre, which have been translated into all languages; nor those of the sensible Florian, whose novels and tales are the charm of infancy, whose interesting romance of Gonzalve and Cordoue, describes some portion of the vast picture of the civil wars which deluged Grenada with blood; nor Chateaubriand's well-known romance of Atala, the beauties and defects of which have been so well pointed out by Chenier; nor even the philosophical romance, (of which the Lettres Persannes were the first model,) which Voltaire rendered more amusing by his clever compositions, the limits of which were extended by Fenelon and Marmontel, and which, under the seductive pen of Rousseau, attained an eloquence of language, a depth of thought, without a model and without rivalry. Leaving to other pens than ours the task of worthily appreciating the imposing talent which ruled the world for a quarter of a century; which by the side of the most splendid gifts of genius, exhibited all the weaknesses of humanity; whose writings, a strange mixture of perplexity, sophistry, and sublime truths, entice, subdue, dispose at will of the mind of the reader, and, by the charms of style, make error disappear, and silence reason before sensations which it has the unhappy talent to inspire; without attempting to explain the inconsistencies in the character of Rousseau, and without wishing to defend the maxims, contrary to morality, which are to be found in the Nouvelle Heloise, or the paradoxical instinct that we meet with in Emile.—contenting ourselves here with expressing our admiration of this wonderful man, of whom enthusiasm made almost a God; whom we condemn and love; who directed his age by fictitious lights, to which his astonishing genius communicated the greatest brilliancy—we shall pass immediately to those romances which have acquired any celebrity among our neighbours, since the French Revolution.

Four ladies, equally celebrated, although in a different degree, present themselves to our notice in this new career, and prove that, of all works of imagination, romance is that of which their sex is most capable. Love, which is the principal subject of romances, is the sentiment with which they are best acquainted. There are in the passions a multitude of nice distinctions, delicate, and almost imperceptible, which they seize better than we do,—either because they attach more importance to love, or, because being more interested in taking advantage of it, they observe better its character and effects.

We have seen that romance, like manners, had its revolutions and its phases; in its origin it was only a *naif* recital of facts; it was allegorical in the infancy of modern society, when Christianity was known as it were only by its mysteries; it was chivalrous in the reign of Francis I.: under that of Louis XIV. it began to paint the sentiments, and under the pen of Rousseau, retraced the movements of the soul,—"not" says M. de Barante, "those simple movements produced by the immediate effect of circumstances, which constitute the character, and from which conduct results; but the internal action of the soul upon itself, when on the wings of the passions, and of the imagination, it soars far away from real and positive things." Madame de Stael, in our estimation, the only woman who possessed, with Sappho, the vivifying fire of genius, seems to have adopted the manner of Rousseau: without noticing her works on German Literature, her exalted and profound speculations on the Influence of the Passions, or her masculine and energetic conceptions on Literature Considered in Connexion with Morals and Politics, which do not fall within the limits of our present subject, we shall find much to admire in her two romances, notwithstanding the severe remarks of Chenier. In Corinne, the most perfect of her works, Madame de Stael describes a superior woman, rising above the prejudices of her sex, rejecting with contempt the censure of vulgar minds, and seeking in vain for happiness in the solitude into which her renown has thrown her. In Delphine, her first romance, she likewise pictured an ardent woman, striving to raise herself above the conventional bonds and duties of society, but avoiding splendour for internal happiness and quiet satisfaction; the circumstances which oppose her wishes are marked in colours as lively as they are varied; the thoughts are at the same time delicate and profound, and reflections abounding with true philosophy, are mingled with the most solid instructions. Madame de Krudener, the friend of Madame de Stael, wrote in her youth the romance of Valerie, of which she herself was the heroine, and which in style, sentiments, and form, nearly resembles Delphine. The romance of Adolphe, by M. Benjamin Constant, presents likewise a description of the tumultuous movements of the heart, and the sufferings of an impassioned soul. "This striking work," says the anonymous author of the Resumé de l'Histoire de la Litérature Française, "was the production of a calm and reflecting mind. It was originally written in English by the author, and afterwards transcribed into our language." It belongs to the school of Madame de Stael, as do likewise the romances of M. Keratry, of which we gave some account in one of the last numbers of the Monthly Review.

Madame de Stael had adopted the school of Rousseau; Mesdames de Genlis, Cottin, de Souza, her contemporaries, approached more nearly the manner introduced towards the end of Louis XIV., by Madame Lafayette and Marivaux. The romances of Madame de Genlis, are too numerous, and too well known, to require any analysis here. They are written in a natural style, but the characters are forced, and their manners fictitious. Madame de Genlis excels in contriving an intrigue; but a mixture of historical and imaginary facts, a total absence of benevolence, severe criticisms, vague declamations, and far-fetched incidents, disfigure all her writings, except that of Mademoiselle de Clermont, which is a perfect *chef d'œuvre.* Madame Cottin has not the ease of Madame de Genlis, but neither has she any of her defects. No woman was ever gifted with such rare sensibility, no one has ever surpassed her in picturing love, particularly unsuccessful love, or is more able to penetrate the secrets of the heart. Snatched away at the age of thirty-four, what works would she not have added to Claire d'Albe, Malvine, Emilie, Mansfield, Elizabeth, Mathilde, had it pleased heaven to prolong her days? Madame de Souza possessed some of the grace of Madame Cottin; in Adèle de Senange, and in Charles and Marie, she describes with exquisite taste and delicacy pictures of society and character. And lastly, Madame Gay, by her romance of Anatole, has placed herself on the list of the best romance writers; and if her last work of Théobald, just published, does not equal the expectations formed from her first production—if we do not find in Théobald, characters boldly traced, descriptions equally varied, and simple and natural stories, we shall behold novel situations: the friendship of the two heroes, Leon and Théobald; the tender love of Celine for the latter, who, to escape the scaffold, terminates his life by poison, make a deep impression.

The class of romance introduced by Rousseau, had its imitators: so had likewise that of Madame Lafayette. No one had yet attempted follow in the footsteps of Le Sage, when Pigault Lebrun published his Enfant du Carnaval, which was followed by Mon Oncle Thomas, M. Botte, the Barons of Felsheim, and ten other romances written with equal vigour. In these we may blame numerous digressions, a wandering imagination, hazarding every thing even to moroseness; but they ought to be read as the monument of the mind and manners of society, which passed from the oppression of the old regime, to the saturnalia of liberty. Pigault Lebrun, who imitated, without approaching the masterpiece of Gil Blas, had, in his turn, many imitators. A great number of dissolute writers adopted the disorder and licentiousness of this author, without approaching his originality of genius and philosophical views. M. de Kock was the one whose talents most resembled his. Like Le Sage and Pigault, M. de Kock selected his heroes from among the people, and we may say, that like them, he delights in the most vulgar subjects. As according to the poet,

> 'Ainsi que la vertu le vice a ses degrés,'

the author has shown us in his Gustave, an amiable corruptor. Lowering his aim, he now represents Jean an absolute *vautrien;* whose goodness of heart compensates for his frolics, and whose beautiful face atones for the ugliness of his deeds. The analysis of this work will give a faithful idea of the popular manners among our neighbours, and of the kind of talent possessed by M. de Kock.

Jean is the legitimate son of an herbalist, named Durand. The date of his birth is the 15th of March, 1805. His infancy was stormy; in spite of the flagellations which Mr. Durand paternally inflicted on his son, he could never contrive to make a scholar of him. Jean, induced by the counsels of two sad rogues, his friends Demar and Gervais, left his father's house, and all three travelled to the environs of Paris. As long as they had money, every thing went off very well; but the pockets once drained, they were compelled to think of procuring the means of subsistence; one proposed to exhibit in public, tricks with cards; another to swallow flax; the third to stand on his hands, with his feet in the air, for three minutes; they determined at last to exhibit a monster; shall it be fish or man? they decide in favour of a man with two heads, the one above, the other below; a booth is erected, and the trick attempted: a family of peasants comes to view the wonderful creature, the trick is discovered, and the three friends are soundly thrashed by the villagers; the buffoons bring down the booth on the spectators, and save themselves by a speedy flight. They arrive at an inn, and Demar seizes the *portefeuille* of a traveller. Jean sees too late that his companions are thieves; he leaves them, and returns trembling to the house of his father;—the good man had died of grief. Jean's godfather, to save his godson from new disasters, formed the project of marrying him to Mademoiselle Adelaide, daughter of a distiller, and the day of the marriage is fixed. A nocturnal adventure overturns all these plans; Jean was returning one evening about ten o'clock from visiting his betrothed, when as he entered *la rue des Trois Pavillons,* he hears the cry of stop thief, a man rushes by him; he stops him. *For pity's sake, do not ruin me,* exclaimed the thief. Jean, in this miserable wretch, recognizes his former friend Demar! He allows him to escape, after taking from him a Cachemir shawl which he held.

Jean now goes to the place from which the cries had proceeded; he finds two ladies, to whom he restores the shawl, they thank their deliverer, regretting at the same time the loss of a bag containing some money and a Souvenir, which the thief had probably carried off.

On returning home Jean finds the lost bag, and examining the Souvenir, he discovers that the name of the owner was Caroline Dorville, and that her residence is not far distant. He waits upon the lady the next day, and is received with gratitude. At this time Jean was a clown, he swore every moment, he smoked all day long; in short, he was inadmissible into good company. Madame Dorville was a pretty widow of eighteen. Jean fell in love, but without hope of success. Caroline invited him to repeat his visits, he goes the next day to a large party. The manner of the young man was far from elegant; his conversation clownish, he committed *sottises* without wishing and without knowing it, and furnished the company with laughter at his expense. He then determined not to visit Caroline again; he applied himself to his studies, and in a short time, becomes a charming young man. An *ami de café* took him one evening to the ball; Caroline was its chief ornament; Jean recognized her, the young widow beheld him with pleasure; he sang, he danced with grace, renewed his acquaintance with Caroline, and became her lover. A fop, named Valcourt, wished to pay his addresses to Mademoiselle Dorville; he insulted Jean, a meeting was given, in which Jean received a severe wound—to conclude, Caroline Dorville became the wife of Jean Durand. Truth in many of the portraits, with some of the exaggeration that so frequently prevails in romances of manners, are the excellence and defect of this work, which although not always pure in point of style, or novel in its conceptions, at least affords an amusing occupation, and leaves the sceptre of light romance in the hands of M. Paul de Kock, who, unlike many of his brethren, can regulate his imagination, and distinguish what is interesting, from what is obscene.

In the different kinds of romances which we have noticed, from those which describe the chivalrous manners of the olden time, to those which paint the habits of the citizens of our days, all the interest centres in love. The author conducts his heroes through many vicissitudes to death or happiness, and all is over; in either case little remains to be said. But that passion which has so much influence on the destiny of almost all men, even when it does not decide it, loses its force after a certain age; and the excitement of politics succeeds to the torments of love. It was worthy of M. Picard to create this new species of romance, which we will call the *political*, because it describes historical and contemporary events, and holds up to the ridicule or indignation of the living generation, the culpable manœuvres of governors, the powerful weaknesses, the vaunted nullities, of modern coteries. His Desodry is the comic history of *ridicules* and *sottistes*—of the excesses of the Jacobins and the Buonapartists; as the romance of M. Chatelain, the courageous editor of the *Courier Français,* at least equally amusing, is of the pretensions and mummeries of the emigrants and heroes of the restoration.

To this last class of romance writers belongs M. le Baron de Lamothe Langon; a bold observer, he represents faithfully what he has seen; if sometimes his descriptions have in them something repulsive, it arises from his wish to describe every thing; if his style is sometimes incorrect, it is from his fear (by devoting a few days to revising his works), of allowing some relaxation to the follies and vices of the great.

In his first work, entitled Monsieur le Prefet, the author of the Chancelier conducts us to a small town, and leads before us a multitude of ridiculous and despicable creatures. We go with his hero into the midst of assemblies of subaltern power; we behold it contending against reason and patriotism, creating difficulties, contriving conspiracies, that they may demonstrate to their superiors the necessity of keeping them in office, and granting them crosses and pensions. This picture of prefectorial despotism, of petty jealousies, of low intrigues, of the inquisition exercised by a functionary, over the thoughts and actions of his officers, is given with as much wit as energy. Electoral frauds were already spoken of, when Monsieur le Prefet appeared. Soon, celebrated prosecutions, which brought many patriots to the scaffold, revealed the existence of instigating agents, and the author, induced by this circumstance, imagined a dramatic story, to exhibit the haunt to which these men, covered with infamy, daily bore their denunciations.

The Espion de Police appeared, and Messrs. Delaveau and Fouchet grew pale at the resemblance. He published his romance of La Province à Paris, at a later period. At last the journals are subjected to an odious censorship; a senseless minister threatens to annihilate the remnant of liberty yet enjoyed by the press. Then M. de Lamothe-Langon, always the organ of public opinion, takes up his pen again, and Le Chancelier and le Censeur add to his reputation.

It is not to the French of our days that the author has directed his attention. Carrying us back to the last century, his design was, without doubt, to prove to his countrymen, that at all times, those whom power designs to stifle the voice of truth, were chosen from among the dregs of the nation, and that a man must be lost to all sense of shame, who accepts the office of executioner of the thoughts. The author leads us to the court of Louis XV. Here we behold the king, old, bloated, and requiring his degraded courtiers to become, anew, panders to his lusts; there, Richelieu, the equally debauched favourite of his debauched prince, intriguing to increase the number of recluses in the Parce-aux-Cerfs, and using his power only to neutralize that of La Dubarry. At last comes Jean Dubarry, the best drawn character of that infamous court; he has all the effrontery of vice, and cannot disguise that *language des halles*, which the monarch and his servants use only in secret. We behold the horrid and incestuous scenes at the chancellor's, who avenges his own inability by crushing talent, and crowding the state prisons. A female appears; she is the mistress of the king, the only real noble personage in the dramatic action which passes around her. Thanks to her care, a young girl, whose parents are unknown, is saved from the embraces of Louis XV., who is discovered to be her father. The infamous censors, corrupted by the minister Meaupon, and destined to serve a Richelieu and a Dubarry, limit their literary labours to avenging themselves on a young man, who would not consent to become one of their fraternity.

Such is the brief analysis of this romance which has appeared within the last months, from the pen of M. le Baron de Lamothe Langon, and with which, without farther comment, we conclude our list of the French romance writers.

Art. II.—*Mornings in Spring; or Retrospections, Biographical, Critical, and Historical.* By Nathan Drake, M. D. H. A. L. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1828.

Dr. Drake's name is not altogether unknown or undistinguished in our literature. Though ungifted with any very considerable portion of original talent, he has contrived to render his lucubrations acceptable to a certain class of readers, by the ease and clearness of his style, and by the nature of the topics which it has been his fortune to select. An attentive observer of the current in which the intellect of his own day has run, he has pored over it with peculiar delight; he has accurately recorded the gleams of sunshine which now and then illumined it in its progress, and he appears to have satisfied himself that there is no occupation more pleasant in this world of ours, than that of sitting in a library-chair for the greater part of a day, wrapped up in a warm morning gown, turning over the while such books as chance to meet his eye in a well-stored collection, and transferring to paper, and from thence to print, such reflections as arise in his mind concerning them.

It is a hapless limitation, however, to Dr. Drake's usefulness, that, though as yet we hope in vigorous health and age, he thinks and writes too much in the style that prevailed some forty years ago. He is a disciple of the Hayley school, which in the opinion of modern critics, is synonimous with tameness and mediocrity; his works have no freshness about them; none of the flush of that living, fiery heat, which characterizes the literature of our time.

Even where he touches upon the most recent productions of our celebrated authors, Dr. Drake speaks of them as if they belonged to the period of his youth; he catches no inspiration from their genius; his taste remains unimproved by their example; and he reverts to Hayley and Hole, et id genus omne, as the only stars that burn in his hemisphere.

Our author seems not at all to understand, that since the time when his gods and goddesses flourished, a new religion as it were has been established in literature, which has overturned the altars of his idolatry. We have the greatest possible respect for the younger Pliny, but we would never think of filling our pages with extracts from his letters, and from Melmoth's translations of them, as our author has done. To say the truth, we should strongly apprehend, that had we occupied our sheets with such matter, nobody would take the trouble of reading them. The history of the Cliffords of Craven, is undoubtedly curious and interesting, as told by Whittaker: but who would expect to meet, in two modern miscellaneous volumes, with a certain appearance of gaiety about them, and prettily styled 'Mornings in Spring,' a series of chapters entitled in the following manner?—'The Cliffords of Craven'; —'the same continued';—'the Cliffords of Craven continued';—'the Cliffords of Craven continued';—'the Cliffords of Craven continued';—'the same concluded'? The worst of the matter is, that the story, after all, is much better told by Whittaker, in whose pages it affords an agreeable relaxation amid the antiquarian lore by which it is surrounded. But in the work before us, it would seem as if we were never to have done with the Cliffords of Craven: they haunt us at the beginning, the middle, and the close of both the volumes: they leave us for a chapter or two; we are suffered to converse a while with Sir Philip Sidney, and his accomplished sister; but soon we are called away, after having been already sufficiently fatigued by them, to the Cliffords of Craven! Ossian, and Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry next take off our attention; and at the moment when we are most inclined to listen to their strains, in walk again the eternal Cliffords of Craven!

The next decided *bore* in this work, is the Reverend Richard Hole—a terribly unpoetical name—who it appears wrote in the dark ages of the last century, an epic romantic poem, entitled "Arthur." 'The fate of this poem,' observes Dr. Drake, 'has been hitherto, in my opinion, peculiarly hard and unmerited, and furnishes, indeed, a remarkable instance of that caprice which occasionally infects the literary world. It is now thirty-seven years since this work issued from the press; and though it then attracted some notice, as no second edition has since been called for, it cannot but be inferred that it has faded nearly, if not altogether, from the memory of the public.' We are much inclined to agree in the inference, which the Doctor here acknowledges with so much reluctance. Although we, who have been long on the highways of literature, must candidly confess that we have heard of the said "Arthur" before; yet we suspect that few of our readers have that eagerness to become acquainted with it, which a medallist feels when a coin of undoubted beauty, antiquity, and rarity, is placed in his hands for the first time.

The Doctor takes care to inform us, that although the poem in question had left no traces on the memory of the public, yet that it had not ceased to interest a few individuals, among whom he has the chivalry to enrol himself. Neither is the pleasure which he has derived from it to be attributed to the 'susceptibility of youthful imagination,' as he tells us, that 'on re-perusal, at very distant periods, the same gratification has been felt, and a great portion of the same admiration excited.' Not, indeed, 'the same admiration,' but 'a great portion' of it, which however is sufficient to make him believe, that 'no inconsiderable share of the neglect which this beautiful poem has so long endured, may be placed to the account of casual inattention.' Addison's criticisms in the Spectator, on the Paradise Lost, are generally supposed to have awakened in the public mind that admiration for the genins of Milton, which has ever since gone on increasing. Why should not Dr. Drake's eulogies on the "Arthur" of the Rev. Richard Hole, rescue that sublime composition from the obscurity which has so long enshrouded it, and hold it up as a model of excellence to nations yet unborn?

This great poem was intended, we are told, as an imitation of the old metrical romance, 'with some of its harsher features softened and modified.' Its heroes and incidents are constructed rather on the plan of Ariosto than of Homer; "not, however," says the reverend poet, "because the desultory wildness of the one is preferred to the correct fancy of the other, but because the old Gothic fables exhibit a peculiarity of manners and situation, which, if not from their intrinsic excellence, may, from their being less hackneyed, afford more materials for the writer's imagination, and contribute more to the reader's entertainment." Mr. Hole, however, deviated in practice from the plan which he had here proposed; he mixed up the mythology of Greece with that of Scandinavia, and produced besides such a half imitation of Homer and Ariosto, that it is impossible, on arriving at the end of the poem, to say whether it is a *classical* or a *romantic* composition, according to the modern import of these terms. It is, however, of little consequence now to ascertain to which of these two genera "Arthur" belongs, as, we suspect that, however warm may be the praises bestowed upon it in 'The Mornings in Spring,' they cannot restore animation to a composition which has long since sunk into its grave.

Of the chapters devoted to Sir Philip Sidney and his sister, we would fain speak in respectful terms; but we must submit to Dr. Drake, that he has not said one word about them which has not been already repeated to satiety. After all his admiration for the character of that pink of chivalry, he can find no better eulogy for him than that which Camden has long since recorded.

The reader would not feel much obliged to us, if we detained him with any thing like an analysis of the biographical sketch which our author has interwoven with some remarks on the writings of Sir Philip Sidney; but there is a letter addressed by his father to that remarkable personage, while he was yet a boy, which cannot be too highly commended, or too often placed under the public eye. The original of it was found among the manuscripts deposited in the library at Penshurst; our author has modernised the orthography, and we feel assured, that it will be read with interest, for the very useful practical instructions which it contains.

'*Sir Henry Sidney to his son Philip Sidney, at school at Shrewsbury, in 1566, then being of the age of twelve years.*

'"I have received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often; for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer with continual meditation and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do at that time. Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time, I know, he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words: so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master; for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, least being enforced to drink upon the sudden you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones; it will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments; it shall make you grateful in each company, and, otherwise, loathsome. Give yourself to be merry; for you degenerate from your father, if you find not youself most able in wit and body, to do any thing when you be most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man; for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given by the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you will be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect to the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly; and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampered up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reigns or bridles for the loose use of that member. Above all things, tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naught; and let it not satisfy you, that for a time, the hearers take it for a truth, for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied; so shall you make such an habit of well doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of by your mother's side, and think that only, by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man, Well, my little *Philip*, this is enough for me, and too much I fear for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food.

'"Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God,

'"H. SYDNEY."'

vol. i., pp. 117—121.

The reader will, perhaps, be surprised to learn, that the three principal topics to which we have above alluded, viz. 'The Cliffords of Craven,' 'Arthur,' and 'Sir Philip Sidney,' occupy thirteen out of the twenty-two chapters of which this work is composed. Of the remaining nine, the Introduction is by far the best written; and, indeed, out of the whole series, it is the only one that answers to the seducing title which the author has been pleased to affix to his volumes. We shall select from it one or two passages.

'The sensations with which, during every stage of our existence, we contemplate the *Return of Spring*, are among the most delightful which can animate the human breast. Nearly the whole vegetable, and a great part of the minute animal world have for weeks and months lain buried beneath the darkness and desolation of winter; we have from day to day looked abroad, and beheld nothing but torpor and sterility on the face of the earth: scarcely a vestige of what had once clothed the hill and the valley with beauty is to be discovered; and it would appear almost as if the pulse of life stood still.

'Yet, a little while, and a miracle, the most stupendous, bursts upon our view: Nature seems again, as in the primal hour of her existence, to start into life and splendor; for the word of her Creator has gone forth, and light, and heat, and animation, are once more diffusing their blessings through air, and earth, and water. The sun, that secondary fountain of being, has awakened like a giant refreshed from his slumber; and "the desert and the solitary place is glad, and the wilderness springs and blossoms as the rose." There seems to be, as it were, a resurrection from all the chambers of the dead, and not a breeze is wafted to us but brings on its renovating wings, millions of new awakened creatures, to people and enjoy every element around us.

'But it is more especially to the heart of man, that this annual reviviscence of the world around him opens a source of inexhaustible gratitude and praise; for not only, in common with the inferior tribes of being, does he feel the vital spirit of renewal breathing fresh life and vigour through his frame, but he acknowledges it also to be the season, when most powerfully and impressively the goodness and benevolence of the Deity are seen through all his works, and when, in tones of endearment not to be resisted, he speaks more directly to the moral and intellectual part of his creation. It is in Spring, in fact, whilst all that lives is rejoicing, when not only the fig-tree and the vine have put on their promise, but one general song of bliss and harmony is ascending to heaven, that our hearts kindle with the love of nature, and respond to the noblest promptings of philanthropy; that we most infinitely feel our relationship with the great family of the Father of all things; and that we best learn to associate his image and his attributes with all that, in the boundless beneficence of his will, he has called into being and enjoyment.

'To those whom life, with all its lovely tints of promise, is just opening, Spring comes with a peculiar congeniality of aspect and feeling. There is, indeed, between the youth of the year, and the youth of human life, a similitude the most striking; both are, in fact, the peculiar season of gaiety and hope, and both appear vested, as it were, in paradisaical beauty, and fresh from the hands of their Creator. It is, consequently, at this interesting period of our earthly pilgrimage, when, whilst every sense is stimulated by the charm of novelty, and every pulse thrills with innocent delight, when we are yet looking forward with an unchilled imagination which paints goodness and happiness as the general lot of mortality, that the heart, as yet uncontaminated by any admixture with a guilty world, joins its purest homage to that which universal nature, during the spring-tide of the year, seems more especially offering up at the throne of the Deity; a homage which at no after period of time can, with man, be equally sinless and unpolluted; and which is, indeed, peculiarly and almost exclusively the property and the privilege of our youthful days.'—vol. i., pp. 1—4.

The author then with equal felicity of phrase, descants on the effect which the return of Spring produces on old age.

'If, on the mind of those who are midway on their journey through the valley of life, the return of Spring comes associated, as if by an indissoluble catenation, with the endearing pictures of childhood and opening youth, with perhaps yet greater power of impression does it call up the recollections of early happiness and simplicity in the bosom of the *aged*. It is, indeed, one of the characteristics of those advanced in life, that whilst the events of the noontide and eventide of their days, and even the occurrences of the preceding week, are often buried in utter oblivion, or remembered but faintly and indistinctly, such has been the strength, such the indelible nature of the imagery which has accompanied the morning of their existence, that the features of that happy period, when the heart was guileless, and the mind unsullied, rise up again with a freshness and vividity of colouring that rival the tenderest hues of Spring, and place before the pilgrim, laden with the snows of time, a fairy vision of remembered bliss, regions of green pastures and still waters, rendered still more bright and lovely by the contrasting darkness which surrounds them.*

'And, even where memory serves in old age to recal the entire tissue of past events, how seldom is the picture of our opening days made less dear and interesting to us by recollected scenes of subsequent innocence and enjoyment! It is then, indeed, that too frequently an appalling contrariety is formed between the passions and the vices of maturer life, and the calm and simple happiness of the spring-time of our years; and striving to forget the intermediate stages of guilt and folly, we fix our eyes with a deep yet melancholy delight on that portion of our being, when the breath of Heaven seemed to blow around us with hope and rapture on its wings, and awakened in our youthful hearts the purest love of nature and of nature's God.'—vol. i., pp. 5—8.

Dr. Drake has evinced much of his acknowledged taste in his remarks on the poetry of Drummond, of Hawthornden; as well as in his comparison between Chaucer, Dunbar, and Burns. From the former we are tempted by the subject, as well as by the engaging manner in which the author has treated it, to present the reader with an extract.

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* 'I must here be allowed to quote a short passage from a little volume published at Derby, and sold by Longman and Co. London, in 1823, and entitled "Essays and Sketches in Prose. By George Miller, jun., author of Stanzas written on a Summer's Evening, and other Poems." The poems alluded to in the title-page I have not seen; but I can truly say, that the Essays are valuable alike for the purity of their sentiments and beauty of their style. There is, indeed, a sweetness and tenderness of thought about them which cannot fail to endear their pages to every reader, and I feel particular pleasure in bearing this testimony to their literary and moral excellence. The passage to which I allude is in perfect accordance with the subject of my present paper. The author is speaking of infancy as "the sunshine of our existence," and he then adds, "If there be one topic upon which the aged love to dwell more than another, it is this: With what enthusiastic glee will they repeat the actions of their earlier years! Who has not seen the faded eye lighted up with a new lustre, and the withered cheek overspread with a momentary glow, at the mention of some infant-deed which they well remember? and how firmly attached are they to the place where they first began their youthful sports. The sun in other lands may shine as bright, but it does not rise over the little hill, nor set behind the green wood, where, in infancy, we were wont to view it. The sky, in a distant province, may appear studded with as many stars, but it is not so dear to us as when we gazed upon it from the footpath by our native cottage. Even the old gate, which opens into the small garden, has a sacredness about it which we love to cherish; and although some cold calculating philosophers may laugh, and tell us it is only composed of a few pieces of wood, yet we can smile in return, since we have truth and reason, and the holiest of feelings on our side." '

'From Roslin to Hawthornden, a spot dear to the lovers of poetry as the birth-place and residence of *William Drummond*, the Petrarch of Scotland, there is a moderate and delightful walk through woods and fields. Nothing can be more romantic than the site of the poet's house, which is placed, like an eagle's nest, on the verge of a precipitous rock, in whose sides have been cut by human art, in an age of remote antiquity, caves of vast extent, whilst, at its foot, rolls the beautiful stream of Esk through a deep glen or valley, richly skirted with wood.

'It was with feelings of no ordinary gratification, that, with the poet's sonnets in my hand, I first traced this lovely and sequestered scene; and it is scarcely with less pleasure that even now, at the distance of nearly forty years, I once more revert, though but in memory's tablet, to its classic shades, endeavouring at the same time to collect, with that partiality for retrospection which advancing age so fondly cherishes, some circumstances of the life and literary leisure of one who has thrown around the woods and the caves of Hawthornden, the associations and celebrity of a second Vaucluse.

'William Drummond, son of Sir Robert Drummond, and allied to the royal family of Scotland by the marriage of the sister of his ancestor, William Drummond, of Carnock, to Robert the Third, was born at Hawthornden, the seat of his father, on the 13th of December, 1585. Having received an excellent education at Edinburgh, at first in the High School, and subsequently in the university of the same place, where, in the year 1606, he took his degree of Master of Arts, he was, at the age of twenty-one, sent by his father, who had destined him for the legal profession, to attend lectures on the civil law at Bourges in France.

'After a residence of four years on the continent, during which he had diligently and successfully pursued his studies, he returned to Scotland in 1610, and with the intention of practising the law; but the death of his father, which occurred a few months after he had reached home, and his own preponderating attachment to the belles lettres, together with very limited desires as to the possession of wealth, induced him, at the age of twenty-five, to retire to his paternal estate, where, uninterrupted by the turmoil of the world, he might devote himself to his beloved books, and the nurture of his poetical talents.

'To a mind thus early disposed and prepared to enjoy and to improve the advantages of solitude, no situation could be better adapted than the romantic seclusion of Hawthornden, a spot which, from the beauty and sublimity of its scenery, would seem purposely suited to foster and expand the powers of imagination; and here, indeed, it was that the best and earliest of his poems were composed.

'How deeply he was imbued with those sentiments and feelings which, even in the spring-time of life, lead their charmed votary from the busy haunts of man, will be evident from the two following sonnets, written during this period of his residence at Hawthornden, and taken, indeed, from poems, a part of which was printed as soon as 1616, if not before, and the rest in 1623. In the first, which appeared in the earliest of these publications, he seems to apprehend some approaching necessity which may compel him to quit his favourite retreat.

'" Dear wood! and you, sweet solitary place,
Where I, estranged from the vulgar, live,
Contented more with what your shades me give,
Than if I had what Thetis doth embrace:
What snaky eye, grown jealous of my pace,
Now from your silent horrors would me drive,
When sun advancing in his glorious race
Beyond the Twins, doth near our pole arrive?
With sweet delight a quiet life affords,
And what it is to be from bondage free,
Far from the madding worldlings' hoarse discords,
Sweet flow'ry place, I first did learn of thee.
Ah! if I were my own, your dear resorts
I would not change with princes' stateliest courts."'

'Beautiful as is the expression as well as the sentiment of this sonnet, it is surpassed in both by its companion, which, whilst it breathes a calm and philosophical dignity, is remarkable, at the same time, for the sweetness and harmony of its versification.

'" Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love:
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods, harmless shades, have only true delights."'

'Were it possible to have increased such a decided partiality for solitude as these sonnets evince, it would have been effected by two events which occurred to their author during that period. To one of these, indeed, it might naturally be supposed that his temperament, in a high degree sensitive and susceptible, would peculiarly incline him; and it was not, therefore, long before his seclusion became doubly interesting to him through the influence of the tenderest of affections, an influence, indeed, to which with the young and imaginative, solitude has been found very generally to lead.

'The object of his attachment was a descendant of an ancient and honourable house, a daughter of Cunningham of Barnes, a lady young and beautiful, and accomplished, and possessing, like himself, an enthusiastic love for retirement. Yet it would appear from the tenor of his poems, that, notwithstanding this congeniality of taste, it was long before he had made any deep impression on the heart of his mistress, and that he had some reason to complain of her coldness and reserve. At length, however, he was made happy by a return of affection, and the day was even fixed for the celebration of their nuptials, when, by one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence to which, in this world of trial and probation, we are called upon to submit, she was suddenly snatched from him by the hand of death, a violent fever terminating her life, and, with her, all his fondest dreams of happiness on earth.

'To a heart of such keen sensibility as was our poet's, alive to all the finer feelings of humanity, yet taught by habit and secession from general society to centre all its hopes and wishes on one beloved object, the shock must have been for a time almost overwhelming. If we may judge, indeed, from his poetical effusions, it was never entirely surmounted, but has thrown over the greater portion of them that interesting air of melancholy which so much attaches us to the writings of Petrarch. In fact, the most striking affinity may be found between the passion and the poetry of the two bards; they had each alike to lament the reserve and the loss of the objects of their first affection.'—vol. i., pp. 253—259.

Although we differed in opinion with Dr. Drake as to the transcendant merits which he ascribes to his favourite Hole, yet we fully coincide with him in thinking, that Drummond has never yet received his due meed of praise. Several of his sonnets are exquisitely written, particularly those which he framed after the death of Miss Cunningham. One of these, addressed to that lady before that event, with the view of teaching her how transitory are all female charms, may, however, stand a comparison with any thing of the kind which has come down to us.

'" Trust not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow;
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow;
Nor snows of cheeks, with Tyrian grain enroll'd:
Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure rays behold;
Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
Than of the Thracian harper have been told.
Look to this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes.
The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
Shall once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours."'—p.261

The desolate state of his mind is thus pathetically described, in a sonnet which was written after the death of his beloved mistress.

'" O it is not to me, bright lamp of day,
That in the east thou show'st thy golden face;
O it is not to me thou leav'st that sea,
And in those azure lists beginn'st thy race.
Thou shin'st not to the dead in any place;
And I dead from this world am past away,
Or if I seem, a shadow, yet to stay,
It is a while but to bewail my case:
My mirth is lost, my comforts are dismay'd,
And unto sad mishaps their place do yield;

> My knowledge represents a bloody field,
> Where I my hopes and helps see prostrate laid.
> So plaintful is life's course which I have run,
> That I do wish it never had begun."—p. 269.

Dr. Drake's biographical notice of John Mason Good, is written under strong impressions of friendship. We are not, therefore, to wonder if it sets a higher value on the talents and productions of that gentleman, than the world will be inclined to sanction. We are rather surprised to find our author, in his remarks on the character of Ossian, endeavouring to revive the arguments for the authenticity of M'Pherson's audacious impositions, by shewing that some of the heroes whose feats he has sung, resembled those who are celebrated in Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry. It was never doubted, that the *translator* of Ossian founded his productions on some ancient traditional Irish or Scotch poems; the resemblance, therefore, which Dr. Drake has discovered and traced, just leave the controversy where it was. We had thought that in our times, nobody gave credit to M'Pherson's tale, though many are still inclined to wish that it was credible. We observe, that in a concluding miscellaneous chapter, Dr. Drake has repeated the common mistake of the Encyclopædias, that Galileo was persecuted and imprisoned by the Inquisition at Rome, for his astronomical opinions. It is not true, as M. Bergier demonstrates by the evidence of Galileo's letters, that he was ever imprisoned or persecuted at all. He was cited to Rome to account for certain theological conclusions which he drew from the Copernican system—not for reviving that doctrine, upon which, in point of fact, no opinion was offered or contested. We must add, that we have been much disappointed in this work. We expected a better selection under so agreeable a title; we expected more originality, and more abundant specimens of the treasures which Dr. Drake might have accumulated, in the course of those elegant studies in which he is known to have engaged himself for some years.

ART. III.—*History of Roman Literature during the Augustan Age.* By John Dunlop, Esq.; Author of the History of Fiction. vol. iii. 8vo. pp. 611. London: Longman & Co. 1828.

AT first sight, an historical view of the Literature of Ancient Rome might seem, in this day, the most hacknied and useless of undertakings. Upon its subject whole ages of commentators have already expended their laborious dullness; whole armies of pugnacious critics have staked their conflicting dogmas, exchanged their ridiculous ire, and exhausted their impotent hostility. For five hundred years, it has been the devotion of professed scholars to consume their lives in the exposition of the master pieces of classical antiquity, and the delight of lettered genius, to gather and emulate their beauties: for these, illustration, imitation, and plagiarism, have all done their best and their worst. The Roman historians and poets are the familiars of every school-boy; and their knowledge and their inspiration, the earliest and the habitual stores of accomplishment and taste for every gentleman of liberal education. To what purpose then, it might reasonably be inquired, is the public attention invited anew to a theme, on which centuries of annotation and criticism, and hundreds of volumes have before been employed, and the materials of which are full and fresh in the minds of our whole lettered generation?

And yet Mr. Dunlop has judged correctly and well, that a compendious survey of the rise, progress, and decline of Roman literature, was still a desideratum for the general reader. Notwithstanding the immense number of ponderous tomes of the classical commentators, which fatigue the shelves, and slumber in the dust of our great libraries, we possess, in our own language at least, no one book that, in an attractive form, and within moderate limits, contains the whole circle of Roman literary history: no single work that, at once philosophical, critical, and biographical, might enable the well informed student to collect and concentrate the scattered fragments of his favourite knowledge, to embrace at a glance the whole course of Roman literature, and the history of the men, and the minds which produced it, and to trace without interruption the growth, maturity, and decay, of that mingled energy and refinement of intellect, which are attested in the imperishable monuments of its greatness. Such a want Mr. Dunlop has meritoriously laboured to supply, and such a work, it is not too high an eulogium to declare, he has successfully executed.

The design itself was congenial to the pursuits of a writer, whose elegant erudition, and critical acumen, had already been exercised in analyzing the characteristics of imaginative composition; and the 'History of Roman literature' was an appropriate task for the author of the "History of Fiction." The same cast of mind, bringing the habit of philosophical generalization and abstraction, to bear upon the intellectual creations of taste, was likely to prompt both attempts, and was sure to produce their similar execution. Accordingly the volumes, of which the third is now before us, just reflect the same qualities of authorship that were observable in Mr. Dunlop's former work; a degree of learning always equal to the purpose, but never needlessly expended or obtrusively thrust forward; lettered judgment and taste, not so much refined and polished, as merely severe and correct; and a feeling for the excellences of genius, rather reflective, calm, and equable, than very enthusiastic, fervid, or elevated. With these capabilities on matters of fact, and these negative qualities on the score of fancy, Mr. Dunlop is peculiarly fitted by his acquirements and temperament, for the office of illustrating the history of literature; an office requiring something higher in enlargement of thought and eloquent narration, than the grovelling precision of the verbal critic, and the dull, dry commentator; and something lower in excitability than the refined or passionate conceptions of beauty, which are kindled in a truly poetical mind.

For the walk of literature which Mr. Dunlop has chosen, he appears to us, in short, eminently qualified by his respectable learning, his critical tact, and, above all by the soundness of a judgment, which without being ever insensible either to beauties or defects, always preserves its dispassionate tone and its philosophical character. His present work *can* add nothing to the knowledge of the scholar; it can only repeat facts which have been a thousand times related, and balance opinions which have been as often discussed; but though no more than a compilation, it is judiciously selected and ably put together; and its subject, treated with historical fidelity and critical skill, is calculated to revive and renew some of the most delightful recollections of early study. We would not be of the number of those in whom these volumes have no power to awaken such kindly reminiscences. The man is little to be envied, who with the diseased feeling of the great poet, can cherish only antipathy for

> "The drilled dull lesson forced down word by word,"

and forget his first fresh draught of intellectual pleasure, from the perennial fountain of classical poesy. To the easy charm of perusing a work such as Mr. Dunlop's, we can readily apply the associations which he has claimed for the amiable muse of Horace: associations "redolent of joy and youth."

The volume now published, the third in the series, which, we presume, will extend through a fourth, may be described strictly as examining the state of Roman literature, and the qualities of its productions, and sketching the lives of its authors and patrons, during that period of its meridian splendour, which coincides with the reign of Augustus. In the mass of biography and criticism, Mr. Dunlop has interspersed some valuable general remarks on the character and conduct of Augustus himself, with reference to letters and their professors, and on the influence of the state of society during his reign, upon the cultivation of literature. He has also some brief but able dissertations upon the Roman poetry, drama, history, and oratory of the age. The lives of Mæcenas and Pollio, of Virgil and Horace, of Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, of Varius, Gallus, and other minor poets; of Livy, Cornelius Nepos, Cordus, and a few less known historians, form the biographical contents of the volume. But among these Virgil and Horace, and the analysis of their works, occupy of course by far the larger space; and these memoirs of the two great epic and lyric masters of their country and times, are the gems of the collection.

Of the character of Augustus, and the merit of his politic encouragement of letters, Mr. Dunlop appears to us to have exhibited on the whole rather too favourable a picture. He is too ready to forget the horrible proscriptions of Octavius, the triumvir and the tyrant, and to dwell only, as the adulatory voice of the poets has taught him, upon the "beneficence, clemency, and mercy" of Augustus, the emperor, and "the father of his country." Much should, in reason and cool reflection, be detracted from the eulogies which men of letters seem in all ages to have thought it a professional debt of gratitude, to shower upon the latter years of the blood-stained, cruel, and cowardly usurper. The just measure of the fame of Augustus, is only due to him by comparison with some of the monsters, who wore the world's diadem after him. To say, indeed, that his name should be execrated for the last betrayer of his country's liberties, as some of the enthusiasts of republican virtue have insisted, is extravagant. We fear, that to those who are no friends to free institutions, and who are ever glad to mark their inefficacy, the position must be conceded, that "for half a century there had been no liberty left at Rome for Augustus to destroy." The corruption flowing in from wealth and prosperity, and the fierce and bloody ambition of Marius and Sylla, and their immediate successors, had already ruined the republic beyond retrievement, when, upon the assassination of Cæsar—a blow daringly struck, but impotently followed up, "animis virilibus, consiliis puerilibus," as Cicero well characterized it—the state was delivered into the hands of the second triumvirate. If Brutus and his fellow conspirators "struck for liberty and the commonweal's virtue," it was an attempt of which their degenerate countrymen were altogether unworthy. At Rome, as Mr. Dunlop has justly observed, the act and the cause of the conspirators were certainly unpopular; and all that they staked and lost on the bloody field of Philippi, was no more than the empty name of that freedom, of which the spirit had long and for ever been extinguished in the Roman people.

It is therefore surely idle to regard Octavius as the destroyer of the republic, which he could not at any period of his life have really restored if he would. His crimes, deep as was their atrocity, lay far less in treason to the imaginary commonwealth, than in a deadly ambition, which set at naught every compunctious pleading of humanity and nature. His iniquity was not so much that he shewed himself a bad citizen, as a bad man: not so much, that his lust of power was too strong for his patriotism, as that it was the ruling passion of a heart, coldly and obdurately cruel. To applaud the mild temper of a reign which was deliberately prepared by such frightful conscriptions, and cemented in the purest blood of the empire, is to invest the cunning policy of successful guilt, with all the beneficent qualities of virtue. In his political capacity, the best praise of Augustus amounts to no more than this, that he ceased to be sanguinary, when to be merciful was necessary for the repose and security of his throne: in his encouragement of letters, and of the peaceful influence upon society which literature exercises, his political interests at least were as much promoted as his personal tastes; and even as the patron of the man of genius at his court, he divides the honor but unequally with his great minister Mæcenas.

Mr. Dunlop dilates much on the early predilection of Augustus for study, upon the intellectual accomplishments which he exhibited in maturer life, upon the recorded elegance of his epistolatory style, his sound judgment, and his exquisite taste in literature; and he seems therefore desirous of impressing upon the reader, that, in the emperor's noble protection of letters, his usual policy and artifice had a smaller share than in those other parts of his conduct by which he acquired the favorable opinion of the world. Whether this idea may or may not be well founded, it is of little consequence to inquire: but it is difficult to credit the union of any true attachment for the benign pursuits of philosophy and letters, with the perpetration of those foul and bloody deeds which defiled the early career of Augustus. If we are to believe at once in the sincerity of his moral transformation, and in his genuine love of literature in his latter years, it is more easy to accept the supposition, which Mr. Dunlop offers as an alternative, we presume, for his more favorable estimate: 'that what commenced with Augustus in artifice, tended ultimately to amend his own disposition and character, and that, as the emperor Julian has insinuated, an intercourse with those men of worth and learning by whom he was surrounded, mollified a heart by nature obdurate and unrelenting, and from which ambition seemed to have eradicated every feeling of compassion and tenderness.'

Our author's estimate of the measure of praise to which Augustus is really entitled, for his patronage of literature, is more within reasonable bounds, when he denies to him the merit of having created that splendid æra of lettered greatness which has been always associated with his name. 'What we loosely term the style of the Augustan age,' as Mr. Dunlop justly observes, 'was not formed in the reign of Augustus.' It was created under the commonwealth, during the hopeless but spirit-stirring struggles for liberty against Julius Cæsar, and his successors the triumvirs, when the impulse which the ancient institutions of Rome had given to the human mind, was not yet spent or exhausted, though those institutions were themselves in decay. The great poets, the honor of whose productions is commonly referred to the first half of Augustus's reign, only because it was during that period that their genius reached its maturity, had all in fact been born and nurtured in the last stormy years of the republic. They had seen with their own eyes the last expiring convulsions of freedom: they had been animated in their youth by her breath, which is perhaps never more inspiring than in the strong agony of her death struggle. The first poets of the Augustan age, were at least free-born Romans: Horace ventured his life at Philippi for the sake of liberty, and Tibullus and Propertius lost their fortunes in the cause. Virgil, too, had somewhere learnt the language of freedom, if no more; and though he be content occasionally to tune his voice to servile poems, his poetry, both in direct phrase and in general sentiment, bespeaks the moral dignity which freedom alone can bestow. The effects of the total extinction of liberty upon the literature of Rome, were not so slow or uncertain that their operation should be mistaken. The younger generation of poets, who were really formed in the court of Augustus,—who did not grow up to manhood until after the commencement of his reign, and had inhaled only the slavish air of the empire—they were of a school altogether different from their predecessors; a school for which Ovid may be taken as a sufficient exemplar, and of which declining vigour and corrupting taste were already the ominous characteristics.

As among the Augustan poets VIRGIL was unquestionably the first in dignity, as in time, his life ushers in the collection of their biography. The charm which Mr. Dunlop has thrown into his article on Virgil, however, consists much less in the recorded circumstances of his personal history, than in the agreeable and ingenious dissertation with which we are presented on his works. The incidents in the mere life of the poet appear to have been few, and unattended with striking vicissitudes; and even for these there remains very little exact authority that may be implicitly relied upon. Of the military violence which dispossessed him of his patrimonial farm, and of the imperial bounty through which he recovered it, he has himself so beautifully told us in the eclogue of Tityrus; and this seems to have been the single adventure on which his alternate life of rural obscurity and courtly distinction, of undiscovered inspiration and splendid achievements, principally revolved. There exists only one ancient life of Virgil, which bears the name of Tiberius Claudius Donatus:—a very suspicious composition of no earlier date than the fifth century; and to this, such as it is, Mr. Dunlop, like those who have gone before him, has of course been constrained chiefly to revert. We agree in the probability of the conjecture, which Mr. Dunlop repeats, that the basis only of the Life was written by Donatus, and that it was altered and interpolated, when transcribed from time to time by the librarians and copyists of the monasteries: for it contains, interwoven with circumstances unquestionably of authentic record, a great many things which it is equally manifest must be fictitious.

It seems, indeed, to have been a favourite work of invention throughout the middle ages, to accumulate fables concerning Virgil: he was held, as is well known, in superstitious credence, for no better than a necromancer. And even so late as the seventeenth century, Naudé, in the plenitude of zeal, thought it necessary to defend his memory formally from the suspicion of sorcery, in his "Apologie pour les grans hommes, accusez de Magié." Even Bayle also appears almost serious in his refutation of the same charge, and devotes one of his tremendously long notes (from which, by the way, we observe Mr. Dunlop has largely borrowed without acknowledgment) to prove that there is nothing more ridiculous than the stories of the magic which Virgil practised, and the prodigies which he shewed to the people of Naples! This gravity on such a subject is amusing: but there is more point in the brief explanation which Naudé has offered, and Bayle and our author after him have adopted, of the origin of this whimsical transmutation of the enchanting poet into a veritable sorcerer. Virgil's character as an adept in magic, probably originated in his knowledge of mathematics, in the Pharmaceutria of his eighth eclogue, and in his revelation of the secrets of the unknown world, in the sixth book of the Æneid:—to which Mr. Dunlop adds, 'the report that he had ordered his books to be burnt, which naturally created a suspicion that he had disclosed in them the mysteries of the black art.' But we are surprised that it never occurred to any one, (so far as we are aware) to remark the coincidence of Danté's choice of Virgil for his guide through the infernal regions, with the popular attribution of magical power to "The Mantuan." When Danté apostrophizes him indeed, at their first meeting, in those well known lines "Or se' tu quel Virgilio, &c." it as his master of the poetical not the necromantic art: but, throughout his infernal pilgrimage, Danté evidently appeals for an explanation of the terrific scenes which he encounters, less to the poet, than as to a mysterious being, deeply initiated in the appalling story of those dark and unearthly habitations.—To Virgil's neck he clings for protection, at Virgil's presence he feels his courage revive,

> "Qual 'i fioretti dal notturno gielo
> Chinati a chiusi poi che 'l sol gl 'imbianca
> Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo;"

—as flow'rets drooping and closed by the chills of night, are all unfolded to the morning sun. The Virgil of the Inferno is still the Virgil of preternatural power; and, to the readers of the Divina Comedia in the middle ages, the Augustan poet and the guide of Danté were still to be recognised for the wondrous magician of a thousand legends, who had sway to walk the lowest depths of Tartarus, and knew its horrid secrets.

On the immortal remains of Virgil, Mr. Dunlop has entered into a great deal of very judicious and elegant criticism. Regarding the Æneid particularly, he has even succeeded in a measure in throwing some charm of novelty over his examination of a subject so familiar to the heart of every scholar. The calm majesty of Virgil's muse, the solemn grandeur and the exquisite tenderness in which he alternately excels, the beautiful harmony and sweetness of his numbers, and his inimitable power in the delineation of natural scenery, are all illustrated with remarkable taste. Perhaps our author has not insisted, as pointedly as he should have done, on the happiness with which Virgil chose his subject, or the matchless skill with which the unity of its action is constructed, Virgil there reaches the perfection of his art; and it has justly been maintained, that there is nowhere to be found so complete a model of the epic fable as in the Æneid. The chief among the often objected defects of the poem, Mr. Dunlop has sufficiently noted; want of originality in its invention, the absence of variety in its characters generally, and the tameness of that of the hero in particular. Upon these points, however, Mr. Dunlop has attempted the defence of Virgil, with much ingenuity, though with indifferent success. The verdict of all ages is against him; and its justice is, in the main, too well established to be shaken by a few faint exceptions which are producible. The uniformity of the

"—fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum."—

more or less pervades the delineation of all the portraits; and with respect to the hero, not all the elaborate efforts of the poet have succeeded in awakening one spark of affection in the reader for his passive and uninteresting character. His very virtues are rendered almost repulsive, and his proverbial piety to the Gods, is displeasingly associated with his heartless abandonment of Dido. It is an old and a pithy criticism, that the two most interesting personages of the poem, are the Tyrian queen and Turnus, by deserting one of whom, and by slaying the other, Æneas is made most to offend our sympathies.

For his best extenuation of Virgil's want of originality, Mr. Dunlop appears to cite the story of the descent into the infernal regions. The sixth book is certainly, as he contends, the most original in the poem: but he rather keeps out of view the immediate and palpable example which was before the Roman poet, in the descent of Ulysses, in the eleventh book of the Odyssey, as well as that of Theseus in Hesiod. That Virgil has here outdone his Grecian masters, indeed, has never been denied; and there is nothing in the poetry of antiquity at all equal to the awful magnificence and philosophical sublimity with which he has clothed the subject, or the felicity with which he has adapted it to the history of his country. But there is great truth in Mr. Dunlop's remark, that the scenes which lie on the other side of mortal existence are too fully unfolded, and too distinctly brought before our view, to raise any of those emotions of supernatural fear, which are excited when the visionary and spiritual world is only half revealed, or its secrets darkly intimated. Perhaps the fables of classical antiquity were too bright and palpable to inspire those feelings of awe, which are produced by the twilight obscurity of the Gothic superstitions. The indistinctness of the images of Dante, his *parole di colore oscuro*, are more fearfully impressive than the most vivid pictures. The ghost of Hamlet is more unearthly and appalling than the classical shades of Clytemnestra and Darius.

His account of HORACE, Mr. Dunlop has given in a very spirited and pleasing style. That most amiable and lively of all the Latin poets, has presented us in his writings with so complete a picture of his own manners, habits, and feelings, that we may be said to possess his auto-biography. Mr. Dunlop has sketched his life almost entirely from his odes, his satires, and his epistles; and it is an agreeable surprise to observe how well the portrait is capable of being filled in from these precious materials. It is a very pretty form of biography; for every touch has some power of elegant association; and in a few pages of the poet's history, as it is here given, all our most delightful recollections of his inimitable graces in sentiment, thought, and expression, are at once awakened. Each incident borrowed from the scattered confessions of his self-told story, recals some well remembered passage of felicitous gaiety or attractive morality. We know no other poet, the circumstances of whose life may be thus written from his own verses, except Ariosto. The parallel has not occurred to Mr. Dunlop: but it is all in favor of the classical, over the chivalric poet. Ariosto has exposed his fortunes and bared his feelings to us in his satires; but slight and poverty had clouded his lot, and the sense of injury had spoiled a temper naturally gay, and sharpened into malice a tendency to the sarcastic, that might have been otherwise only playful and gentle. The bard of the Orlando was a disappointed man; and the living cause of all his spleen breaks forth in complaints of the caprice of patrons and the neglect of merit, the menial services and the flattery exacted by the great, and the bitterness and indignities of dependence. But the slender profits which he had derived from his lettered homage to the house of Este, were his real grievances; and his apostrophe in one of his satires to his hero Ruggiero,—

> "O Ruggier, se a la progenie tua mi fai
> Si poco grato a nulla-mi prevaglio
> Che gli alti gesti e'l tuo valor contai—"

(how little reward it had procured him from the descendants of the great Paladin to have sung his lofty gests,) betrays that Ariosto speaks the language more of the chagrined courtier, than of a spirit really too proud to have descended to servile compliances. How great the contrast between this splenetic vein, and the cheerful contentment and good humour of Horace, the lauded poet and the imperial favourite, needs not to be told.

But we wander from the record: a few sentences from Mr. Dunlop's account of Horace, may shew the easy grace with which he has woven the silken threads of the poet's verses, into the plain texture of his biography.

'He was the son of a freedman*, who, it appears, had acquired as much wealth as enabled him to purchase a small farm, lying on the banks of the Aufidus†, and in the immediate vicinity of Venusium. Here Horace passed his childhood, wandering sometimes to a distance from his paternal home amid the wild and mountainous scenery of his native region*. When he was about ten years of age, his father sold the farm at Venusium, and came to the capital, where he was appointed a collector of imposts. His son was placed under the care of the grammarian Orbilius Pupillus, with whom our young scholar read (though, it would appear, with no great relish), the most ancient poets of his country†. He was also instructed in Greek literature‡; and the writings of Homer, which were perused by him with much greater profit and satisfaction than those of Livius or Ennius, first seem to have awakened in his breast a taste for poetry. On the whole, he received an education far superior to his birth or fortune; and from the manner in which he was dressed, and the number of slaves who attended him, he might have been mistaken for the rich heir of a long line of opulent ancestors. His father, besides sparing no expense on the full cultivation of his talents, himself assiduously attended to the tuition of his son—watching the progress of his instruction, and guarding his morals from the contagion of a dissolute capital§. The benefit which his character derived, in future life, from his paternal care and protection, is beautifully acknowledged by him with the strongest expressions of gratitude.

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* Sat. Lib. i. 6. † Od. Lib. iv. 9.

> '"Si neque avaritiam, neque sordes, nec mala lustra
> Objiciat vere quisquam mihi: purus, et insons
> (Ut me collaudem) si vivo, et carus amicis,
> Causa fuit pater his ||.—"'

'He represents it as a master-piece of art in his father, that when warning him against the vices into which he thought he was most likely to fall, instead of wounding his self-love by pointing to the defects in his own disposition, he called his attention to the faults which were prominent in the characters of others ¶. Those who love to trace the direction which education gives to talents, and its effects on the habits of after life, may perhaps discover, in this sort of tuition, the germ or origin of the satires and epistles of Horace.'—pp. 197, 198.

After relating the events of Horace's early manhood, and his adherence to the republican cause against the triumvirs, Mr. Dunlop refers to his share in the fatal battle of Philippi, and the imputation of his cowardice on that occasion, which has been raised on his own ill understood and unlucky confession of the

> "—relictâ non bene parmulâ!"

We quite agree with Mr. Dunlop on the absurdity of the inference which has usually been drawn from this passage, as if Horace would voluntarily have recorded his personal disgrace, had he left the field earlier than others, or too soon for his own honour; and there is good sense as well as some originality in the reflection, that 'surely, in the days of Augustus, military honour was not so completely extinguished at Rome, that he would have acknowledged his rapid flight, had it not been known that it was inivitable and had been shared by his companions.' The story of his subsequent and more auspicious fortunes, after his introduction to Mæcenas, must be familiar to every reader; but the manner in which Mr. Dunlop has grouped the delineations of his character, habits, and life, is too deserving of notice, and too interesting in itself to be omitted.

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* 3 Od. Lib. iii. 4.
† 4 Epist. Lib. ii. 1.
‡ 5 Epist. Lib. ii. 2.
§ 1 Sat. Lib. i. 6.
|| 2 Sat. Lib. i. 6.
¶ 3 Sat. Lib. i.—Sat. 4.

'Horace was better rewarded for his fidelity, and the dangers he encountered for the sake of a patron, than his predecessors, Lucretius and Catullus, or his contemporary Tibullus. Mæcenas bestowed on him a villa at Tibur, and obtained for him a grant of land in the eastern extremity of the Sabine territory. He also procured for him the favour of Augustus, who offered him the situation of one of his private secretaries.* This office would have removed him from the table of Mæcenas, which he usually frequented, to that of the emperor himself. The offer was declined, on the plea of bad health; but, so far was the refusal from offending Augustus, that he continued to treat him with the utmost distinction and familiarity. He encouraged him to write additional odes, to collect those which he had already composed, and to address one of his epistles to himself; and when the emperor, at length, received the present of his book, he returned a jocular answer, comparing the size of the little volume to the short and rounded figure of the poet†.

'With Augustus himself for his protector—with Mæcenas, Tibullus, and Virgil, for his friends—enlivened by the smiles of Lalage—blessed with a tranquil mind, and a competence with which he was satisfied—engaged in the composition of works which obtained for him the high esteem of his contemporaries, and which he foresaw would ensure him immortality, he attained, perhaps, the greatest felicity which an Epicurean life could afford. The manner in which he usually spent his time, may be learned from his works—he passed it, while at Rome, in the most delectable lounging, and when he retired to the country, in the most delightful rural occupations.

'His residence in the capital was on the Esquiline hill, which, though once unwholesome, was considered in the time of Augustus as the most healthy and agreeable situation in ancient Rome‡, being remarkable for the purity of its air, and commanding a view of the Campagna, as far as the heights of Tivoli. The furniture of the house was plain, but neat and clean, and a blazing fire ever shone on the hearth §. Here, Horace dwelt during spring, and also during the winter, unless when its severity forced him to seek warmth and shelter for a few weeks in some of the southern sea ports of Italy, as Baiæ, Velia, or Tarentum ||. While residing at Rome, he did not rise till ten o'clock of the forenoon, though he frequently composed and wrote before he got up. He continued to read or write for some time after he had quitted his couch. He was then anointed with oil, as a preparation for walking, for the severe exercise of a game resembling tennis, and for the sports of the Campus-Martius. When tired with these amusements, or when the day became too hot to continue them, he bathed, and partook of a frugal repast.¶ During the

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* 2 Sueton. Vit. Horat.

† 1 Sueton. Vit. Horat.

‡ 2 Sat. Lib. i. 8

§ 1 Epist. i. 5.

|| 2 Epist. i. 7, and 15.

¶ 3 Sat. Lib. i. 6.

afternoon, he strolled along the streets, or lounged in the Forum, inquiring the price of vegetables or bread, and sometimes listening to the stories and divinations of fortune-tellers, or astrologers, who frequently assembled in crowds at the circus. He then went home to a supper, which usually consisted of leeks, pulse, and pancakes. Three pages attended him, and a goblet with two cups, placed on a marble table, stood by his side. Having washed after supper, he retired to rest, satisfied with his lot during the day that had passed, and little solicitous concerning the morrow.* When he had guests with him, our poet appears to have been little less abstemious. Herbs were the chief part of the meal, the wine was not of the first quality, and he did not refuse any vintage of a finer flavour than his own, which might be brought for the occasion by a guest.† It is probable, however, that he supped abroad oftener than he entertained his friends at home, and that his evenings were frequently spent at feasts, given by Messala or Mæcenas. Simple as his fare may have been at his own house, it would appear, that he did not abstain from the more rich and costly viands, presented to him at the tables of his patrons, and he was sometimes even guilty of the enormity of rendering himself sick, by partaking too freely of the high-seasoned dishes, served up at these savoury banquets.‡ The society he frequented at Rome, was various; he sometimes associated at home with buffoons or parasites, and passed from their company to the table of Mæcenas §.

'Horace found that a continual residence at Rome, was unfavourable to poetical inspiration, and to that unvaried tranquillity of mind, in which he placed his extreme felicity. The noise and tumult of the streets drove every poetical thought from his head; and he was alternately teased by poets, who wished him to listen to their bad verses, and by politicians, who attempted to wring from him state secrets, of which they supposed he might be possessed, in consequence of his intimacy with Mæcenas. ||

'When summer therefore approached, he joyfully quitted Rome, and retired to the town of Præneste¶, to his villa at Tibur, or his Sabine farm; and he was in very bad humour when his plans for change of residence were in any way deranged. Præneste, (now Palestrina,) which lay about twenty miles east from Rome, was much frequented by Horace. The air was considered as the finest in Italy; it was particularly fresh and cool in summer; and the lofty citadel which stood on a hill overhanging the town, commanded one of the most magnificent prospects in the Roman Empire.'—pp. 202—206.

We pass over the mighty and much agitated question—on which Mr. Dunlop is sufficiently diffuse—whether the poet possessed any villa of his own at Tibur; and we turn to the more certain description of his Sabine farm. This 'ridens angulus,' which possessed attractions powerful enough to draw Horace sometimes from the luxuries of Rome, and the splendid villas of Tibur, was situated about twelve miles north-east from that town,

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* 3 Sat. Lib. i. 6.

† Epist. Lib. iii. 5.

‡ Epod. 3.

§ Sat. Lib. ii.

|| Epist. Lib. ii. 2.

¶ Dum tu declamas foro, Præneste relegi.—Epist. i. 2.

in the beautiful and sheltered valley of Ustica, among the Sabine hills:—

'At this farm Horace had both vineyards and plantations of olives;* but herbs and pulse † seem to have been its chief produce. It also maintained considerable flocks of goats, which browsed on the arbutus and thyme, with which the neighbouring forests abounded.‡ Horace had on the farm a *villicus*, or grieve, with eight slaves; and five families resided on it.§ He had here a stock of wine thirteen or fourteen years old, and much superior to what he drank at Rome.‖ Here, too, he possessed a library of well selected books, consisting chiefly of the works of the Greek philosophers, and comic poets.¶ In this retirement he composed many of his satires;** he frequently employed himself in the labours of agriculture, or offered sacrifices to the rural divinities. At leisure hours he slumbered on the grassy banks of a stream;†† sauntered in the woods, or mused amid the ruins of a mouldering temple, while all the neighbouring rocks and valleys resounded to the harmonious pipe of the shepherd.‡‡

'In the afternoon and evenings, he sometimes hospitably entertained his rustic neighbours, listening to their facetious stories, and discoursing with each rustic Ofellus, not on the idle topics which engage the conversations of the capital, but on the nature and laws of friendship, the supreme good, and the best means of attaining true felicity. His own example and experience aided the solution of such questions in the philosophy of human life; and the unaffected contentment and tranquillity of mind which he enjoyed at his Sabine farm, have afforded a practical lesson of wisdom, not only to the friends by whom he was surrounded, but to all posterity. In this happy frame of mind, Horace lived till November 746, when he expired suddenly at Rome. He was unable, in his last moments, to put his hand to his testament, but he nominated Augustus as his heir. His life terminated about the same time with that of Mæcenas, though it seems uncertain whether he survived or pre-deceased his friend. He died at the age of fifty-seven, and his remains were deposited near the tomb of Mæcenas, on the Esquiline Hill.'—pp. 214—217.

For the very full and pleasing criticism on the various odes, satires, and epistles of Horace, with which, in succession, our author follows up his biographical sketch, we must be contented to refer our readers to the volume itself. We cannot omit to observe, however, that Mr. Dunlop, without any foolish partiality for Horace, appears to us to have successfully vindicated the character of his writings and his philosophy, on many points on which these have been assailed. It has been too much the fashion to decry the quality of the sentiments and principles which he inculcates, as if he were the most careless or licentious of moralists.

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* Epist. Lib. i. 8.
† Epist. Lib. i. 14.
‡ Od. Lib. i. 17.
§ Epist. Lib. i. 14.
‖ Od. Lib. iii. 8.
¶ Sat. Lib. ii. 3.
** Sat. Lib. ii. 6.
†† Epist. Lib. i. 14.
‡‡ Od. Lib. i. 17.

"As an ethical writer, Horace has not many claims to the esteem of posterity," says a great critical authority of our own times, while he freely allows him other excellence in his poetical art. But with all our respect for the judgment of so accomplished a critic and scholar as Mr. Gifford, we may be allowed to doubt whether the zealous translator of Juvenal was quite capable of doing justice to the merits of Horace, in the comparison with those of his more favourite author. Transcribing the sentiments on the same subject of Dusaulx, who like himself was the translator of Juvenal, Mr. Gifford was satisfied to leave on his pages the French critic's absurd and violent prejudice against Horace, with no more than the faintest reproof against his severity; and he has himself explicitly denied to the numbers of the 'Vafer Flaccus,' the praise of unfolding any fixed and consistent principles of virtue. This is surely straining the reproach of Epicurean versatility too hardly. "Horace," says Dryden truly, "instructs us how to combat our vices, to regulate our passions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our desires, to distinguish betwixt truth and falsehood, and betwixt our conceptions of things and of things themselves. In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourselves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and well bred in relation to those with whom we are obliged to live and to converse." No incomprehensive code of morals this! And though, as Mr. Dunlop well remarks, 'perhaps we may not very highly estimate the moral character of the poet himself, yet it cannot be doubted, that, when many of his epistles were penned, his moral sense and feelings must have been of a highly elevated description; for where shall we find remonstrances more just and beautiful, against luxury, envy, and ambition,—against all the pampered pleasures of the body, and all the turbulent passions of the mind? In his satires and epistles to his friends, he successively inculcates cheerfulness in prosperity, and contentment in adversity, independence at court, indifference to wealth, moderation in pleasure, constant preparation for death, and dignity and resignation in life's closing scene.'

The comparison of Horace and Juvenal, as satirists, which has been so often made, should scarcely be much insisted upon, when their total opposition of character and circumstances is candidly considered. Yet it is fair to observe, that the liveliness, the *bon hommie*, and the affectionate benevolence wherewith the heart of Horace overflows, make us in love with the virtue which is recommended through such amiable qualities: the virtue of which Juvenal is the stern champion, is devoid of a single grace, rude, harsh, and forbidding. Juvenal himself may have been a practical lover and follower of virtue, for any thing we know to the contrary, of his obscure history; but he is like many very good people in the world, who, by their austerity, have the heart of making virtue as disagreeable as possible. And, as far as the mind of Juvenal appears in his satires, it evinces far more of loathing and contempt for mankind, as he found them, than of human sympathy for the better affections and qualities of our nature. He seems to have hated the vices and follies of his contemporaries with far more strength and sincerity, than he loved any image of abstract good: his praise of a stoical virtue is only cold and lofty—his denunciations of crime not merely couched in a withering contempt, but detailed with horrible and disgusting circumstance, and hurled with sardonic and frightful energy. He dwells upon his pictures of atrocious and unnatural crime with an eagerness and particularity of attention, which savour too much either of a corrupt taste for the spectacle itself, of the depravity from which he lifts the veil, or of a malignant gratification, like that of Swift, at the human infamy which is bared in the exposure: for the prurience of his details he has no better excuse than the ferocity with which his spirit darkens at their contemplation. In a word, it is a criterion of the opposite qualities of Horace and Juvenal, that we most love the one in the days of our youth and happiness, while our spirit, like his, is gay and benevolent, and our heart unsuspicious of evil, or at least indulgent to the errors of our fellows; that we turn only to the other with a moody relish for his picture of the worst side of human nature, when the sunshine of our own existence is overcast; in adversity and in penury, when our feelings have been scathed by injury and wrong, and when we would fasten in revenge upon our whole species, the imputation of the baseness, or the villainy which we have experienced in a few individuals. Horace is taken up with delight by the young man, Juvenal is congenial only to the soured disappointment of later years. No young man can rise from the pages of Horace without feeling his kindly affections drawn forth, and his heart improved; no man at any age, we are persuaded, was ever benefitted by the study of Juvenal. To most classical readers, Horace will be in grateful recollection for some gleam of cheerful thought shot across their saddest hours: whoever has chanced to take up Juvenal in the bitterness of adversity, will easily recal to unpleasing remembrance the morbid influence of the satirist's misanthropy upon his own mind and temper.

We have unconsciously lingered so long over Mr. Dunlop's portraits of the two brightest spirits of the Augustan age, that we have no room to notice the minor sketches of his attractive volume. His notices of the *lucida minora* in the splendid galaxy of the Augustan poets—of Tibullus, Propertius and Ovid, are interesting, and his critical discrimination of their poetic merits careful and just. Yet it may be questioned, whether all his elaborate examination of the characteristic qualities of their amatory muse, is so happy as the brief and pregnant judgment, which he might have borrowed from a living ornament of the Parnassian fraternity, whose sweet lyrics have perhaps more promise of immortality in them than any numbers which these latter times have produced. Of the Roman amatory writers, says Moore, "Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster: the pathetic Tibullus only, abounds in touches of fine and natural feeling."

Art. IV.—*Reasons for Not Taking the Test, and for Not Conforming to the Established Church, &c.* By John, Earl of Shrewsbury. With copious Preliminary and Concluding Observations. 8vo. pp. 200. London: Booker, 1828.

In Lord Shrewsbury's book, we find two good things clearly proved: first, that no Roman Catholic ought to be liable to political disabilities in this Protestant country, on account of his religion; and second, that after all that may have been said to be denounced by Catholics against heretics, 'those who carefully seek the truth, and sincerely follow the best light they can obtain in their respective circumstances, are innocent in the sight of God, and secure of his acceptance, whatever may be the errors into which they involuntarily fall.' While it is so deeply to the disgrace of our country, that there should be dissentients in it to the former of these positions, we can assure the noble author, that if there be Protestant dissentients to the latter, we, at least, are not of them. Let it be acknowledged, as it is in this sentence, that innocence in the sight of God, and security of his acceptance, accompanying care in seeking the truth, and sincerity of endeavour to distinguish and to follow the best light obtainable in our circumstances, whatever involuntary errors may be the result; and it so clearly follows, even if that result be Protestantism, that Protestantism is no longer heresy, in any such opprobrious sense of the word, as to put an end at once to all dispute upon the subject. The writer of the sentence, a Catholic priest, its approvers a Catholic peer, and the Vicars Apostolic of this country, under whose authority it has been published and widely circulated, (see p. 180), Catholics be they in all besides that is Catholic, are yet all men of our own heart, in what, Protestants as we are, we hold dearer than Protestantism itself,—liberality.

It would ill become us, after this profession, to insert under an index expurgatorius the defence of the Catholic religion, presented to us by the Earl of Shrewsbury. We know not any statement of any of its essential principles, expressed with greater clearness and force. No learned clerk, devoted to the inculcation of these principles, no polemical adept, no English Doyle, could have done them more ample justice. It shall be our endeavour, and the task is no difficult one, to render them equal justice in the following transcript.

I. The Spiritual Supremacy of the Successor of St. Peter. 'This spiritual supremacy consists in a right of general superintendence of all orders of the hierarchy; it is authority to see that the faith which is preached, is that which was revealed by the Almighty, and delivered to us by his church: it is a commission to guard the purity of religion, the morality of its pastors, and the integrity of its discipline. "The visible head is for the preservation of a visible unity,"—to continue and connect the chain of faith, for the discovery and condemnation of heresy, and for the due observance of canonical discipline. This, and this alone, is the spiritual supremacy by divine institution, and that only to be exercised in the manner prescribed by the acts of general councils, and the canons of the church. As the Jewish people were ordered to *observe and do whatsoever was commanded them by the Scribes and Pharisees who sat in the chair of Moses,*[*] so are we commanded to hear and obey those who sit in the chair of St. Peter, and fill the stations of the apostles;[†] they who are appointed by the same power and for the same purpose, namely, for the interpretation of the law of God.[‡] Though in hearing the church, we seem to listen to men; yet it is not men who speak therein, but God who speaks, by the ministry of men.[‡] It is not within the province of the weak and fallible guidance of our own limited capacity alone to conduct us through the maze of religious controversy. We must have recourse to some superior power, to the divine Spirit of truth, to those whom the Holy Ghost has appointed *to rule the Church of God.*[‡] Talent, genius, ignorance, and simplicity, must alike bow to this tribunal.[‡] This tribunal can be no other than that which the Eternal Wisdom has appointed to preserve with jealous care the sacred deposit of his law, a representative assembly of the universal church, the concurring opinion of those whom the Holy Ghost has placed to rule it. Here all doubts are quieted, and all dissensions allayed.'

II. Transubstantiation.—'If there be one tenet of Christianity more clearly defined, or more frequently illustrated in the Sacred Writings than another; if there be one article of faith which it appeared to be the object of our Saviour to enforce more strongly upon our minds than usual; if there be one mystery to which more importance is given, or to which more consequence is attached, it is the doctrine of transubstantiation.[‡] It is impossible for any one, with an unbiassed judgment, to read the 6th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and disbelieve in the real and substantial presence of the body and blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in the Sacrament of the Eucharist.[‡] An omniscient God foresaw the incredulity of mankind, and in mercy to those who are willing to believe, afforded evidence without end to preserve them from error upon this most important point. All the Evangelists, all the inspired writers, all the fathers of the church, concur in opinion upon this doctrine. There is no tenet for which there are so many vouchers. There is no mystery so distinctly revealed, and so clearly defined.[‡] If the Son of God could appear amongst men as an infant child, preserving his divinity without altering the ordinary appearances of human nature; why can he not equally veil his divinity under the appearance of bread, without changing the appearance of that bread to the visual faculties of man? And why can he not delegate the power to do so to his minister?'

III. The invocation of saints.—'The charge of idolatry against us (the Roman Catholics), for honouring those whom God has honoured, but especially for invoking the intercession of the Mother of God, the Queen of Angels, and the Saint of Saints, she who tells us in an inspired Canticle, that *all generations shall call her Blessed,*[§] and who was addressed by this appellation by the prophetic Elizabeth;[§] who was hailed by the angel as *full of grace*, and to whom the Saviour and Maker of the world was obedient, as a child is obedient to its parent,—is too absurd to obtain a moment's credit with an unprejudiced mind. So far are we from "the abomination of idolatry," in the invocation of Saints, that the *Catechism of the Council of Trent*, published in virtue of its decree, by order of Pius V., teaches that "God and the Saints are not to be prayed to in the same manner; for we pray to God that *he himself would give us good things, and deliver us from evil things*; but we beg of the Saints, because they are pleasing to God, that they *would be our advocates, and obtain from God* what we stand in need of." In England we pray to Saints, without their images before us, and we invoke the assistance of the Mother of God, without the aid of a picture to enliven our devotion. Protestants take off their hats out of respect before a sinful man: they pay homage to the portrait of their sovereign, in the halls of his ambassadors, and to the empty throne in the house of peers; they rise from their seats, and stand uncovered during the performance of music in honour of the king: they bow the head when the name of Jesus is pronounced; they kiss the Bible when they have sworn by it, they decorate their churches with images painted on glass; they even kneel before their consecrated bread and wine: "mere bodily elements of earthly manufacture" †; and all this without incurring the charge of idolatry. But why similar marks of respect and veneration may not be shown to the image of the Mother of God, or of the Prince of the Apostles, without subjecting those who show them to the odious imputation of superstition and idolatry, is only conceivable to the minds of men who come forward with so groundless and uncharitable a charge. It evinces a degree of ignorance and credulity, equalled only by the want of charity which it betrays. * * Such things are stumbling blocks to those only whose mind is darkened.'

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[*] St. Matt. xxiii., 2, 3. [†] St. Matt. xviii. 17. [‡] Acts xx. 28, &c.
[§] Locke, i. 48. [‡] Ibid. v. 48. [‡] Ibid. v. 28

IV. The Sacrifice of the Mass.—'When we consider the universality and primitive antiquity of the uniform doctrine and practice of all Christian churches in communion with the see of Rome, concerning the Sacrifice of the Mass, as the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ, really present under the appearances of bread and wine, what a collection of historical evidence is presented to us, demonstrating that this doctrine and practice was established by the Apostles, as the doctrine and institution of Christ, in all nations where they established Christianity? The most incontestible and irresistible proofs of this universal and primitive doctrine and practice, are found in the ancient liturgies, or missals, or books containing the form and order of divine worship, used in all Christian churches, from the beginning of Christianity. The holy fathers of the church agree that the substance of these liturgies, which is the same in all, was derived from the Apostles, and communicated by them to the churches, where they preached and established the religion of Christ. The most sacred part of these liturgies, the canon, was not originally written, but was carefully committed to memory by the bishops and priests, as the Apostles' Creed was by the faithful. The Canon was not committed to writing till the fifth age, when the danger of exposing all that was most sacred in the mysteries of religion, to the derision and blasphemy of infidels, was not so great as in the first three or four centuries. But when the Canon was generally committed to writing, it was found to be the same in substance in all Christian countries, which showed the unity of its origin, in the unity of that faith which was every where taught by the Apostles. In all these ancient and primitive liturgies, we find the clearest expressions and professions, made by priests and people, that the same body and blood of Christ, which were immolated on the cross, are offered to God in the Christian sacrifice, under the appearances of bread and wine, for the living and the dead. It cannot be that we adore the *elements* of bread and wine, since the faith of Catholics is, that the elements no longer exist, but that they are totally and entirely changed into the body and blood, united with the soul and the divinity, of Christ.'

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† Bishop of Durham's *Charge*.

V. BAPTISM.—TRADITION.—MIRACLES.—PURGATORY.—INFALLIBILITY.—(1) 'Whatever be the religions belief of the parents of a person who is baptized, and whatever be the faith of a person who baptizes him, he becomes, in the instant of his baptism, a member of the Catholic church, as the true church of Christ. He receives in his baptism justifying grace, and justifying faith. He loses the former by the commission of any mortal sin. He loses the latter by the commission of a mortal sin against faith; but does not lose it by the commission of any mortal sin of any other kind.'

(2) 'What reason have we to suppose, that the doctrines which we hold by Tradition, were not those which were preached by our Saviour, but omitted by the sacred pen-men? Because the Scriptures were silent, are we to conclude that Christ was so too? It is no where said, that they were written for the purpose of containing a regular code of faith. . . . If Christ could inspire men to write and to preach, could he not equally inspire them, when sitting in judgment, relative to the verdict they are to pronounce? It is this superintendence of his providence which has transmitted to us that part of his holy law which was not written, and which we reverence and obey equally with that which was, because they proceed from the same authority—the authority of God.'

(3) 'No Protestant teacher ever yet wrought a miracle in confirmation of his faith, whereas, there is no country in the world which has been converted to Christianity by Catholic missionaries—and few there are which have not been both edified by their wishes, and enlightened by their doctrine—without the miraculous interposition of Divine Providence having been exerted in its favour. No Protestant minister ever yet executed the following commission of our Saviour—a commission which, to the honour and credit of the Catholic Church, has been so literally fulfilled in a thousand instances by *her* pastors, not only in primitive times, but in every age of Christianity—*heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils.*[*] That Catholics are often predisposed to lend too easy a belief to miracles, is unquestionably the case: it arises from a firm, unhesitating faith in the truth of their religion. Under this impression, they are necessarily more inclined to look for supernatural testimonials in its favour, and to receive them with but little investigation. This, however, is not the case when they undergo the scrutinizing test recommended by the Council of Trent, and which is resorted to on all occasions before a miracle is officially announced to have taken place.'

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[*] St. Matt. x. 7. 8.

(4.) 'There must be a middle state, a state of purgation from those lesser offences and imperfections, which have passed unheeded and unrepented of; a state of satisfaction, but always through the merits of our Saviour, for the debt of temporal punishment due to our more grievous offences, after their guilt has been remitted by the Sacrament of Penance. For who shall say that his repentance is so perfect, as not only to cancel the guilt of sin, but even to make atonement for all the penalties due to his transgressions? . . . The pains of purgatory cleanse us from our smaller offences, the flames of hell feed for ever upon our greater and more heinous sins. . . . Should reasoning by analogy, on the authority and evidence of tradition, not prove sufficient to convince us of the existence of a middle state of suffering, the words of the Old Testament are decisive on this point, when it related: That *Judas, the valiant commander, sent twelve thousand drachms of silver to Jerusalem, for sacrifice to be offered for the sins of the dead; for that it was a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they might be loosed from their sins.*'*

(5.) 'The infallibility of the Church of God, in expounding the Scriptures, and delivering the doctrines of Christ [that is, the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church, in such expounding and delivering] is the only question which our adversaries have any right to attack; for till this point be carried, all others must remain invulnerable; but it wears a panoply against which every arrow falls blunted to the ground.'

Our readers will understand, that throughout this representation, we have given, word for word, the statement of Lord Shrewsbury himself. Various arguments, equally upon these and upon other topics, are advanced by him, for which we must refer to his book. As friends to the great cause of free inquiry in religion, no less than upon all other subjects, we are obliged to him for enabling us to exhibit in a small compass, so convenient a compendium of *the Catholic religion.* We agree with him, that 'freedom of discussion is necessary in the cause of truth;' and we see no reason to distrust or doubt his agreeing with us—that it will eventually accomplish its object.

If we are readers of history, or observers of passing events, it cannot have escaped our notice how frequently, when men are aiming at one object, they accomplish another, and it may be, a better. The noble author has concentrated in his book, the reasons in favour of Catholicity. But if this be Catholicity, and if such are the reasons in its favour, shall Protestants be alarmed at the idea of its progress among them?

We beg pardon for not having touched upon Works of Supererogation. There is enough about them in the book; which, we sincerely hope, will pass through many editions, and do more good than was projected or anticipated by its noble author, laudable, as we are well satisfied, his intentions in writing it must have been.

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* 2 Mackab. xii. 43, 44, 45, 46.

ART. V.—*Histoire de la Revolution Française.* Par M. A. Thiers, tomes, 7, 8, 9, 10. Paris: 1827.

WE redeem our pledge of examining the concluding portion of this work. Its four last volumes, here before us, embrace the progress and termination of the French Revolution, from the fall of Robespierre, to the extinction of the republic, by Buonaparte. To the execution of the two first divisions of M. Thiers' undertaking, we have before attributed very unequal degrees of merit: we have now been agreeably surprised to find this last part very superior to both. It presents by far the best relation that we have yet seen attempted, of the popular reaction which followed the overthrow of the Terrorists,—of the establishment and effects of the Directional Constitution—and of the continued struggle of parties, under that form of Government, which finally prostrated the French nation, in the weariness and exhaustion of political conflict, at the feet of one extraordinary individual.

A great deal of the advantage which these four possess over the earlier volumes, is to be ascribed to the more humanized character and milder features of the transactions which they record. M. Thiers having constituted himself the unqualified champion of the Revolution in all its stages, his narrative has naturally taken the hue of the progressive events wherewith it is occupied. From the outset, it was therefore observable, that his principles, and those of his colleague M. Bodin, were darkened with the growth of factious violence and atrocity; and that predetermined to advocate and eulogize the whole tenor of the Revolution, they found no difficulty in applauding, in succession, the measures of the constitutional royalists, the Girondists, and of the Jacobins, as each of those parties acquired the ascendancy in turn, over more moderate and less unscrupulous adversaries. Thus, the temper of the relation became identified, as it were, with the thickening horrors of the scene; and when M. Thiers plunged into the frightful details of the Reign of Terror, with cool indifference to their enormity, and unabated ardour for the purposes to which they were linked, his narrative, relieved by no bursts of indignation at the most inhuman of crimes, appeared as disgusting and revolting, as the infamous memory itself of the men and the actions which it complacently presented.

But, from the epoch of Robespierre's fall, the story of the Revolution assumes a fairer aspect; and M. Thiers, no longer engaged in depicting atrocities which he does not reprobate, and in upholding a favorite cause through the bloodshed that defiled it, rises in ability with the improvement of his subject.—In the general efforts of the Convention, after the Reign of Terror, to establish a rational system of republican government, there is much that a candid mind may honestly approve, and very little, considering the difficult position of that assembly, that deserves to be thoroughly condemned. Committed, as the majority of its members were, in the preceding guilt of the Revolution, and having every thing to fear from the plots of the aristocratic and royalist party, which was strongly reviving, these men displayed a surprising degree of moderation in the latter struggles of faction; and it is most remarkable that, in the six last years of the revolutionary convulsion, scarcely as many lives were taken on the scaffold, which had previously reeked with the blood of whole hecatombs of victims, Though the dregs of all the factions, which had perpetrated so many horrors, still fermented in the capital and representative assemblies, the fiercer spirit of the Revolution had expended itself; and, as if sated with slaughter, and recoiling with a late compunction from the renewal of their dreadful excessses, the very individuals who had shared in the worst crimes, thenceforth shewed themselves reluctant and slow to shed blood, and even, comparatively with the past, placable and merciful to defeated antagonists.

To us, we confess, there is something far from uninteresting, in contemplating that gradual amelioration of the revolutionary spirit in France, which commenced with the overthrow of Robespierre and his associates. We look upon the scene with much the same feelings as upon the early morning lull of the tempest, after a long night of horrors; the grey and troubled dawn still overcast with heavy and sullen clouds, the wrecks of the hurricane still scattered in thick devastation around, but the promise of a fairer day breaking forth through the yielding force of the spent elements before the first rays of struggling light. The fall of the arch-tyrant of the Jacobin cabal, was the harbinger of reviving humanity. From that moment the waters of the revolutionary strife began to subside, and the lost landmarks of civilization slowly to re-appear above their surface. The edifices of social order were once more discernible, bared it is true, by the receding torrent in all the havoc with which its violence had overwhelmed them, but still, not utterly destroyed, or incapable of renovation. The endeavours of the surviving revolutionists to restore and adapt the ruins which surrounded them, to the wants of the shattered state, are at least worthy of being viewed with attention and indulgence, as so many laudable, though tardy attempts, to repair the ravages of that great moral desolation which their own guilt or madness had provoked; and the imbecility or inaptitude which, after so tremendous an anarchy, marred every scheme of representative government, and precipitated their suffering country under the iron yoke of a military despotism, may, assuredly, be numbered among the most instructive lessons of human experience.

It has often, and justly been remarked, that the history of the civilized world presents no other instance of so complete a moral disorganization, as the condition of France, after the close of the Reign of Terror. It was the spectacle of a great nation left absolutely destitute of civil order and union, efficient government, or recognized religion; with all its gradations of internal society totally confounded; its ancient institutions and jurisprudence destroyed; and the wild experiments of lawless equality, which had been substituted for them, already exhibited to horror and contempt. For all the hopes of social regeneration, and the materials of a national constitution, there scarcely remained any other security than the universal dread with which men contemplated past excessses, and the anxious apprehension with which they vaguely sought protection against their renewal. This salutary feeling, pervading all classes in the capital and the departments, except the vile Jacobin mob, and the few viler demagogues of that party, whose lust of blood was incurable, gave sure earnest of reviving order; but it could neither produce unanimity of political opinion, nor secure an active and decided majority for any particular form of government.

That all the military—a class of formidable numbers and more formidable influence—and a great proportion of the civil population of France, were sincerely republican at this epoch, can scarcely, we think, admit of any serious doubt. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, judging rather according to the favorite bias of his own mind, than upon the evidence before him, has not hesitated to declare that, if the nation at large had been polled, the Bourbon heir would have been elected, either for the president of a republic, or the sovereign of a monarchy; and he argues, as if the alienation of the emigrants and church estates, the spirit of the armies, and the fears of the leaders in the Convention, had been the only obstacles to the restoration of the Bourbons. But it would be difficult to adduce a single proof of any manifestation of public feeling in their personal favor. On the contrary, there never was a royal house, or an unfortunate party, which had carried with them into exile, less of the affection and sympathy of their country:—and it must be added, that there never was an expatriated class that merited less. In emigrating in a mass, the old aristocracy, with a haste which threw equal suspicion upon their courage and patriotism, had completely separated their order from the nation; and from the first hour of the Revolution, that body, whether it were the misfortune or the crime of their fate, had stirred up all Europe to direct the storm of foreign war against their devoted country. This was a deadly and recent injury, which no people, situated as the French were, could be rationally expected to forgive; and which, in fact, even in the next generation, they have but imperfectly forgiven to this day. What expectation of good, what association of love or benefit, *could* the French people in 1794 attach to the recal of a dynasty and an aristocracy, which were identified with the memory of a detested and exclusive despotism, and with more immediate calamities aggravated by foreign hostility?

Nor has France any reason to regret, heavy as were the subsequent sufferings of her conscript and enslaved population under

Napoleon, that the Bourbons were not restored twenty years earlier. Whatever benefits she may have derived—and assuredly they are not few or small—from the settlement of a constitutional monarchy under the ancient line of her princes, she owes to their protracted exile. Finally, they returned, supported for the moment, indeed, by foreign bayonets, but permanently, attended only by a few superannuated, helpless, and unfiefed nobles; twenty years earlier, they would have brought in their train a whole feudal nobility, exasperated and triumphant, to claim recovery of the domains and privileges of which they had but recently been despoiled, and vengeance for the blood which had so lately been shed. It needed nothing less than the lapse of a whole generation, before the fierce hatred, and passions of the Revolution could be burnt out and extinguished in the bosoms of either of the conflicting orders.

But though the great mass of peaceable citizens, after the fall of Robespierre, could entertain no affection for the Bourbons and their adherents, there was among them so prevalent a conviction of the necessity of some stable form of government, to prevent the revival of the horrors from which they had so lately escaped, that it should seem, the enactment of any well poised constitution, whether republican, or moderately monarchical under a new dynasty, must have been hailed with general delight. But, unhappily, there was not sufficient union in the nation, nor sufficient public confidence in the provisional rules of the Convention, or in any other body of men, to secure the unanimous adoption of a permanent model of government,—the vague desire only of order and tranquillity was generally felt: the materials for the foundation of a good system of rational freedom were altogether wanting. The very republicans were divided, and furiously opposed among themselves: the ultra-Jacobins, the more reasonable democrats, and the party of the commercial and middle orders of society, which was distinguished from both, as aristocratic, all detesting each other with the more implacable hatred, according to the usual principle of political as well as religious sects, in proportion as the lines of opinion which separated them, were the more narrowed. Among the men of royal principles, the favourers of a limited monarchy,—like the moderate republicans, and like the moderate party in every convulsion,—were strong in numbers, but weak in resolution, and overawed and intimidated, by the vehement spirit of the armies and the populace: the ultra-royalists or the Bourbon and emigrant faction, were few and contemptible in political array, and opposed by the common feeling and voice of the whole nation.

Thus it was, with the usual fate of all violent revolutions—and the catastrophe induces a reflection equally true and admonitory—that no other alternative of peace and safety, was left to numerous factions so irreconcilable and obstinate, than in ultimate submission to a common and absolute master. From the moment in which one man, strong in the confidence of his own genius, courage, and fortunes, was found audacious enough to seize the supreme power, the Jacobins and Aristocratic republicans, the constitutional royalists, and the Bourbon adherents, the populace and the soldiery, were all melted down in a common subjection to his single and energetic will.

The expiring efforts of the Convention, to establish a republican constitution on a liberal model, served only to betray the utter hopelessness of any result, short of such a military despotism. A hard measure of obloquy and ridicule has been dealt out against the closing act of that body. Guilty as the surviving portion of its members had been, either as active instigators, or dastardly accomplices, in the preceding excesses of the revolution, they deserve far more praise than censure, for the steps by which they prepared the resignation of their power; and if the bloody proscriptions which had cast infamy on their former existence, could be blotted from remembrance, their conduct, after the fall of Robespierre at least—when the difficulties of their position are candidly considered—might bear no unfavourable comparison with the history of any revolutionary and dominant faction. Placed in opposition to that of the Rump of our long Parliament, whose situation suggests an obvious parallel with their own, their last acts appear with decided advantage. The English regicides made their danger an excuse for tenaciously clinging to their usurpation, until they were forcibly ejected by the rude violence of Cromwell: but these men, with more blood on their heads, with infinitely more to dread from the revolutionary re-action around them, voluntarily yielded to the national wishes, and voted their own dissolution. That they did so with a reservation, which, for the time, broke their promise to the sense, while it kept it to the ear, is indeed true; but they, at least, provided for the gradual renunciation of their power, and deferred it in part no longer than was absolutely necessary for the safety of their own lives.

The terms of the republican constitution, prepared by the convention for the national acceptance, must be familiar to the recollection of most readers. The legislative authority was divided between two councils, to be elected by the primary assemblies of the people: the first of two hundred and fifty members, termed the council of ancients or elders; the other, the council of five hundred or of the juniors. Difference of age was to form the only distinction of eligibility in the members of these two bodies; but the council of five hundred had the sole initiation of all laws, and the council of the ancients the right of approval or rejection; and thus the advantage of the mature deliberation of two distinct chambers was at least gained. The executive power was committed to a directory of five persons, chosen by the legislature.

Thus far it seems to be acknowledged, that the scheme of the convention for the preservation of the republic was as feasible as the state of France would admit. But a clause which accompanied its promulgation, has "been cited as a selfish and usurping device of the ruling party, to render it nugatory at the very onset, by engrafting upon it the means of continuing the exercise of their own arbitrary authority.". One-third of the members of both legislative councils was to be replaced every year by the fresh elections: but the convention decreed, that, for the first year at least, two-thirds of the new assemblies should be composed out of its own body. This was, doubtless, an act of usurped authority, and, in so much, only resembled almost every preceding act of the convention: for the whole course of the revolution, since the 10th of August, 1792, had been no other than a continued usurpation. But considered as an act of a revolutionary party, necessary to its safety, and carried no farther than the occasion imperatively demanded, it unquestionably admits of justification by every principle of self-defence—standing perilously between the infuriated jacobins, from whose sanguinary principles they had lately seceded; on the one hand, and the aristocratic republicans, the moderate monarchists, and the Bourbon partizans, all united against them; on the other—the majority of the convention had incurred an universal unpopularity; and they could not absolutely resign their whole power, at the same moment, without exposing themselves to the most imminent danger of being sacrificed, either to the vengeance of their old associates, or the retributive violence of the counter revolutionary spirit.

Besides, in this act, the Convention must be tried, not by the laws of political morality, under ordinary circumstances, but by the anomalous conditions of their existence. In revolutions, the right or the wrong of a cause, the virtue or the crime of upholding it, must be judged chiefly from the outset. Political parties in times of convulsion, *cannot*, if they would, stop at fine distinctions of constitutional nicety; and there are some moments of danger when the maxims of strict political equity must be placed in abeyance, as there are others, when the operation of political rights is necessarily suspended. A party or a government are only responsible before God and man for the use, and the purpose, to which they apply the power that they dare not abstain from exerting for the occasion. Upon this principle, the Convention (putting their previous conduct or the merit of their cause aside), were perfectly justifiable; for they retained only as much of their power as was necessary to save their lives; and retained it only, as long as seemed indispensable, fairly to establish the commonwealth under its new model. Here, to them, the question was narrowed to a very small compass. Was that republic, in whose fleeting name so much had been perpetrated, and so much endured, was it to be preserved in its form and essence at all? If it was, *they* at least acted only with praise worthy caution, when they defended the full operation of the republican franchises for a season, that these might be only the more permanently founded.

But M. Thiers, with all his democratical prejudices, has, we here think, himself stated the case for the Convention reasonably enough.

> 'An important question presented itself; the constituent assembly, with the ostentation of disinterestedness, had excluded itself from the legislative body which succeeded it; should the convention do the same? It must be confessed, that such a determination would have been the height of imprudence. Among a fickle people, who, after having lived fourteen centuries under a monarchy, had reversed it in a moment of enthusiasm, a republic was not so consistent with the national manners, that the establishment of it should bè abandoned to the mere course of events. The revolution could only be well defended by its authors. The convention was composed in great part, of members who had sat in the constituent and legislative assemblies; it embraced the men who had abolished the ancient feudal constitution on the 14th of July, and 4th of August, 1789; who had overturned the throne on the 10th of August; who had, on the 21st of January, immolated the chief of the Bourbon dynasty; and who, during three years, had made against all Europe incredible efforts to sustain their work. They alone were capable of well defending the revolution which was now to be consecrated in the Directional Constitution. Without, therefore, making any vain boast of disinterestedness, they decreed that the new legislative body should be composed in two-thirds of the Convention, and that only one-third should be named of new members.'—vol. viii., pp. 16—17.

The very circumstances which shortly preceded, and quickly followed, the establishment of the directorial constitution, prove the necessity of this plan of the Convention for their own safety. The organized and formidable insurrection of the thirty thousand national guards of Paris, might be directed immediately against that measure; but it revealed the fate which would have awaited the Conventional party, if they had all at once disarmed themselves of a place in the new government. The talents and energy of the "little Corsican officer," whom Barras employed in their service, and whose brilliant star was thus destined to begin its ascent above the political horizon, saved them from ruin and proscription. Buonaparte's victory on the famous "Day of the Sections," which had depended on the fidelity of a few thousand regular troops, enabled the Convention to establish the directorial government, to retain a majority in its councils for the first year, and gradually to amalgamate their obnoxious party with the national representation: but the elections of the second year were left free; and the event showed that the Convention had not designed to protract their usurpation, or to prevent the legitimate exercise of the new constitution, beyond that period.

It has been fashionable for a certain class of writers, who cannot conceal their prejudice against every form of popular government, to decry and ridicule the dictatorial model, as a mere experiment in politics, equally novel, visionary, and impracticable.

It is easy to judge after the event: undoubtedly, that model was tried and found wanting; but the failure, if candidly regarded, was a proof, not of any radical defect or absurdity in the scheme, but of the unfitness of the French nation at that time, and perhaps of the French character itself, for *any* form of republican government. The establishment of two deliberative chambers, was, at least, a wise measure; and in the situation of the country, with no hereditary aristocracy remaining which could possibly be received into the representation, the form of the Upper House was probably as judicious as it could be rendered. It is worthy of remark, that the distinction between the two chambers in the Congress of the United States, is not greater than was that between the councils of Ancients and of Five Hundred:—but America, the only successful experiment within the record of history, of a democracy on a grand scale—America had achieved her revolution under happier auspices. She had neither rankling within her bosom those implacable factions, dyed with blood, and maddened with alternate proscriptions; nor those numerous and insolent armies, flushed with foreign conquest, and despising the peaceable population. Nor, above all, was there found in the emancipated colonies, any military leader of unscrupulous ambition, and commanding genius, to turn his parricidal sword against the freedom of his country.

The inconvenient form of an executive directory of five persons, has also been objected against the French Constitution of "the year Three." But the times admitted not of the choice of a single president: a Sylla, or a Cromwell, might readily have been found; but where was a Washington to be hoped for? The very inconvenience of a divided pentarchy was a security against a single despot; and the substitution of one new director annually, if it kept the executive in oscillation, at least prevented the duration of power in the same hands. It is easy, we repeat, to pronounce after the event, that this constitution was defective: but it is equally easy to see that the only secret of its insufficiency, was in the inevitable tendency of the revolution to end in a military government. Nothing but the sword could over-awe the turbulence and mutual hostility of excited factions, or control the insubordinate and lawless spirit which so many convulsions had engendered in the restless and impatient temperament of the nation.

The whole intricate narrative of the struggle of numerous factions—among themselves, discordant alike in their union and hostility—which marked the directorial era, induces the conclusion, that no permanent system of constitutional government could possibly have been formed. We have already had occasion to remark the peculiar talent of M. Thiers, for unravelling the threads of political intrigue; and it is due to him to declare, that he has shewn eminent ability of this kind throughout these four last volumes. It is, of course, impossible for us to follow him through the mazes of such a labyrinth of factious plots: but we may generally recommend the perusal of all this part of his work, as abounding in interest and value, and as uniting a sufficient measure of candour, with a remarkable fidelity, in the statement of facts. It is therefore easy, with a little caution, to collect from his pages the materials for a clearer and more dispassionate view of the last epoch of the revolution, of the real motives and objects, conduct and merits, of the several leaders and their parties, than is to be gained from writers of a violent monarchical spirit, who have studiously laboured to cover the men and the principles of the whole revolution, with unmeasured and indiscriminate opprobrium.

The Conventional party had only triumphed in their initiatory arrangement of the new constitution, after a regular battle in the streets of Paris with the national guards, who might be termed the armed force of the aristocratic factions. But the directory had scarcely been installed, when they were called upon to repel attacks from a very opposite quarter: one ultra-jacobinical conspiracy, headed by Babœuf; and a second—in which the desperate spirits of that cabal, made an impotent attempt upon the camp of the government guards at Grenelle—gave ominous intimation to the ruling or conventional party of the assaults which they were to expect, not from one only, but from all sides. These ultra-jacobinical attempts they easily subdued: but they had soon to prepare for a more serious struggle. When the period arrived for the introduction of a new third into the assemblies, and the retirement of the same number of the old conventionalists, that party at once lost the majority which they had originally secured. The members newly elected, were either advocates in secret for a moderate monarchy, and among them a few concealed Bourbon partizans, or for the most part aristocratic republicans; but all abominating equally the men of the Convention, and ready to combine for the overthrow of their ascendancy.

Under these circumstances, the conventionalists, preserving the preponderance only in the directory itself, should constitutionally have retained the guidance of the executive routine, until the gradual change of the directory, by the annual introduction of a new member, should fill the government with men of the same party or principles, which obtained a majority in the councils. The opponents of the old conventionalists should have waited patiently for such an event, which the operation of the constitution would render inevitable, and the conventionalists themselves should have submitted faithfully to that legal necessity. But none of the French factions had any idea, like the conflicting parties in a well regulated system of free government, such as England or America, of carrying on their hostilities within the pale of the constitution. The opponents of the conventionalists, embracing sincere republicans, moderate monarchists, and Bourbonists, all placed themselves under the political guidance of the infamous Pichegru:—a traitor, already double-dyed in guilt against his country and his own glory—the only general who, conquering, and crowned with laurels, was ever known systematically to deliver over his victorious troops to the sword of a foreign enemy. Very few, perhaps not twenty members among the numerous classes who coalesced in the councils, under the direction of this miscreant, knew or suspected his real views. They in general only desired to overthrow, perhaps to proscribe, the conventionalists in the directory and councils: but he was certainly sold to foreign gold, and pledged to restore the Bourbons by a counter-revolution.

The leaders of the conventionalists, who had still the majority in the directory, held the clew of this obscure royalist conspiracy: they saw their opponents preparing by unconstitutional violence, by secret treason, and by physical force, to overthrow the revolution; and they did not hesitate to save it by anticipating their enemies, in the employment of the same illegal weapons. It was a purpose which an enthusiastic disciple of the revolution, could have no difficulty either in justifying to his own mind, or in adopting in practice:—the salvation of the cherished revolutionary system, the security of the constituted republic, could only be effected by the temporary violation of its own sanctuary. It was a purpose which a man of the revolution might adopt sincerely with good intentions; a dispassionate and conscientious patriot would be excused rather for quitting altogether in sorrow, disgust, and sickness of heart, that theatre of selfish usurpation, unprincipled violence and incurable discord, in which, in the vain effort to establish order and liberty, some new outrage of the laws was continually necessary at every step, and the perfection of a legitimate government more distant and hopeless than ever.

The personal characters and feelings of the men who composed the first directory, had a strong influence in colouring the events which this new conflict of parties produced. Of the directors, four were decidedly of the old conventionalist or democratic party: Reubel, La Revellière-Lepeaux, Barras, and the celebrated Carnot: the fifth was Barthelemy, a Bourbon royalist, or, at least, an advocate for a monarchical government, who had been lately elected to replace the director going out—of these, Reubel and La Revellière were staunch republicans, men of strong talent, unblemished integrity, and tried firmness; but Barras, whose alliance was necessary to give them a majority, was corrupt, licentious, unprincipled; scarcely atoning, by his eminent services in Robespierre's overthrow, for his own previous Jacobinical excesses, and voting with Reubel and La Revellière, because it promoted his own interests and safety, his lust of power and of pleasure. But Carnot has raised an opposition to Reubel and La Revellière, which does his political career little honor. Though once a Jacobin, and still a sincere republican (as his refusal to remain in office under Buonaparte after his usurpation sufficiently proves), he opposed the two most estimable of his colleagues, from mere impracticable temper and spleen, at being denied an unlimited influence. He joined himself with the new royalist director, and thereby placed himself in a false position as the associate of the parties who where coalescing against his old conventionalist friends, and in fact, though without his participation, against the revolution itself.

The resolve to anticipate the royalist conspiracy, and the coalition of the anti-conventionalist party, originated with La Revellière. That director, who in private life, notwithstanding the error and unhappiness of his religious creed, was an upright and an amiable man, and in his political principles, a disinterested and virtuous republican; saw, or imagined he saw, no other expedient for averting a counter revolution, than by the employment of a force beyond the law. He communicated his intentions to Reubel, (who shared much of his character), and inquired of him whether he was willing to assist in saving the republic. Reubel entered warmly into his views; and the two secured the co-operation of Barras; between them and whom, though the three voted habitually together, there was no other congeniality. A grand *coup d'état*—that favourite term of the French revolutionists for every political outrage—was silently arranged: to have obtained from the council of five hundred, an impeachment and regular trial of Pichegru and his accomplices, was hopeless; and La Revellière and Reubel, 'notwithstanding their attachment to legal principles,' were compelled thus to violate them:—'a sad and deplorable resource,' observes M. Thiers, 'but the only one which, under their circumstances, and in the imminent danger which threatened, possibly remained for them.'

Fortified by the avowed adherence of the armies of the Sambre and Meuse, and of Italy, under Hoche and Buonaparte, and faithfully seconded by the garrison of Paris, under Augereau, the Directory effected their purpose without shedding a drop of blood; and though they have been accused of making a tyrannical use of their victory, the severity which they employed, was not perhaps greater than was required in the extremity to which they had committed themselves. The particulars of this coup d'état of the 18th of Fructidor (the 4th of September, 1797) as it is called, are too well known to require repetition; the three Directors had resolved to seize their two colleagues, but Carnot narrowly escaped to Switzerland; and Barthelemy, Pichegru, and fourteen other leaders of the anti-conventionalists, underwent the sentence of deportation to Guiana. Near two hundred other persons, principally the leading deputies and journalists of their parties, were similarly condemned; but many had fled, and the rest were not rigidly sought after.*

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* It is worthy of remark, among the innumerable errors of Sir Walter Scott's History of Napoleon, that he has left his readers under the im-

Several other arbitrary measures were also enacted by the weeded councils, the remaining majorities of which were now either devoted to the Directors, or overawed for the moment by their success: but, altogether, we may agree with M. Thiers, that the victorious party conducted their proceedings with all the coolness and moderation possible in revolutionary times. Nor can we deny to Revellière and his associates, however little the friends of true liberty may see to approve in such a violent alternative, the merit which our author with great probability assigns to them, of having, by their promptitude, averted a civil war between the aristocratic republicans and concealed royalists on the one hand, and the democratic armies on the other.

There is more indubitable and melancholy truth, however, in the admissions to which M. Thiers is forced at this juncture of his narrative: that 'in sheltering the republic under the ægis of military power, the Directory only submitted to a cruel and inevitable necessity; that legality is an illusion at the close of a revolution such as the French; that it is not under the protection of a mere legal authority that all parties could submit and repose; that it needed a stronger force, a pressure of iron to restrain, break, and amalgamate them, and to protect the mass against Europe in arms; and that that force must be military power!' The part already taken by Hoche and Buonaparte—by the one immediately, and the other more distantly—in the revolution of Fructidor, was very remarkable. Hoche, who seems to have served the Directorial party with sincerity, boldly infringed the provisions of the constitution, by drawing a portion of his army from the frontiers to the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Buonaparte offered himself in readiness for a rapid march, with fifteen or twenty thousand of the flower of his Italian army, to the succour of the Directory. He has often been accused of feeling bitter disappointment at the success which rendered his interference unnecessary; and there can be no doubt, from his subsequent conduct, that he would already have seized with alacrity, such a tempting occasion of playing a Cæsar's part "i'the capitol."

There appears to be left a fond and lingering impression on the minds of the Revolutionists, that if the life of Hoche had been spared, he would have saved the republic. So early encircled with military glory, gifted with extraordinary ability and force of decision, young, ardent, and sanguine, Hoche seems to have loved the democratic model of the Revolution, with sincere and deep-rooted enthusiasm. Whether his ambition would have continued more generous, and more lastingly proof against the temptation of an imperial diadem, than that of Buonaparte, may well

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pression (vol. iv. p. 24) that the whole of these two hundred persons were actually and cruelly "transported to the scorching and unhealthy deserts of Guiana, which, to many, was a sentence of lingering, but certain death!"

be questioned. But the latter had, from the very outset of his career, betrayed a cynicism, a cold contempt for human nature and its excellences, which omened ill beside the impetuous frankness and elevated temper of Hoche's mind. Whatever may be thought of the opposition of merit between the two men, the immense command of the united armies of the Rhine and the Sambre and Meuse, had just completed the elevation of Hoche to a dignity and power, commensurate with that of his rival, (unequal as was still their renown,) when his early and sudden death fell as a heavy blow upon the democratic party. M. Thiers' picture of this young Marcellus of the republican hopes, highly coloured as it is by the regret which his loss inspired, is deserving of translation for its animation and vigour:—

> 'Thus finished one of the most brilliant and interesting lives of the Revolution. For once at least the scaffold was not the termination. Hoche was twenty-nine years old. A private in the French guards, his military education had been completed in a few months. To the physical bravery of the soldier, and a masculine beauty and vigour of person, he joined an energetic character, a superior intelligence, a great knowledge of human nature, extraordinary political skill, and yet more, an all-powerful sway over the passions. His own were ardent, and were probably the cause of his death. One circumstance, particularly, increased the interest which all his qualities inspired; his fortune had ever been crossed by some unforeseen accident. A victor at Wissembourg, and just entering on the the most splendid career, he was suddenly thrown into a dungeon: released from his imprisonment to consume his energies in the command of La Vendée, he had there performed the most eminent services; and at the instant when he was about to execute his grand project upon Ireland, a storm and misintelligence once more arrested his course. Then transported to the army of the Sambre and Meuse, he gained a brilliant victory, and found his advance suspended by the preliminaries of Leoben; finally, when at the head of the army of Germany, and when the state of Europe opened to him the most magnificent prospects, he was all at once struck down in the midst of his hopes, and carried off by an illness of forty-eight hours. But if a glorious memory be an equivalent for length of life, he could not have been better indemnified for the early termination of his. Several victories, the glorious pacification of western France, the renown of his universal talents and spotless integrity, the opinion entertained by all republicans that he alone could have entered the lists against the conqueror of Rivoli and the Pyramids, that his ambition would have continued republican, and would have opposed an insuperable barrier to that other and towering ambition which aimed at a throne—in a word, deeds of high promise and noble anticipation, and all this at nine-and-twenty—in such is his memory emblazoned! Doubtless it is sufficiently beautiful: let us not grieve that he died in his youth: it will always be better for the memory of Hoche, of Kleber, of Desaix, that they lived not to be degraded into imperial marshals. They have had the honor to fall, citizens and freemen, without being reduced, like Moreau, to seek an asylum in the bosom of foreign armies.'—vol. ix. pp. 343—345.

Whether or not Hoche might have realized these visions of republican virtue, his death certainly removed one of the most serious obstacles against the future elevation of Buonaparte to the supreme authority; and that event is therefore to be remembered among the chief combinations of fortune in Napoleon's life, which so wonderfully cleared the political atmosphere for the brilliant ascendant of the "star of his destiny."—But nothing less than the sword of Hoche, thrown with undisguised violence into the scale of the Directory, could have preserved the political balance in their favor. Notwithstanding their victory of Fructidor, their power soon began to wane again before a new opposition; and the party of the republican and monarchical Moderates, freed from an odious conjunction with the Bourbon conspirators, rose more formidable than ever. The lot which removed Reubel from the Directory, left La Revellière unsupported by any second man of integrity, firmness and ability; and the revolution of Prairial, (1799), which compelled La Revellière, on the intimidation of his colleagues by the majority of the assemblies, to abdicate his functions, abandoned the guidance of the republic to the Moderate party.

Upon that party, headed by the celebrated theorist, Siéyes, a statesman at once visionary in his schemes and corruptible by his selfishness,—upon that party, now menaced by the re-action of the Jacobins, devolved the weakness, guilt, or misfortune, of delivering over the Revolution to the military despotism of Napoleon. The submission was perhaps inevitable, but dearly did those sincere, though helpless friends of constitutional liberty, who ministered to the act, pay for their credulity, or necessity, in the subsequent fourteen years of conscription and slavery.—Yet it may afford a pleasing subject of contemplation to the political observer, to trace through the long agony of the Revolution, and the gloomy repose of the imperial despotism, the slow and silent, but sure influence of that healing Providence over human affairs, which ordains that society shall not bleed and suffer in vain. Chastened by the memory of so many revolutionary horrors, and recruited by the energy of a new generation, the constitutional party, under the republic, have risen from their ashes under a constitutional monarchy; and it is to the modified principle and salutary experience of the men, who were formed in the Directorial functions, that France is indebted for all she has yet gained in freedom, and for her fairer hope and promise in consolidating an enlightened system of liberty, order, and happiness.

ART. VI.—*Personal Narrative of the "Irish Rebellion."* By Charles Hamilton Teeling. 8vo. pp. 285. London: Colburn. 1828.

LIVING as we do, under a more constitutional, and certainly under a more liberal government than ever was known before to exist in this country, we must pretty generally feel that the reign of his late majesty was a peculiarly unfortunate one, inasmuch as it witnessed, if indeed it did not produce, a series of civil wars, more sanguinary in their progress, and more important in their consequences, than any that tarnish the annals of the whole of his predecessors put together. To that ill-fated monarch it was allotted to sanction measures which, from small beginnings, excited the most valuable of our North-American colonies to discontent, to revolt, and finally to the successful assertion of their independence. The same sovereign, it was decreed, should behold in the country immediately under his own administration, many tumults and troubles, much serious disturbance, many infractions of the constitution, and the enactment of several laws of unprecedented severity: and such was the bitterness of spirit which the mismanagement of his kingdom provoked in his breast, that he had nearly followed the example of the last James, and left the throne vacant. As if these events were not sufficient to fill his cup of woe to the brim, it was also his unhappy fate to push the old misgovernment of Ireland to such extremes, that, accustomed as the people of that island long had been to the denial of justice, and the infliction of penal laws, such as no other country had ever endured, they were finally driven to that natural effect of despair, an armed insurrection. It is no wonder that such a succession of evils, which were attended, and followed by an external war of unexampled extent, and the most relentless animosity, at length bowed down the mind of him, who held the reins of such a distracted empire in his hands; and to whose personal obstinacy, ignorance, and prejudice, countenanced and aggravated as they were by subservient and feeble ministers, most of those great misfortunes, may, undoubtedly be traced.

We have at present, however, only to treat of the first rebellion, which occurred in Ireland, under his reign, that of 1798. Nothing can be more clear in history, than that that revolt had its origin in the narrow opinions which his late Majesty held on the Catholic question. The spirit which at that time broke out in Ireland, had indeed long existed in that country, at least, since the disgraceful violation of the treaty of Limerick. But Lord Fitzwilliam, in some lucid interval of wisdom on the part of the British government, was sent over to appease that spirit, already working into a paroxysm; and he would have assuredly succeeded in the object of his mission, had not the bigotry of the king taken alarm, and directed the sudden recal of a governor, who was universally looked upon by the Irish as their long-sought political redeemer. This single step was, we fearlessly state, the immediate cause of the insurrection that followed it; an insurrection which produced woes unnumbered to many private families, and incalculable detriment to the state; and which never would have happened had George IV. been at that time the sovereign of these kingdoms.

It were a fruitless task to speculate at this day, as to what might have been the consequences to the empire at large, if that revolt had ended in a legitimate separation of the two countries, and if instead of that unfortunate rebellion, the historian had now to relate the annals of the *independence* of Ireland. If we look to the present flourishing condition of the United States, we might venture to conclude that both England and Ireland would have largely gained by the dissolution of their unequal partnership. The people of the latter country would have been taught to look to their own resources, and their own industry, for that support which they now too often seek, and very seldom find, in lands to which they are strangers. Capital would have accumulated under the protection of a native parliament; and if just laws had been enacted with an instinctive insight into the real wants and advantages of that country, commercial connections would have been formed with every harbour in the Old and the New world, and the green flag, surmounted by the harp, would have been found in every sea. Contiguity of situation, identity of language, similarity of laws and of institutions, would have necessarily produced the most intimate relations between that island and Great Britain; and those relations would have been infinitely more profitable to both kingdoms, than the hollow union founded in delusion, and never acted upon with good faith, which now fetters them together. The Irish nobility and gentry would have had a name, and fixed habitation of their own, instead of being absentees in a country where their pretensions are merged in those of a more opulent peerage, and of country gentlemen, equally proud, who are chiefly occupied with the interests of England.

But let us not paint what might have been, what ought to have been, and what may perhaps still be, when the lust of dominion shall have yielded to a sense of justice, and even of national utility, properly understood. The time has hardly yet arrived when this subject can be properly treated as a question of political economy. For such in truth it is, and such it will eventually appear to be, when the passions that have been hitherto engaged on almost every topic connected with Ireland shall have subsided, and reason shall hold the balance in all that relates to her interests. To that power alone she may trust for attaining, in the end, all her just desires. The disasters which have attended her efforts in her own fields, almost demonstrate that there is something in the national character, which forbids her to hope any beneficial consequence from the repetition of them. The Irish, proverbially brave in all other countries, have made sad work with their valour at home. Their chief misfortune has been the want of efficient leaders—men of commanding minds, whose very appearance would secure subordination, and keep alive that sober enthusiasm which is essential to the success of all popular enterprises. They were too easily disheartened by defeat, they seldom calculated their means, so as to ascertain that those means were proportioned to the end which they had in view; they were too easily taught to suspect their chieftains;

and these, in their turn, had too little reliance on their cause and its defenders. Distrust, want of discipline, want of preparation, and the desultory unpremeditated character of the war which they waged, necessarily terminated in general discomfiture, and occasionally even in disgrace.

The narrative before us, though written by a gentleman who was himself engaged in that rebellion, and from whom, of course, perfect impartiality cannot be expected, affords, nevertheless, striking instances of the faults committed by his countrymen during the progress of that revolt. It presents, also, a most lamentable picture of the consequences with which it was followed, in the imprisonment, execution, and exile of some of the most intelligent Irishmen of that period; in the violation of women, in the prostration of all the barriers of social life; in the destruction of property, and the distresses and privations endured by families, to whom, before that time, nothing was known but comfort and tranquillity. But although we have no doubt that this picture is accurately drawn, yet it occasionally wants that animation and reality of detail, with which an artist could not have failed to fill it up, who had copied from nature. Mr. Teeling entitles his work a 'personal narrative' of the rebellion; but we do not understand that he was personally much engaged in it. He seems, indeed, to have been enrolled in the band of United Irishmen, and to have suffered imprisonment at an early period of the insurrection; but we do not perceive in his relation of the proceedings of his countrymen, and of the actions in which they fought, that he was present to take a personal share in them. We object, therefore, to the title which he has given to his work. To be present in the Irish camp for a short time, and to pass through that of the royal army, do not appear to us qualifications sufficient for a writer who would undertake to give a "personal narrative" of the Irish rebellion. Such a work, if indeed it be now possible, would supply a great desideratum in Irish history.

We have already alluded to the proximate cause of that insurrection—the recal of Lord Fitzwilliam. Before his appointment to the viceroyalty of Ireland, in 1795, united societies had existed in that country; their general object was the amelioration of the government, and they were composed of men of all classes, without any distinctions of religion. Those societies, however, continued limited in number, and tardy in their progress, until Lord Camden was suddenly directed to succeed that excellent and popular nobleman, when they as suddenly increased in their numbers in every part of the country. Never was cause so visibly seen operating its effect. Public meetings were held, and the strongest remonstrances against Lord Fitzwilliam's removal were framed, and every where carried by acclamation. The day (28th of March) of his departure from the Irish shore, was in some places observed as a day of national mourning. Forebodings of the most gloomy character were openly and universally expressed. Mr. Grattan, in that nervous and measured phraseology, for which his writings and his oratory are so remarkable, expressed himself on the occasion in the following memorable words:—" I tremble at the return to power of your old taskmasters; that combination which galled the country with its tyranny, insulted her by its manners, exhausted her by its rapacity, and slandered her by its malice. Should such a combination, at once inflamed as it must be now by the favour of the British Court, and by the reprobation of the Irish people, return to power, I have no hesitation to say that they will *extinguish* Ireland, or Ireland *must remove them*: it is not your cause only, but that of the nation. I find the country already *committed* in this struggle: I beg to be *committed along with her, and to abide the issue of her fortunes.*" These were words of fire at such a crisis; they flew through Ireland like a meteor, heralding the eruption of the moral volcano which already comprehended in its bosom the whole mind of the country.

The Camden administration followed; a day of darkness and horror overshadowed a land where fertility and beauty, and some of the most generous and cheerful hearts in the world, had hitherto combined to shed their blessings;—Wretches under the profaned name and colours of the Prince of Orange, perpetrated the most barbarous atrocities in the North, under the apparent sanction, or at least the permission, of government, and a war of utter extermination was commenced against the Catholics.

> " It would be extremely painful," said a protestant nobleman, Lord Gort, on the 28th of December, 1795, ' and surely unnecessary, to detail the horrors that attend the execution of so rude and tremendous a proscription,—a proscription that certainly exceeds, in the comparative number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, every example that ancient or modern history can supply; for when have we heard, or in what story of human cruelties have we read, of *more than half the inhabitants of a populous country* deprived at one blow of the means, as well as the fruits of their industry, and driven, in the midst of an inclement season, to seek a shelter for themselves and their helpless families, where chance may guide them. This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this county, yet surely it is sufficient to awaken sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest bosoms. These horrors are now acting with *impunity*; the spirit of impartial justice (without which, law is nothing better than an instrument of tyranny) has for a time disappeared in this county, and the supineness of the magistracy of Armagh is become a common topic of conversation in every corner of the kingdom.'—pp. 9, 10.

Ten thousand victims of these atrocities were at one time driven from their homes in Ulster, at the point of the bayonet. Is it to be wondered at, if the united societies took immediate measures for resisting the lawless and savage band of men, who were the authors of such an intolerable tyranny? But the government which had for some time anxiously watched the progress of those societies, now took active steps for the purpose of dissolving them. Its chief instrument was, to his eternal shame be it spoken, the late Lord Castlereagh, who but five years before that period was a distinguished member of the Northern Whig Club, and toasted "Our Sovereign Lord, *the People!*" He, with that haughty soul which he was well known to possess, did not disdain on that occasion to do the work of the meanest officer of police, and to effect arrests in the name of the king. Our author, it appears, was the first person upon whom his lordship tried his "'prentice hand." The scene of this transaction is too characteristic of the noble lord to be passed over.

'I was myself the first victim to the political delinquency of Lord Castlereagh. On the 16th of September, 1796, while yet in my eighteenth year, I was arrested by him on a charge of high treason. The manner of my arrest was as novel as mysterious, and the hand which executed it, the last from which I could have suspected an act of unkindness. Lord Castlereagh was the personal friend of my father, who admired him as the early advocate of civil and religious liberty. He was a member of the illustrious band of Irish volunteers; and his name to this hour stands recorded amongst the most conspicuous characters who formed the first great political association in Ulster, for that redress of grievances which the united exertions of the people only could obtain.

'When in the year 1790, the representation for Down was contested, and the independence of that great and populous county threatened, through the powerful influence of the Downshire family, and a combination of local interests hostile to the rights of the people, Lord Castlereagh, then the Honourable Robert Stewart, was selected by his countrymen for his talents and his patriotism; and after the most obstinate political contest ever witnessed in Ireland, he was triumphantly returned to parliament, supported not only by the suffrages, but by the pecuniary contributions of the friends of civil and religious liberty. On this memorable occasion Lord Castlereagh publicly subscribed to a test, which, in expressing the sense of his constituents, marked out the line of his parliamentary duty, pledging himself, in language the most unequivocal, to the unceasing pursuit of parliamentary reform. The penal laws at this period operated against my father's personal exercise of the elective franchise, but neither his fortune nor his best exertions were unemployed in the service of his friend. What then must have been my astonishment, when I found myself a prisoner in the hands of the man whom I had been early taught to regard as a model of patriotism!

'The evening preceding my arrest had been passed in one of those gay and cheerful assemblies, for which at that period the north of Ireland was distinguished, and in which Lord Castlereagh and other members of his family not unfrequently mingled. The recollection of those early scenes is still fresh in my remembrance, and the delightful entertainment they afforded, was a true criterion of the polished manners and the social feeling of the inhabitants of my native town.* Accompanying my father on the following morning on a short excursion on horseback, we were met by Lord Castlereagh, who accosted us with his usual courtesy and politeness. We had proceeded up the street together, when having reached the house of his noble relative, the Marquess of Hertford, we were about to take leave of his lordship—"I regret," said he, addressing my father, "that your son cannot accompany you;" conducting me at the same moment through the outer gate, which to my inexpressible astonishment was instantly closed, and I found myself surrounded by a military guard. I expostulated, and in no very measured language, against what I considered a foul and treacherous proceeding, and with warmth, I demanded that the gate should be re-opened, and my father admitted. This, after some deliberation, was assented to. My father entered; he looked first on me, then sternly on Castlereagh, and with a firm and determined composure, inquired the cause of my arrest. "High treason!" replied his lordship.—Our interview was short; my father was not permitted to remain. It may well be conceived at this moment what were his emotions:—he bade me adieu with a proud, but tender feeling; and whilst my hand, locked in his, felt the fond pressure of paternal love, his eye darted a look of defiance, and his soul swelled indignant with conscious superiority over the apostate patriot and insidious friend.

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* Lisburn.

'My father pursued his intended route, too sorrowful to return to his family, and too proud to betray the feelings which agitated his heart. It may appear somewhat strange, that a man who bore the liveliest attachment to his domestic circle, and who was to me not only the affectionate parent, but also the companion and friend, should in a moment like the present, the most painful perhaps he had *yet* encountered, proceed on his business with so much apparent composure. But he was a man of no ordinary cast: to the liveliest sensibility were associated the firmest characteristics of mind; his intellectual powers were strong, and the gifts of nature had been improved by an education of the most liberal stamp. Affluent in circumstances, and connected by the most respectable links to society, he was possessed of much popularity, and retained the confidence and esteem of his countrymen through a long and an honourable life. But his pride was innate, and subsequent persecution and misfortune could never bend it..

'My horse was led home by a faithful domestic, but to that home I never returned; nor was a numerous, and till then a happy family ever again congregated within its walls. Persecution and misfortune followed in rapid succession. This was the first blow which had been struck against our peace, and it was aimed with a deadly hand. The melancholy appearance of the old servant, who clung with his arms round the neck of my horse, whilst his head reclined sorrowfully on the crest—the gloom and the mystery with which the occurrence seemed altogether enveloped, excited alarming conjectures in the minds of the family, which the honest domestic had not the courage to explain. But the mystery was soon unfolded.

'Lord Castlereagh had only performed half his duty; he had made good his "caption," but he wanted evidence to convict his prisoner, or to give a plausible pretext for the extraordinary measures he had exercised towards me. He entered my father's house, accompanied by a military guard, and placing a sentinel at the door of each apartment, he presented a pistol to the breast of my brother John, a fine spirited youth of fourteen, whom he compelled to accompany him in his search, opening successively every locker, from which he carried off such papers as he thought proper to select, together with my pistols. My brother conducted himself on this occasion with a firmness and composure which could hardly have been expected from a lad of his years. One of my sisters evinced the most heroic courage: she was my junior, and with the gentlest possessed the noblest soul; she has been the solace of her family in all subsequent afflictions, and seemed to have been given as a blessing by Heaven, to counterpoise the ills they were doomed to suffer. But the feelings of my mother were totally overpowered by the scene. She had just been informed of my arrest, and now saw our peaceful home in possession of a military force. Maternal affection created imaginary dangers, and in the most energetic language, she prayed Lord Castlereagh to permit her to visit my prison, and to grant even a momentary interview with her son. This he had the good sense and firmness to decline, and in communicating the matter to me in the course of our evening's conversation, I expressed my approval of his decision. But my mother felt otherwise: the afflicted state of her mind precluded that reflection which should have rendered her sensible of the propriety of Lord Castlereagh's refusal. Agitated and disappointed, her gentle but lofty spirit was roused, and burying maternal grief in the indignant feeling of her soul, "I was wrong," she exclaimed, "to appeal to a heart that never felt the tie of parental affection—your Lordship is *not a father*." She pronounced this with a tone and an emphasis so feeling and so powerful, that even the mind of Castlereagh was not insensible to its force, and he immediately retired with his guard.'—pp. 15—21.

The day was a busy one with his lordship. Having found no papers upon which a charge of high treason could be substantiated against his prisoner, and having in the mean time made some other arrests, Lord Castlereagh returned to our author, in order to see what effect the announcement would have upon him. The scene is a most humiliating one for the memory of the man who afterwards figured at congresses of crowned heads.

'It was now evening;—fatigued, and apparently much dispirited, Lord Castlereagh entered my apartment. To those who were acquainted with him, it is unnecessary to say, that he possessed the most fascinating manners and engaging address, heightened by a personal appearance peculiarly attractive, and certainly not in character with the duties of the office which he had that day assumed; for though national pride was extinct in the soul, the gifts of nature were not effaced from the form, nor the polished manners of the gentleman forgotten in the uncourteous garb of the officer of police. He regretted, that in his absence, I had been subjected to the painful restraint of an additional guard, which it was not his desire should have been placed within my apartment. A slight repast had been prepared, of which he pressed me to partake. The wine was generous, his lordship was polite, and the prisoner of state seemed for a moment forgotten in the kinder feelings of the earlier friend.

'"I have had much fatigue to day," observed his lordship; and with a seeming disposition to engage me in conversation, he added, "We have made some important arrests." "Permit me to enquire the names of those arrested; my own situation naturally leads me to sympathise with that of others." "We have arrested Nelson, do you know him?" "Know him!" I replied, "I know him, and respect his worth; a man of talent

> and devoted patriotism,—an honest citizen,—the warm and disinterested friend; and, give me leave to add, my lord, the early advocate of his country's rights." His lordship also *knew* him, and I thought I could perceive a something associated with Nelson's name which recalled to the mind of Lord Castlereagh recollections which, under present circumstances, he would perhaps rather have suppressed. After a momentary pause, "We have arrested Russell." "Russell!" said I, "then the soul of honour is captive—is Russell a prisoner?" Lord Castlereagh was silent; he filled his glass,—he presented me with wine. Our conversation had been embarrassing: we changed the subject.—"May I beg to know, my lord, what are the intentions of government towards me and my fellow prisoners?" "You will be immediately conducted to the capital," was the reply, "his Excellency and council will decide the rest." '—pp 26—28.

The prisoners were removed to Dublin. We draw a veil over the sufferings which they endured, and the reign of terror which, under the personal direction of Lord Castlereagh, deluged the capital with blood. The appearance of the French Fleet in Bantry Bay, raised the alarm of government to its height. The prisons were now so crowded, that they could hold no more. Some of the minor offenders were liberated in order to make room for the greater; among the former our author, who was enfeebled by disease, was permitted to be removed to a private house, on providing a bonded security to the amount of four thousand pounds, that upon his restoration to health he should be again placed at the disposal of government. He was, however, subsequently released from this pledge; but the actual or implied condition on which he was so released, that of not mingling in the ranks of the united Irishmen, necessarily disqualifies him from giving a personal narrative of the rebellion of 1798.

His history, however, of that great national commotion, is not without value. It speaks at least the sentiments of one who was contemporary with the events which he relates, though not the actual spectator of them in many instances. The efforts of the government to thin the ranks of the united societies, by means of arrests and executions, were fruitless. The army was in consequence actually let loose upon the people of Ireland. It was allowed to appropriate their means of livelihood, without paying for them the smallest compensation; it committed acts of violence and spoliation, such as a band of robbers might be supposed to perpetrate, who might be permitted for a season to overrun a populous territory with impunity. In the county of Wexford alone, one of the smallest counties in Ireland, no fewer than thirty-two Roman Catholic chapels were burnt down by the army, and by its dastardly auxiliaries, the yeomanry, within a period of less than three months. 'From the humble cot to the stately mansion, no property, no person was secure. Numbers perished under the lash, many were strangled in the fruitless attempt of extorting confessions, and hundreds were shot at their peaceful avocations in the very bosom of their families, for the wanton amusement of a brutal soldiery. The torture of the pitch cap was a subject of amusement both to officers and men, and *the agonies of the unfortunate victims, writhing under the blaze of the combustible material, were increased by the yells of the soldiery and the pricking of their bayonets, until his sufferings were often terminated in death.'* (pp. 132, 133.) To us who read only of these horrid practices, the bare recital is almost intolerable. What must they have been to those who were their victims! And what language is expressive enough to furnish words of sufficient infamy for their authors? We must request the reader to accompany us through one more description of these atrocities, compared with which the deeds of the tomahawk are merciful.

'The torture practised in those days of Ireland's misery has not been equalled in the annals of the most barbarous nation, and the world has been astonished, at the close of the eighteenth century, with acts which the eye views with horror, and the heart sickens to record. Torture was resorted to, not only on the most trivial, but groundless occasions. It was inflicted without mercy on every age and every condition: the child, to betray the safety of the parent; the wife, the partner of her conjugal affection; and the friend and brother have expired under the lash, when the generous heart scorned to betray the defenceless brother or friend. The barbarous system of torture practised at Beresford's riding-house, Sandy's Provost, the old Custom House, and other depôts of human misery in the capital, under the very eye of the executive, makes the blood recoil with horror, while we blush for the depravity of man under the execrable feelings of his perverted nature. In the centre of the city, the heart-rending exhibition was presented of a human being, endowed with all the faculties of a rational soul, rushing from the infernal depot of torture and death, his person besmeared with a burning preparation of turpentine and pitch, plunging in his distraction into the Liffey, and terminating at once his sufferings and his life.'—pp. 133—134.

Every man with a red coat upon his back, and a bayonet at his side, might at this dreadful period demand admission at any hour of the night into any house, no matter who were its inhabitants. Every decorum of life was violated. A rude soldiery entered the chambers of females before they were even allowed to attire themselves, and the most abominable outrages were frequently perpetrated on such occasions. The veteran Baron Massey, who had fought in the Russian war against the Porte, and who had been a prisoner in the hands of the Turks—(only another name for the most cruel barbarians)—a man who had been familiar with 'scenes of desolation and death,' declared to our author that 'he had never witnessed such horror before.' "No man," said he, "dare impeach my loyalty, or question my respect for the throne, but ere I consent to receive those ruffians within my walls, to destroy my property, and pollute the sanctuary of my dwelling, I will die on my threshold with arms in my hands, and my body shall oppose a barrier to their entrance.' This resolution, expressed as it is in the language of a determined and gallant mind, contains in itself a volume of commentary on the conduct of the soldiery, than which no detail can convey a clearer or a stronger proof of their outrageous and execrable violence.

The country having been thus oppressed and trampled on, and actually goaded to resistance, the flame of rebellion at length broke out, not before every feeling of nature commanded it, though too soon for the preparations which were in progress to support the war with any expectations of success. One of the foremost who were anxious to take the field on the side of the people, was a distinguished member of the noble house of Leinster, whose family designation—*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, was fully justified on this occasion. His character has been often drawn by Irish historians, but by none more eloquently or more accurately than by Mr. Teeling.

> 'A more intimate acquaintance with Lord Edward's character served only to increase our respect, by exhibiting his virtues in still brighter colours; with the purest feelings of moral worth, were associated the firmest characteristics of mind. In the hour of peril he was calm, collected and brave; in his more social moments cheerful: but gentle and unassuming, he attracted all hearts, and won the confidence of others by the candour of his own. The early period of his life had been almost exclusively devoted to military pursuits; and at the conclusion of the interesting struggle for the independence of the western world, he became acquainted with the celebrated La Fayette and other distinguished characters in the American revolution. An association with such men could not fail to make a lively impression on a young and enthusiastic mind; and his subsequent residence in France, in the proudest days of her history, gave fresh energy, if energy were wanting, to a soul already devoted to the great cause of universal benevolence. Candid, generous, and sincere, his soul never breathed a selfish or unmanly feeling; obstinate, perhaps, when wantonly opposed, but yielding and gentle by nature, he sometimes conceded to counsels inferior to his own; high in military talent, he assumed no superiority, but inspired courage and confidence where he found either deficient.'—pp. 143, 144.

The standard of Ireland was already unfurled in his native county of Kildare. Ten thousand men were in arms, on the finest plains in that island, to receive him as their acknowledged commander; measures were taken which would have placed him within a few hours at their head, when his place of concealment in Dublin, where he had been maturing the plan of warfare, was discovered 'through the imprudent zeal of an incautious friend,' by officers sent to apprehend him. He defended himself with undaunted courage, but was overpowered. He died in prison, from the wounds which he received in the struggle. The Parliament of Ireland, famed as it was for its gross contempt of justice, crowned its iniquity by passing a bill of attainder against him after his death. A

British Parliament, upon the recommendation of Lord Liverpool, has since reversed that barbarous act.

While Kildare was thus preparing for the field, the county of Wexford was already engaged in combat. The first scene of action was at Oulard. It was little more than a skirmish; but its successful issue gave confidence to the Irish troops. They next marched on the town of Enniscorthy, and drove the garrison furiously before them. Flushed with triumph, they proceeded towards the town of Wexford, which was strongly garrisoned; they encamped on Vinegar Hill, and 'the next morning witnessed their approach (to Wexford) in a bristly grove of pikes, glittering from the summit of three rocks,' on a neighbouring mountain. The garrison fled; the insurgents became masters of the town, and soon after of the whole county, with the exception of three fortified places.

In Meath and the other adjoining counties of Leinster, however, the cause of the country was not equally successful. The united forces, owing chiefly to the want of efficient officers, were entirely routed at Tara, notwithstanding the proud associations belonging to that celebrated seat of the ancient grandeur of Ireland; and other reverses were experienced, which were ominous of the final issue of the contest. The following sketch affords us an interesting view of the state of the agitated counties at this period. Our author, it should be premised, was travelling on private business.

'Journeying in a north-westerly direction, near the ancient village of Ardcath, I was accosted by a small band, which formed one of the outposts of a formidable body assembled near the centre of the plain, and which was every moment augmented by fresh numbers, who came pouring in with arms of every description, from the polished musket to the rudest formed pike. The vigilant guard soon challenged my approach, and in a moment I was surrounded. "A friend or a foe," was the hurried salutation, and before time was given for a reply—"if a friend, prove yourself and advance." "I am a friend," said I, "but I have not the countersign, lead me to your commander."

'The commander, who had observed the occurrence from some distance, was already advancing; he was mounted on a horse of high mettle, fully armed, with a sword, a large case of pistols in his belt, and a carbine suspended from his saddle. A light beaver turned up on one side, exhibited a large green cockade, surmounted by a white feather. This military appearance was not unbecoming his character; and was further improved by a fine person, and a manly deportment. He saluted me with some courtesy, but with an evident coolness, which seemed to imply "we are not friends." I returned the salutation with more confidence, and with somewhat of military etiquette. "What is your business within our lines, sir?" demanded the chief, "do you come to join our standard as a friend, or to betray our position to the enemy?" "I come," said I, "in neither character, though a friend to the liberties of my country—I would speak with you apart; I shall satisfy your doubts, and then with your permission proceed."

We retired a little beyond the circle of the guard." Some of the band, however, seemed to express displeasure, and in a half concealed whisper it was murmured that the stranger's designs were false, that he was the bearer of conditions from the enemy, and proposals of safety and surrender, for their chief. The alarm spread with rapidity, and the consequences, would perhaps have been fatal to the object of their suspicion, had not their commander immediately pressed forward, and presenting me, exclaimed, "he is a friend to Ireland—long persecuted in her cause;" and snatching the cumbrous cockade from his cap, he waved it in triumph over my head, while his plaudits were re-echoed by the cheers of thousands. Unhappily I bore a name which had been but too familiar with the misfortunes of my country, and as if in atonement for the ungenerous doubts which but a moment before were entertained, kindness and confidence were now carried to the very bounds of excess. Haversacks were opened, canteens in abundance presented, and the friend (for I was a stranger no longer) was solicited to partake of the homely fare which had been hastily prepared for the contingencies of the field.

"They are not yet returned," said a venerable old man, leaning on his pike, "and I don't much *like* the delay; it is more than two hours since they left us, and they have not four miles to march." "The duty was easy," observed another, "they had only to surround the garrison and disarm them without firing a gun." "They will loiter their time in parley," said a third, "till the Dumfries come up; the boy is bold to be sure, but he is young." The subject of uneasiness proceeded, not so much on account of the delay, as impatience on the part of those who spoke. A detachment had been marched off about two hours before to disarm a corps under the command of Sir William Dillon, whose mansion was the garrison, and whose tenantry, trained to arms, were the guardians of the depôt. Little resistance was expected, and the acquisition of the arms was desirable; fifty stand of prime musquets, which formed the pride and amusement of the knight to exhibit on gala days, in all the pomp of military parade. To perform this little service, as it was termed, a party had been despatched under the command of young Carroll, a fine youth of much promise, and endeared to the people by the most engaging manners and enthusiastic attachment to their cause. "We must send a reinforcement," said the chief, "and if our friend undertakes the service, sir William's arms shall honour him with a salute before he leaves us." I expressed my acknowledgments for the intended honour, and the confidence reposed, but excused myself on a feeling of delicacy towards the young soldier, whose pride would be justly offended should another interfere with his duty.

At this moment the approach of young Carroll was announced, and the sight was a cheering one to his companions. He marched on foot at the head of his little detachment, with open and extended lines, in the centre of which some of the scarlet uniforms of the knight's corps formed a curious contrast with the green, gray, and motley dress of the musketeers and sturdy pike-men who guarded them. A drum, two fifes, and a bugle, to the notes of which the corps had often marched in pomp round the worthy knight's domain, were part of the spoil; and as the detachment ascended the hill at a quick and lively pace, the musicians strained every nerve to the popular and national air of "Patrick's day," while the green flag waving in the centre of the line, gave a picturesque appearance to the field, as the band advanced to deposit the arms. The chief saluted the green emblem of Erin as it fluttered in the breeze, and with his head uncovered and his right hand extended to heaven, he prayed that the banners of his country might be ever victorious.'—pp. 181—185.

The province of Ulster, though the first to organize, was the last to take the field, owing to the indecision of such of its leaders as had hitherto escaped apprehension. Among its first chieftains were Thomas Emmett, who not long since died in the United States, where he had acquired a high reputation by his forensic talents; M'Nevin, who still, we believe, lives there; O'Connor, Sweetman, Jackson, Bond, and a host of others, whose names are still venerated in Ireland. The counties of Antrim and Down at length resolved to take an active share in the insurrection; but owing to several untoward circumstances, their forces were diminished from day to day. Thus reduced in numbers, they accepted for their leader an enterprizing chieftain, named M'Cracken, under whose guidance they proceeded to attack the town of Antrim, then in possession of the King's forces, and a position of some importance. As the narrative of this assault presents a pretty good picture of that impetuous bravery, and want of discipline, by which most of the proceedings of the Irish army were characterized, we shall make no apology for presenting it to the reader.

'" ARMY OF ULSTER.

'"To-morrow we march on Antrim; drive the garrison of Randalstown before you, and haste to form a junction with the commander-in-chief.

'HENRY JOY M'CRACKEN.

'1st year of Liberty, 6th day of June, 1798."

'The first division of M'Cracken's army marched from Cregarogan Fort, one of those ancient fortresses in which the Irish antiquarian seems still in doubt as to the period of their formation. This division was joined by the united troops of Templepatrick and Killead, many of whom, being old volunteers, were familiar with the musket, and not unacquainted with the use of artillery. M'Cracken formed his men into three divisions; the musketeers in front marched with a firm and steady pace, the pikemen, more numerous, occupied the centre, and two brass field-pieces of six-pound calibre closed the rear; the most perfect order was observed in their line of march; their silence was only interrupted by the note of the bugle or the fife, and the more solemn but animating sound of the Marsellois hymn, which, at intervals being sung in chorus, produced an imposing effect, while the lively banners of native green waved from the centre of each division.

'M'Cracken halted his men within view of the town; he harangued them with a feeling well calculated to confirm their confidence and courage; this was replied to by the universal cry, "Lead us to liberty or death!" Some of the inhabitants having fled from the town, represented in the most touching language, the distress which the occupation of it by the British troops had occasioned; and the blaze of some cabins which had been fired in the outlets, but too fully confirmed the report.

'On the part of the British troops nothing seemed wanting in their arrangements for defence; the foot occupied a strong position in front of what is termed the castle-gate; the cavalry were covered by the walls which surrounded the church, and this post was further strengthened by troops which had just arrived from the camp of Blaris Moore, while the cannon planted near the centre of the town, commanded the open and wide extending street between both.

'The advance of M'Cracken was bold, and the resistance not less determined; the cavalry were the first to oppose his entrance, and received him with a steady and well-directed fire: but the division of M'Cracken continued to advance, and on the third discharge from the enemy, commenced a fire so galling, that the cavalry were forced to give way. A second division of the united troops had by this time penetrated the town in the opposite direction, and bringing one of their guns to bear on the infantry at the castle-gate, forced their position; the infantry took shelter under the walls, while their cannon raked the assailants, who in close columns were exposed to all its fury in the open street.

'A division of pikemen now advanced with the bold determination of carrying the enemy's guns, but were repulsed by repeated discharges of grape-shot, after displaying the most heroic courage and indifference to life; they at length succeeded in gaining the churchyard, where, under cover of their musketry, they had time to rally and form. The well-directed fire from the British cannon dismounted a gun which had enabled the people to maintain their position near the castle-gate; the cavalry seizing the favourable moment made a gallant charge, and were received with no less bravery by a band of pikemen, who defended the dismounted piece of ordnance.

'In this action Colonel Lumley, the commander of the cavalry, was wounded. His cool intrepidity and manly conduct throughout the day was the admiration of the contending ranks. Again he charged, when, encountering the phalanx of pikemen who rushed from the churchyard to receive him, his division sustained a most serious loss; many fell, who coming in contact with the pike, were unable to resist its force, or guard against its deadly thrust.

'It was now that M'Cracken displayed that bold and daring spirit so conspicuous in the leaders of the Wexford campaign. Following up his success, he pressed on the foe, drove the enemy from their guns, bore down rank after rank in succession, mingling hand to hand with the bravest in the fight. In an hour after his entry he became master of the town, but a fatal mistake blasted his success, and changed at once the fortune of the day.

'The troops from the northern district of Antrim were on their march; they had obeyed the prompt order of the commander-in-chief, and forced the timid garrison, which opposed but feeble resistance. They were within a short distance of the appointed rendezvous, when meeting a corps of retreating cavalry, who had been forced to abandon the town, they mistook their flight for a charge, and under the impression that their division had arrived too late to afford relief or co-operate in the action of the day, they precipitately fled. This circumstance restored confidence to the British troops; they halted, and reinforcements having arrived from Belfast and the camp of Blaris Moore, the fugitive garrison in conjunction with these become the assailants. The transaction was witnessed by a small corps of observation which followed the enemy's retreat to mark their movements; this corps hastened back to the town, and communicating the panic, it rapidly extended to others.

Every thing that talent and courage could suggest, was attempted on the part of M'Cracken, to restore order and reanimate the sinking spirit of his troops in that quarter where the panic most prevailed; but expostulation, encouragement, threat—all were alike disregarded. He seized a pike, and placing himself in the front, menaced with death the man who should dare to flinch from his colours: but terror had now taken possession of the breasts which had lately been fired to the highest excitement of courage, and giving way to the most ungovernable fears, they sought safety in flight, and actually bore down in their confused retreat the man who but a moment before had proudly led them to victory. Their flight was more fatal than the most determined resistance, for encountering a body of cavalry, many were cut down with an unsparing hand, and fell victims to that terror which too often plunges men into the misfortune they seek to avoid.

One division still maintained its position, which from its determined and heroic courage, M'Cracken had designated "The Spartan Band." This was commanded by the faithful Hope, a man whose talents were far above his fortunes, and whose fidelity, as well on this occasion as in subsequent calamities of his country, would have honoured the days of ancient chivalry. On this post a vigorous attack had been made, with the view of effecting a lodgment, which would have commanded an easy entrance to the town. It was assailed and defended with the most obstinate courage; but the assailants were forced to retire. A small detachment of cavalry which had debouched to the left, advanced at full gallop, conceiving it to be in possession of the division of which they formed a part. Their alarm was equal to their surprise on finding themselves surrounded: they conceived their destruction inevitable, and awaited their fate in silence, but the generosity of Hope triumphed over every feeling of hostility or revenge:—"Go;" said he, "your numbers are too few for the sacrifice—join your comrades, and tell them that the army of the Union feels no triumph in the destruction of the defenceless and the weak." But the fate of the day had been already decided; every effort to rally on the part of M'Cracken was ineffectual; the panic from partial became general, and rout followed.'—pp. 231—238.

Had the counties of Antrim and Down combined their forces, they might have given the royal army abundant trouble. But they allowed themselves to be beat in detail. Down did not make its appearance in the field until the army under M'Cracken had been dispersed. It then mustered no fewer than seven thousand men, under the command of Monroe. He was exactly a man of that character that is most admirably calculated to lead men into error, and plunge them into disaster. His courage was undoubted, his zeal in the cause unrivalled, his activity in the field indomitable; but all these qualities were 'more than counterbalanced by a romantic love of glory, and a mistaken feeling of honour, which impelled him to reject more temperate counsels, was opposed to that thirst of fame which formed the leading passion of his breast. The battle of Ballynahinch, was fought with great valour on both sides; but the movements of the Irish were as usual desultory, and without a plan. They were defeated with great slaughter; among the dead was found the body of a young female, no uncommon incident at this period in Ireland. We must relate her history in the words of our author.

'Amongst those who perished on this occasion was a young and interesting female, whose fate has been so feelingly recorded in the poetic strains of our distinguished countrywoman, Miss Balfour. Many were the romantic occurrences of a similar nature at this unfortunate period, but none, perhaps more deserving of our sympathy than the interesting subject of the present incident. The men of Ards were distinguished for their courage and discipline, and their division bore a full share in the disasters of the day. In this division were two young men, remarkable for their early attachment and continued friendship. They were amongst the first to take up arms, and from that moment had never been separated. They fought side by side, cheering, defending, and encouraging each other, as if the success of the field solely depended on their exertions. Monroe had assigned on the 12th a separate command to each, but they entreated to be permitted to conquer or perish together. One had an only sister; she was the pride of a widowed mother, the loved and admired of their village, where to this hour the perfection of female beauty is described as it approximates in resemblance to the fair Elizabeth Grey. She had seen her brother and his friend march to the field: she had bidden the one adieu with the fond affection of a sister, but a feeling more tender watched for the safety of the other. Every hour's absence rendered separation more painful; every moment created additional suspense. She resolved to follow her brother—her lover—to the field. The fatal morn of the 13th had not yet dawned when she reached Ednevady heights. The troops of the Union were in motion. She joined the embattled ranks. The enthusiasm of love supported her through the perils of the fight, but borne down in the retreat, she fell in the indiscriminate slaughter, while her brother and her lover perished by her side.'—pp. 58—60.

The defeat of Ballynahinch was fatal to the united Irish in the North. Their forces were never effectually rallied after that disastrous day. But in the eloquent language of our author 'a cessation of hostilities, produced no cessation of suffering; every breeze wafted over fresh troops from England—every tide bore new raised levies from her shores;—regiment followed regiment in succession, until Ireland presented the appearance of one vast encampment. Commerce, manufactures, and husbandry, were suspended, while the country seemed to have exchanged a rural for a military population; vast numbers of the people were hourly dragged to prison, or hurried before military tribunals, when the angry passions left little room in the human breast for the exercise of justice or mercy.'

With this dreadful picture of suffering, our author closes his narrative; which though not altogether what his title pronounces it to be, is an interesting and able production. The style is always vigorous, and very frequently highly eloquent. It is evident that he has talents for historical literature, which we hope he will continue to apply to the uses of his country, to whose happiness and prosperity he seems most ardently and most honourably attached.

ART. VII.—*Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society in Great Britain and Ireland,* 4to. 1824, 1826, 1827. pp. 640.

A HISTORY of the rise and progress of the study of Oriental literature in Europe, would lead to the most scientific and learned investigations. It began in Italy, crossed the Alps into France, and thence successively travelled into England and Germany. In these territories, all its branches have been, and still are cultivated with ardour and success: every year considerably increases our stock of eastern lore.

Nothing has contributed to this more than the "society instituted in Bengal, for inquiring into the history, civil and natural, the antiquities, arts, sciences and literature of Asia." It was formed in the year 1784. At its first meeting, Sir William Jones was nominated president: at the next he delivered a discourse, in which he thus announced its objects and views:—

> 'It may now be asked, what are the intended objects of our enquiries within these spacious limits;—we answer man and nature; whatever is performed by the one, or produced by the other. Human knowledge has been elegantly analysed according to the three great faculties of the mind, *memory, reason,* and *imagination;* which we consequently find employed in arranging and retaining, comparing and distinguishing, combining and diversifying, the ideas, which we receive through our senses, or acquire by reflection; hence the three main branches of learning are history, science, and art. The first comprehends either an account of natural productions, or the genuiue records of empires and states; the second embraces the whole circle of pure and mixed mathematics, together with ethics and law, as far as they depend on the reasoning faculty; and the third includes all the beauties of imagery, and the charms of invention, displayed in modulated language, or represented by colour, figure, or sound.'

This was holding forth great expectations; they have been fully realised. It is difficult to point out a period, during which more valuable communications have been made to the literary world, than that which has elapsed since the formation of the Asiatic Society. Sir William Jones, while he lived, was eminent among its most distinguished ornaments: the discourses which he delivered, as president, are replete with learning and ingenuity:—some persons have insinuated that they are defective in precision; and that his conclusions are not always to be depended upon. We believe this charge has been exaggerated—but all must allow, that some imperfection could not have been avoided in a first attempt. In his time, the Sanscrit treasures were first opened. Those who were best acquainted with that language, rather decyphered than read the works composed in it. At the present time, those to whom it is quite familiar, abound both in Asia and Europe.

A similar society for the propagation of Oriental literature, has been instituted at Madras: a volume of their transactions has been recently advertised.

The Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, was formed in 1823, and was incorporated by a royal charter, dated the 11th of August, in the following year. The Right Honourable Chas. Watkin Williams Wynn, is its president; Mr. Henry Thomas Colebrooke, its director; Sir George Thomas Staunton, Sir John Malcolm, Sir Alexander Johnston, and Colonel Mark Wilks, its vice-presidents. From such names much good was augured; the volume now before us confirms the augury. It is full of the most interesing matter.

A few days after the society was formed, Mr. Colebrooke read, at a full meeting of the members, an excellent discourse on the objects of the institution. We wished to present our readers with a compendium of it; but we found that its contents were, at once, so rich and condensed, as to render an abridgment of it impossible. We shall therefore content ourselves with extracting the following introductory sentences.

'Be it, then on our part, to investigate the sciences of Asia; and enquire into the arts of the East; with the hope of facilitating ameliorations, of which they may be found susceptible.

'In progress of such researches, it is not perhaps too much to expect, that something may yet be gleaned for the advancement of knowledge, and improvement of arts, at home. In many recent instances, inventive faculties have been tasked to devise anew, what might have been as readily copied from an Oriental type; or unacknowledged imitation has reproduced in Europe, with an air of novelty, what had been for ages familiar in the East. Nor is that source to be considered as already exhausted. In beauty of fabric, in simplicity of process, there possibly yet remains something to be learnt from China, from Japan, from India; which the refinement of Europe need not disdain.

'The characteristic of the arts in Asia is simplicity. With rude implements, and by coarse means, arduous tasks have been achieved, and the most finished results have been obtained; which, for a long period, were scarcely equalled, and have, but recently, been surpassed by polished artifice and refined skill in Europe. Were it a question of mere curiosity, it might yet be worth the enquiry, what were the rude means by which such things have been accomplished? The question, however, is not a merely idle one. It may be investigated with confidence that an useful answer will be derived. If it do not point to the way of perfecting European skill, it assuredly will to that of augmenting Asiatic attainments.

'The course of enquiry into the arts, as into the sciences, of Asia, cannot fail of leading to much that is curious and instructive. The enquiry extends over regions, the most antiently, and the most numerously peopled on the globe. The range of research is as wide, as those regions are vast; and as various, as the people who inhabit them are diversified. It embraces their ancient and modern history; their civil polity; their long-enduring institutions; their manners, and their customs; their languages, and their literature; their sciences, speculative and practical; in short, the progress of knowledge among them; the pitch which it has attained; and last, but most important, the means of its extension.'

The present volume of the transactions of the society, opens with a *Memoir concerning the Chinese, by Fraucis Davis, Esq. F. R. S. M. A. R. S.* It exhibits learning, discernment, and candour: he presents us with the following outline of his system—

'The empire of China cannot be dated earlier than the dynasty called Tsin, about two hundred years before Christ; and the term *Wang*, or Prince, instead of *Hoangti*, or Emperor, is applied by their own historians to all the monarchs of the race of Chow, which immediately preceded it. From this race of Chow (B.C. 1100 to 240), we may date the Authentic History of the Chinese, which commences with the *Chun-tsew* of Confucius, the annals of his own times, in which he relates the wars of the different petty states against each other.* The northern half of modern China, from the great river Keang, to the confines of Tartary, appears then to have been divided by a number of petty independent states, which contended against each other with various success, and as one obtained a temporary ascendancy over the rest, it assumed the pretensions of a doubtful sovereignty, which was acknowledged or denied, in proportion as adversity or success might influence the dispositions of its neighbours. The province of Pe-che-li was occupied by a nation or state called *Yen*. *Shan-tung*, and was held by the Kings of *Loo* and *Isi*, and *Keang Nan* by the sovereign of *Woo*; while a large portion of the modern half of the empire to the south of the *Keang*, together with the province of *Sze-chuen*, was occupied by barbarians, who are seldom mentioned in the histories of that period, except as provoking, by their incursions, the chastisement of the more civilized states in the north.

The period of Chow, from about the middle of which the era of authentic history may be dated, was distinguished by the birth of *Confucius*, and of *Laou-keun*, the founders of two of the sects of China; while *Fo*, or Buddha, the author of the third, was also born in India about the commencement of the same period, although his worship was not introduced into the empire until long after, in the first century of the Christian era. The memory and the doctrines of Confucius have met with almost uninterrupted veneration down to the present time; while the absurd superstitions of the other two have been alternately embraced and despised by the different sovereigns of the country. Under the present Tartar government, they can merely be said to be *tolerated*. In the instructions of the emperor *Yung-ching* to the people, the tenets of *Fo* and of *Laou-keun* are stigmatised among the 'impure doctrines' against which the nation is warned to guard itself with especial caution.'

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* It would perhaps be going too far to condemn all that preceded the time of *Chow*, as absolutely fabulous; but it is so mixed up with fable, as not to deserve the name of history. They have no records older than the compilations of Confucius.

Mr. Davis has also enriched the Transactions with an article entitled, "*Eugraphia Sinensis,—or the Art of Writing the Chinese Character with correctness*:"—with *Extracts from the Pekin Gazette,*—And with a few *Edicts from the Hoppo of Canton to the Hong Merchants.*

We shall next mention *Mr. Colebrooke's Memoir on the Philosophy of the Hindus.* It is divided into four parts; and will be read with interest and pleasure by all who take delight in metaphysical speculations. He introduces his memoir by the following succinct exposition of his subject:—

'The *Hindus*, as is well known, possess various ancient systems of philosophy, which they consider to be orthodox, as consistent with the theology and metaphysics of the *Vedas;* and have likewise preserved divers systems deemed heretical, as incompatible with the doctrines of their holy books.

'The two *Mímánsás* (for there are two schools of metaphysics under this title) are emphatically orthodox. The prior one (*purva*), which has JAIMINI for its founder, teaches the art of reasoning, with the express view of aiding the interpretation of the *Védas*. The latter (*Uttera*), commonly called *Védánta*, and attributed to Vyása, deduces from the text of the Indian scriptures a refined psychology, which goes to a denial of a material world.

'The *Nyáya*, of which Gótama is the acknowledged author, furnishes a philosophical arrangement, with strict rules of reasoning, not unaptly compared to the dialectics of the Aristotelian school. Another course of philosophy connected with it bears the denomination of *Vais'éshica.* Its reputed author is CANADE; who, like Democritus, maintained the doctrine of atoms.

'A different philosophical system, partly heterodox, and partly conformable to the established *Hindu* creed, is the *Sánc'-hya:* of which also, as of the preceding, there are two schools; one usually known by that name, the other commonly termed *Yóga.* A succinct exposition of the *Sánc'-hya* doctrines is the design of the present essay: they are selected for that purpose, on account of the strong affinity which they manifestly bear to the metaphysical opinions of the sects of *Jina* and *Budd'ha.*

'Though not strictly orthodox, both *Sánc'-hyas* and the *Vais'éscha,* as well as the *Nyáya*, are respected and studied by very rigid adherents of the Védas, who are taught, however, to reject so much as disagrees, and treasure up what is consonant to their scriptures. 'In Canade's doctrine, in the *Sánc'-hya*, and in the *Yóga*, that part which is inconsistent with the *Védas*, is to be rejected by those who strictly adhere to revelation. In Jaimini's doctrine, and in Vyása's, there is nothing whatsoever at variance with scripture.'*

'Heretical treatises of philosophy are very numerous: among which, that of Chárváca, which exhibits the doctrine of the *Jaina* sect, is most conspicuous; and next to it the Pásupáta.

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* Quotation in Vynyána, Bhieshu's, Capila—Chashya.

“ To them, and to the orthodox systems before mentioned, it is not intended here to advert, further than as they are noticed by writers on the *Sánc'hya*, citing opinions of other schools of philosophy, in course of commenting on the text which they are engaged in expounding. It is not my present purpose to exhibit a contrasted view of the tenets of different philosophical schools; but to present to this society a summary of the doctrine of a single sect: which will serve, however, to elucidate that of several more.

‘ Of other philosophical sects, the received doctrines in detail, may be best reserved for separate notice, in distinct essays to be hereafter submitted to the society. I must be clearly understood, however, not to pledge myself definitively for that task.’

We confess, with pleasure, our obligations to Mr. Colebrooke, for this valuable Memoir on the philosophy of the Hindus; we must also express a wish, which we have long entertained, that he would favour the public with his opinion on the most important, perhaps, of all literary topics,—the antiquity of Hindu science and literature; and on the question to which it gives rise, whether the period usually assigned for the invention of the arts, was not the period of their renovation. It has often been suggested, that, in a time long preceding our present historical records, a powerful and highly civilized people existed in Asia; that, in consequence of some natural or political convulsion, it disappeared, as a nation; that the theology, learning, and policy of Sancritism, as they are now known to us, are relics of it; and that, from these, as they existed either in their perfect or their decayed state, the mythology and learning of Greece, and consequently those of Rome, derive their origin. This notion was first started by M. de Bailly, the learned historian of astronomy. It has been advocated with great learning, acuteness, discernment, and candour, in several articles in the Edinburgh Review; but it has met with a powerful adversary, in Mr. Bentley. Our opinion coincides with that of the Reviewers; but we think the subject is far from being exhausted, either in respect to facts or arguments: a discussion of it by Mr. Colebrooke, would confer a great obligation on the literary world. Few possess this gentleman's learning, his ardour of research, or his patient investigation.

With this question, that of the antiquity of the Chinese empire, its policy, learning, and arts, is nearly connected. We cannot help intimating to Sir George Thomas Staunton, one of the vice-presidents of the Royal Asiatic Society, our wish that he would favour us with his opinion on this important and much debated subject. May we not safely assert, that the republic of letters does not contain a person, whose sentiments on it are entitled to so much deference. We hope we shall soon see, in the Transactions of the Society, an article from his pen, informing us of his opinion upon these points: we wish to see it accompanied by an exposition of the facts and arguments on which he founds it. But if it be not so accompanied, his opinion, though it should stand singly, will still be valuable.

The appendix to the volume before us, mentions his munificent donation to the Institution. It consists—exclusively of a pecuniary contribution—of 186 different works, in 2610 volumes. They form a very extensive and valuable collection of books in the Chinese language, and of works on China, in European languages. This munificent present was attended by a letter, in which Sir George informs the Institution, that " his view in making the collection, was to promote a more general acquaintance, in this country, with whatever might be found curious or useful among the productions of the Chinese press :" and that " it was his wish, that the collection should be preserved entire, and placed in such a situation, as to make it at all times readily accessible to the British and other students of Chinese literature, who may frequent the metropolis,—under such regulations as the Royal Asiatic Society may think proper to prescribe."

It is impossible to eulogize, in too strong terms, the public spirit which dictated this munificent donation. We hope it will be imitated. We trust that the arrangements for admittance to the library of the Society, will be of the most liberal kind. The difficulty of access to our national libraries, and other public repositories of learning and science, has long been complained of ; it retards the progress of learning, and increases the difficulties which attend its acquisition. Compared with the facility of admission to the libraries of France, it disgraces our nation. In some instances, ingenuity appears to have been tortured, to render our public libraries as useless as they could be made. The regulations for the admission to the British Museum, are, even now, barely tolerable : for more than half a century, they were absurd and ridiculous in the extreme.

Our readers will peruse, with some surprise, '*the account of a secret Association in China, entitled* " *The Triad Society, by the late Dr. Milne, principal of the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca, with a copy of the seal of the Triad Society.*" After observing how difficult it is to discover that which is studiously concealed under the sanction of oaths, curses, and the impending vengeance of the Gods, the writer of this article presents his readers with all the information he has been able to procure respecting this society. It is called " the Society of the Three United ;" the three are, heaven, earth, and Man. Doctor Milne acquaints us, that in the earlier part of the reign of the late emperor of China, the same society existed under a name somewhat different, and nearly upset the government : that its machinations were not entirely defeated till the 8th year of the present sovereign, when its chiefs were seized and put to death ; that the society still continued to exist and operate, and that, to keep its existence and operations secret, it varied its name. Its avowed object is to effect a co-operation of its members for their mutual good; but their real aim is to overturn the government of the empire, and to possess themselves of all the powers of the state. The concerns of the society are managed by three persons. All members are styled "brothers;" the directors, are called "elder brothers." Little is known of their internal regulations and practices. For the initiation of a postulant, an assembly of members is convened in some secret place; they are ranged in two opposite lines, their swords are either held or placed by the members in each line, with the points opposed to those of the members in the other; and thus form a bridge or arch, under which the postulant passes and pronounces the oath. The ceremony is called "passing the bridge." They have mystic signs, and mystic words, by which they recognize and reveal themselves to one another; they also use a particular seal. They pretend to great Antiquity, and it is suspected that "Liberty and Equality," in something like the modern acceptance of those words, form the grand secret of the society. But much of it yet remains in obscurity; if our recollection be right, the existence in China, of a secret society, hostile both to the government and religion of the country, is mentioned or alluded to in the late Sir George Staunton's account of Lord Macartney's embassy. In reading this article it is impossible not to think of the free-masons; but we see no analogy between them and the secret society mentioned in the paper before us. The ceremonial of the society has no relation whatsoever to the masonic craft. But it is a curious institution, and we wish for further information respecting it. Wherever the legal or political institutions of a nation are behind the intelligence of the people, reforms will be meditated, and if the ruling power oppose them, secret societies for effecting them, will be established.

Sir John Malcolm has presented the society with an "*Essay on the Bhills.*" He begins it by remarking, that the four divisions of Hindus, the priests, soldiers, merchants, and labourers, appear to have existed in every human society, at a certain stage of civilization; but that in India alone, they have been maintained for several thousand years with proscriptive rigour; that the institutions, the arts, and even the language of the Hindus, appear at the earliest times of which we have any general history, to have been more perfect than they are at present; but that it is evident, that so artificial a state of society, must have been for many years progressive towards that point, and must have been grounded upon some prior structure:—it therefore must be an object to discover if any fragments of that structure yet remain. Such a fragment, he says, the Bhills exhibit. They chiefly inhabit the mountainous tracts of Candeish Malive and Rajputana. They are often confounded with the illegitimate races which have sprung from the four divisions we have mentioned, and have long resembled them in their predatory and lawless way of life. But by our author's account, they are a totally distinct people: and there is every reason to believe, that the original race of Bhills may claim a high antiquity; and even to suppose that their ancestors were masters of many of the fertile plains of India. Authentic records of the Rajput sovereigns, shew that, at different times, they have subdued large territories from the Bhils. Sir John Malcolm proceeds to mention their written records, their general habits, their marriage ceremonies, their funeral rites, and their mode of settling disputes. He concludes, by suggesting the proper modes of reclaiming them to order and civilization.

On many accounts, this is an article of great importance; it is particularly so, as it points out a clear distinction, hitherto, we believe, unnoticed, between the Hindu castes, and the families subsisting in the Hindu territories, who never formed a part of the Hindu system. This is the first time that *ante-Hindium*, in India, if we may be allowed the expression, has been brought into public notice. It may lead to the discovery of the grand secret,—the origination of Sanscritism,—and shew, by whom, and by what means it was first established in Asia. At present, this circumstance is involved in impenetrable obscurity.

Major James Delamain's Essay on the Shawans or Jains,—is a proper sequel to the Essay which we have just noticed. It considerably raises our expectations of receiving other valuable information respecting the earlier inhabitants of the Indian Peninsula.

The same may be said of *Doctor Francis Buchanan Hamilton's Account of the Shawans or Jaines.*

Sir Alexander Johnstone's Accounts of the Inscriptions found in Ceylon, are very interesting: but the limits of our work confine us to a bare mention of them.

The Appendix contains various Thermometrical tables and registers, and numerous plates.

In this manner, the Royal Asiatic Society have launched their first vessel: it is richly freighted; the raw materials are of the highest value; the workmanship of them is excellent:

> "*Spoliis Orientis onusti.*"

May such vessels reach us in regular and quick succession! They will add to our stock of information, subjects of great importance; open new fields of literary disquisition; enlarge our notions on topics familiar to us, and thus entitle the society to the gratitude of artists and scholars, throughout the world.

Art. VIII.—*Ada and other Poems.* By Mary Ann Browne, Authoress of 'Mont Blanc,' &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 277. London: Longman & Co; Hatchard & Son; and W. Benning. 1828.

We hope that we shall not be considered as ungallant critics, if we confess that we felt some regret on seeing another volume of poems proceed so soon from the hands of Miss Browne. From her own account of her years, it seems that she has not yet numbered sixteen summers, and already has she given to the world two collections of her verses! Such precipitance on the part of a young lady, who ought still to be at school, is, to say the least of it, unadvised. It forms indeed a striking advertisement, to have it announced, that, "this day is published, Ada, and other poems, by a girl of fifteen;" and it must be presumed, that her friends are highly flattered by the notoriety it obtains, both for the young authoress and themselves. But they may rest assured, that by encouraging her to these precocious displays, they are taking the most efficacious steps for the ruin of her genius. They teach her to mistake their fond approbation for the voice of general fame; and to set down the compliments, which surprise or good nature may bestow on her premature productions, as unequivocal indications of her present, as well as of her future pre-eminence, in one of the most difficult paths of composition which the whole range of literature presents.

It is with great reluctance we venture on these observations, as we are not now to learn how deeply a sentence, even approaching to censure, sinks into the heart of a young female, who has had the courage to solicit the applause of the public for her numbers. If we had not entertained a favourable opinion of the poetical talents of Miss Browne, we should have allowed her to sleep out her visions of immortality without interruption. Time is generally sure to correct the ambition of mere pretenders to the gift of poetry. With such we take no sort of trouble, but suffer them to live on in the enjoyment of every pleasing delusion, which can lead them gently to the regions of oblivion, amid the favouring smiles of all those who happen to witness the rapidity of their progress to that peaceable termination of their labours.

But in some of Miss Browne's productions, we have seen, or fancied we have seen, the germs of a more generous fruitage, than that which is but too commonly presented to our view. It was no slight proof of high natural endowments, that, at a period of life, when most of her companions had scarcely finished their first lessons in music, she should have written verses, to which music might not have been unworthily allied. We were among the first to recommend her compositions to public notice, because we observed scattered through them, here and there, some bright emanations of mind, which seemed to partake of the poetic character. And we have little doubt, that if she had been persuaded to reserve her earliest productions for the domestic circle of her friends, to retouch them from time to time, to nurture her fancy, and to form her style more upon the models of our elder than our modern bards, she might, some years hence, give her name to poems not inferior to those of Mrs. Hemans.

We fear that this premature publicity of Miss Browne's effusions will tend only to chill, if not altogether to extinguish, the fire which, if it had been protected from the glare of day, and duly fostered, would increase in its intensity, through all that stage of existence, on which she has only just entered. She ought to have taken warning from Miss Landon, who has almost written herself out of such estimation with the public as she had ever enjoyed. There may be a few boarding school mademoiselles, who still think her poetry *delicious;* and a few good natured critics, who might be disposed to repeat the epithet, and even to exaggerate it into "extraordinary," and "unrivalled;" but they will hardly persuade intelligent readers, that lines of eight or ten jingling syllables, ending in rhymes, following each other between the margins of fine paper, ornamented with all the paraphernalia of clear types and fanciful vignettes, are the essentials of good poetry, or any thing at all approaching it.

Above all things, the young lady, whose volume is before us, should avoid the composition of long tales. They are seductive to the imagination; and it would seem, on a superficial view, that they are easily planned, and as easily executed. What do they require but a few characters and incidents:—an ardent cavalier, a beautiful heroine, a castle, a boat, a pirate, a little tossing on the sea, and a convenient shipwreck? With such materials, and a slight facility at rhyming, we would undertake that any person of ordinary power of mind, should produce, in a few hours, a sufficient number of cantos, to occupy some hundred pages in a pretty duodecimo. These, with a due appendage of notes and minor poems, would be all that the publisher requires, and behold a new volume from the pen of "a young nobleman," or of "Miss M—," or "Miss R—" makes its way all over the town, for a whole season of one month, and then, alas, is heard of no more!

Such, we fear, will be the fate of 'Ada and other poems;' and of every other volume which Miss Browne may publish in the same hasty way. She must be given to understand clearly, if she will not take a hint, that it is not quite so easy an affair as she imagines, to write poetry. It is not sufficient that she feels ardently, that her emotions easily run into words, and those words into lines that look like verse. She has only to read one stanza in Gray's Elegy, or one page of Pope's Rape of the Lock, to perceive how infinitely deficient in the measure and idiom of poetic composition her productions are. She should ask herself occasionally what Milton, or even Goldsmith would have said to the following passage:—

> 'Alas! why is the human heart
> So full of strife, and guile, and art!
> Howe'er disguised, however fair,
> Deceitful passions still are there;' *Ada*, p. 7.

or to these lines:—

> 'She lived! and Ada was her name,
> Her sainted mother bore the same:

And when her father fondly gazed,
When her dark eye to his was raised,
Then she, for whom first flowed the tear,
Became inexplicably dear;
His happiest moments were, when she,
A playful child, danced at his knee.'—*Ada*, p. 11.

Would not the bards have said on hearing such lines, that the person who wrote them would have been much more usefully and more naturally employed, if she had been the subject of such a description, rather than the author of it? But to come even to the poets of our own time, what would Moore, or Byron have said, of the following account of one of the principal incidents in the tale?

'And Ada and her sire arose,
Unconscious of their coming woes.
They turned their steps towards their home,
And talked of happy days to come.
But who can speak that maid's alarm,
When a rude hand had seized her arm:
Ere she could shriek, a sudden blow
Had laid her helpless father low.
Struck to the earth by villain hand,
The crimson torrent dyed the sand!
And Ada saw no more,—her brain
Reeled, and she lost all sense of pain;
And the scene swam before her eyes,
And she became the pirates' prize.
Swiftly and silently they bore
Their senseless captive to the shore.'—*Ada*, pp. 18, 19.

It is a common, though a very good criterion of bad verses, to print them in the order of prose, in order to ascertain if they have any real measure or music in their fall upon the ear. With rhymes, that criterion cannot be so easily applied, as they mark the lines so obviously; but had this passage been without such artificial assistance, and had it been arranged as prose, who would have imagined that it had been intended for poetry? We shall give but one more example of this inarticulate and washy composition, in order to have it clearly understood that our remarks, if they be somewhat harsh, are yet not only just, but fairly due to the character of our poetic literature.

'He had a friend,—alas! that name
Soon sank before a warmer flame;
The tie, by jealousy undone,
Melted like frost before the sun
It grew at length a bitter feud,
And ended in a deed of blood.
Outlawed, he left his native land,
The captain of a pirate band!

Leila, he loved in days of bliss,
And would she now forsake in this?
Oh, no!—that heart still fondly clung
To his, for whom first passion sprung;
And when he left his friends, and home,
An outcast pirate chief to roam,
Where'er his restless footsteps bent,
Still with him his sweet Leila went.
The world might say she rashly loved—
What cared she, if her heart approved;
And friends might blame the sacrifice—
It seemed a great one to their eyes;
Alas! they knew not how love binds
Resistlessly the strongest minds?
They know not how his fetters, thrown
Round hearts, will make them all his own;
Else they would not have blamed the heart,
That from its dear one could not part.' —*Ada,* pp. 29, 30.

But why, it may be asked, do we linger over these pages? If they be all so insipid, as the extracts which have been quoted, why not permit them to reach quietly the destiny which awaits them, and spare the feelings of so young an author? Our reply is, that we hope the candid exposition of her faults, by no unfriendly hand, and for no other purpose than that of her improvement, may be useful to her, and not altogether uninstructive to others. We shall be inundated with a new tide of Lake poetry, unless the crowd of *misses* who threaten us with it, be warned in time, to remain at their pianos. If we be anxious for Miss Brown's reputation, that she should not publish more again, it is because we hope that a few years will increase her powers of judgment, and not impair those of her imagination. We are by no means inclined to underrate her talents; or to deny that she has, even in this tale which we have introduced to the reader, exhibited indications of the "divine fire." As a proof of this we shall present the reader with her description of a storm, which though it cannot be said to surpass every thing of the sort that has been yet written, is really such a piece of true poetry, as cannot now be very commonly met with.

'The day passed sadly, and the evening fell—
The light wind to the last beam sighed farewell;
Then calmly o'er the quiet waters crept,
And on their pure and placid bosom slept.
The flag drooped heavily against the mast,
And all was deadly calm, too calm to last;
And dark clouds hung along the western sky,
Like funeral folds of heavy drapery,
As if they waited for the daylight's close,
To drop their curtains o'er the sun's repose;

Yet on their ragged edge the last ray tinged,
And with a deep and golden border fringed,
And o'er their bosoms lighter clouds careered.
That, deeply red, surcharged with fire appeared:
A distant, indistinct and murmuring sound,
Was all that broke the calm that reigned around,
And something like a weight, so sultry—warm,
Hung o'er, forebodings of a thunder storm;
Then those dark clouds slowly began to spread
Their pall-like, sable curtains overhead;
And distant thunder like a signal drum,
Bade heaven's artillery to battle come;
And then that thunder muttered o'er the waves,
And roused them from their sleep in coral caves;
And every billow shook its foamy crest,
And danced and leaped for joy on ocean's breast,
And darted onward with a wild delight,
Like white plumed warriors rushing to the fight;
While the red sky its vivid lightnings sent,
To mingle in the roaring element;
And the long whistle of the 'wakened wind,
Seemed calling to the clouds that lagged behind.
Where was the vessel, midst that wild uproar?
And where! oh, where was the fair form it bore?
Where was the ship?—'twas indistinctly seen,
The darksome seas and watery cliffs between—
Now hidden, as the waves washed o'er its deck—
Now rising for a moment, a black speck!
'Tis gone at last,—I cannot see it more;
And where it was, the waves are warring o'er;
And high above the boiling of the surge,
The sea-birds scream the vessel's funeral dirge;
And the wild shriek of death and agony,
Is lost amidst the howling of the sea!'—*Ada*, pp. 46—49.

Some of the thoughts and images in this passage, are no doubt such as may be found in every description of a thunder storm. But, we must add, that there are also some which appear to us original, and peculiarly conducive to the terror of the scene.—What can be more felicitous in every view in which it can be taken, than the comparison of the 'distant thunder like a signal gun,' bidding the artillery of heaven to come on to the battle? It is a comparison of which Milton would not have been ashamed. It would have deserved unqualified admiration, if it had not been robbed of much of its grandeur by the *prettiness* that follows it, and in which the muttering of the thunder is made, only to awaken the waves from their caves of coral. Whoever has seen the ocean roused into anger, must also bear testimony to the truth and sublimity of the following lines:—

'And every billow shook its foaming crest,
And danced and leaped for joy on ocean's breast,

And darted onwards with a *wild delight,*
Like white plumed warriors rushing to the fight.'

But when the poet adds,

' And the long whistle of the wakened wind,
Seemed calling to the clouds that lagged behind;

she brings the whole storm within our view and hearing, by an idea at once accurate in itself, picturesque in its imagery, and sublime in its effect. As a contrast to this fine passage, we shall extract her description of a sunset on the tranquil sea, which seems to us characterisedly as much of natural beauty, as the former is by appropriate sublimity.

' The lengthening shadows told the day was done,
And on the horizon's edge reclined the sun,
Resting on ocean's breast his blazing brow,
To gaze on nature ere he plunged below;
Then sudden sank, as if in haste to lave
His fiery tresses in the western wave.
And then came tints as bright as he had been,
To shed their gentler glories o'er the scene;
All his reflected radiance shone aloft,
Lovely as ere he sank, but far more soft.
As love, released from earthly woe and pain,
In heaven with purer feelings lives again.
There, soft as hues the maiden's lips disclose,
Blushed the deep crimson of the opening rose;
And there the lovelier violet's purple dye,
Lived on the rain-bow bosom of the sky;
And the bright evening star appeared through all,
Like fairy-lamp at fairy festival,
That would remain when all the pageant o'er,
That splendid vision should appear no more:
Like faithful passion, that will not decay
Though hope's most lovely dreams have past away.
Beneath that sky the western ocean rolled
Its rippling waves, a sea of liquid gold;
And as soft winds held o'er it playful strife,
It heaved its bosom "like a thing of life!"—*Ada*, pp. 61, 63.

The mind that has produced these passages, at the early age of sixteen, evidently must be one of no ordinary faculties. It can only require cultivation, and intensity to render it capable of attaining distinction in our literature. The minor poems in the volume are generally creditable performances. Mr. Moore will not be displeased to find his early labours thus prettily celibrated.

' *Stanzas written in Moore's Irish Melodies.*

' Wild breathings of the Emerald Isle!
Your sounds are very dear to me;
Full many a sad hour ye beguile,
With your enchanting melody.

'Whence do ye come, sweet orphan strains?
Who knows to whom ye owe your birth?
Oh! scarce a record now remains,
To tell us ye are things of earth.

'Was it some spirit wandering o'er
This world, with music from the spheres,
Alighted on your lovely shore,
And breathed ye first to mortal ears!

'Blest be his name who rescued ye,
And caught your lingering, dying tone;
And mingled your wild melody
With sweet creations of his own.

'While years and time pursue their march,
That name shall live without decay;
As brilliant as the rainbow's arch,
But not like that to fade away.

'Twas he who made you doubly sweet,
Who gave ye your immortal fame;
And while ye live, ye shall repeat,
And breathe in every tone, his name.'—p. 120.

Every one who has heard the Irish melodies, will agree with us in admiring these stanzas, and particularly the application of the epithet '*orphan*' to those strains, than which no expression could be more appositely chosen. We regret that we have no room for the agreeable stanzas on "Flowers," The following poem entitled 'The Happiest Time,' will, however, fully atone for their absence. It closes, as we are happy to observe many of Miss Browne's effusions terminate, in a strain that rises naturally and piously to that great source of Being, from whom we derive every thing we possess.

'When are we happiest?—when the light of morn
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
When cheerful sounds upon the fresh winds borne,
Tell man resumes his work with blither zest;
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen—
Are we the happiest then?

'Alas, those roses!—they will fade away,
And thunder-tempests will deform the sky;
And summer heats bid the spring buds decay,
And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry;
And nothing beauteous may adorn the scene,
To tell what it hath been!

'When are we happiest?—in the crowded hall,
When fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?
How soon,—how very soon, such pleasures pall!
How fast must falsehood's rainbow colouring flee;
Its poison flow'rets brave the sting of care:
We are not happy there!

‘ Are we the happiest, when the evening hearth
Is circled with its crown of living flowers?
When goeth round the laugh of harmless mirth,
And when affection, from her bright urn showers
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
Bliss! is it there thou art?

‘ Oh, no!—not there; it would be happiness
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be,
Those brows without one shading of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity;
But they are things of earth, and pass away,—
They must, they must decay!

‘ Those voices must grow tremulous with years,
Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom;
Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,
And at the last, close darkly in the tomb.
If happiness depend on them alone,
How quickly is it gone!

‘ When are we happiest, then?—oh! when resigned
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may brim;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth! and trust alone in Him
Who giveth in his mercy joy or pain:
Oh! we are happiest then!'

The lines on music, are prettily imagined and expressed. We would refer the reader also to the sacred poems, which will be found at the end of the volume. They afford the most favourable proofs of the attention which has been paid to this young lady's religious education.

ART. IX—1. *Elogi Sacri di Evasio Leone Carmelitano, con annotanzi.* 2 vols. 16mo. Firenze: 1825.

2. *Prediche alla Corte di Monsignor A. Turchi*, 1 vol. 8vo. Milano: 1826.

THE simple but impressive eloquence of the first preachers of Christianity, was imitated by their successors through ages of persecutions and tribulations, while its essential characteristics, humility of spirit, sincerity of zeal, and energy of faith, tended to keep the sacred oratory within the reach of general and popular comprehension. Afterwards, when the new religion gained the ascendancy in the political world, when it became the faith of the Cæsars and of the patrician ranks, some of the expounders of the sacred word became more studied in the arrangement of their periods, pulpit eloquence grew into an art, the rules of which were derived from the examples of the great orators of antiquity. We find splendid specimens of elocution in the writings of several of the Greek and

Latin fathers, such as Gregory, Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Bernard. After the destruction of the empire, Latin continued to be the language of the western churches, and especially of Italy, and we have homilies in that language by Italian bishops of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Their merit, however, with regard to composition, seems to be on a level with the general character of letters in that iron age.

During the turbulent period of Frederick II.'s reign, we read of popular preachers, such as Fra Giovanni da Vicenza, who acted as peace-maker between the hostile Italian commonwealths, in some of which, especially at Verona, he obtained paramount influence, and even sovereign power. He convoked in the year 1233, in a plain near the Adige, a general assembly of the Lombard cities; the people of Verona, of Mantua, of Vicenza, of Brescia, of Padua, and of Treviso, repaired there with their respective *carrocci*; the patriarch of Aquiliza, the Marquis of Este, the famous Eccelino, and many other bishops, lords, and commons, from other cities, came, unarmed and mostly barefooted in sign of penitence; it is reported that the multitudes assembled on that occasion amounted to four hundred thousand individuals. Fra Giovanni mounted on a platform raised sixty cubits above the ground, he exhorted his audience in the name of God and the church, to restore peace, and to give and receive mutually the *osculum pacis*; after the token of forgiveness was exchanged among the astonished hearers, he threatened with excommunication all those who should break the general peace, and this re-establishment of harmony, which was however, of short duration, was sealed on the spot by the contract of marriage between the son of the Marquis of Este, the chief of the Guelphs, with Adelaide, niece of Eccelino, the head of the Guibelins.

Such was the influence of preachers in those tumultuous ages, in those times of faction and contention, when religion was often mixed with politics, and when monks and missionaries acted as statesmen and ambassadors. In the fifteenth century, Father Savonarola, a Dominican monk of Ferrara, living in the convent of St. Mark, at Florence, agitated the whole commonwealth by means of his sermons. Assuming the inspired tone of the prophets, he threatened his countrymen, all Italy, with the vengeance of Heaven for their depravities. During a time of profound peace, he predicted the irruption of foreign hosts, and the desolation of his country. And his threats were realized, by the invasion of the French under Charles VIII., from which epoch the calamities of Italy began. Savonarola's fame was then wonderfully increased, his consequence became great with the rulers of the republic, and he was sent with four other citizens to harangue the French Monarch on his passage through Lucca. Charles received him with great distinction. Savonarola became afterwards obnoxious to the Medici as well as to the court of Rome; after the expulsion of Piero, he proposed a form of government entirely popular, "in such a manner as not to trust in the hands of a few, the security and liberty of the many." His enemies endeavoured repeatedly to stop the course of his eloquence, and finally succeded in destroying him.

A specimen of Savonarola's eloquence, will give an idea of the style of those early times: After having prayed for the conversion of obstinate sinners, he thus concluded :—

> ' I can do no more, my strength fails me: Dost thou see, O Lord, that these wicked men laugh at me, that they obstruct the good exertions of thy servant? Every one mocks us, and we are become the scorn of the world. We have prayed, we have shed tears, we have sobbed and sighed, but to no effect. Where is thy providence, where are thy promises and thy fidelity? Do not delay, O Lord, that the faithless and wicked people may not say, *Ubi est Deus eorum*? Thou seest that the wicked become worse every day, that they are incorrigible. Extend, therefore, thy hand, O Lord, and make them feel thy power. I have no more to say, I can but weep; I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst listen to us for our merit, but through the goodness and the merits of thy son. Have mercy on thy sheep, who are crowded here in sadness and fear. Thou lovest them, for them thou wert fastened to that cross. If I am unworthy do not spare me, but what have thy sheep done? I am the sinner here, yet do not weigh my sins, O Lord, against me, but listen rather to the voice of thy goodness, of thy heart, and make us all feel the effects of thy mercies." (Here both preacher and audience broke into loud wailings and tears.)

This rude but stirring eloquence became altered, but not for the better, in the course of the following century. Political excitement was over, and the extinction of the popular governments checked those bursts of oratory, which had been familiar to the monks and missionaries of former times. Orators now confined themselves to the scholastic method, introduced syllogisms and logical distinctions, interlarded with numerous quotations from sacred and also prophane authors. It was at this period that Cardinal Bembo, being asked why he did not attend the Lent sermons, replied, "What should I do there? Must I listen to the eternal disputations between Scotus and Thomas Aquinas, and then Aristotle coming in as a third party, to terminate the question?"

The model of Italian prose writers was Boccaccio, whose abundant epithets and long periods could not always suit the energy of oratorical address. Others resorted to the poets, and borrowed their brilliant descriptions and florid images, and this taste has continued to prevail in Italian oratory down to our days.

Father Panigarola has left behind him the fame of an eloquent preacher. The exordium of a sermon which he delivered at Bologna, at a time when suspicions of plague had alarmed the citizens, is quoted as a specimen of descriptive oratory, admirably calculated to excite the fears of his hearers, by the vivid images it exhibited of the calamities of that dreadful scourge.

It is a remarkable fact, that the seventeenth century, the age of corruption of Italian literature, produced Segneri, a Jesuit, who was the real founder of Italian pulpit eloquence. Segneri perceived the faults of the orators who had preceded him; he disliked their scholastic dryness, and the extravagant conceits of the prose writers of his own time. He therefore turned to the Latin and Greek orators, to form his style. His oratory is fluent, yet dignified; above all, it bears the mark of sincerity, for Segneri was a true Christian missionary. His conceptions, however, are sometimes unequal; he is not altogether free from the pedantic tone of his age, from the abuse of figures, and especially of similitudes; and he appears often weak in his arguments, and deficient in sound criticism. Yet Segneri's great object was the conviction of his hearers. "I propose to myself," he says in his preface, "at the beginning of every sermon, to demonstrate some Christian truth, and to demonstrate it in good earnest." A zealous labourer in God's vineyard, he travelled over Italy in all seasons and weathers, mostly on foot, preaching to the most remote populations, who flocked to listen to him, and even followed him to great distances, in his peregrinations. He composed also short hymns, called *Laudi,* in a plain easy style, to be sung by the congregation, suited to the intellect of the uneducated classes, and which have been adopted by most of the religious congregations in Italy. Segneri's merit induced Pope Innocent XII. to appoint him preacher to the Papal court, an office he held for three years; after which, worn out by exertion, he died in 1624, leaving behind him the fame of an immaculate and truly apostolic missionary. Already, by his assiduous application to study in early life, he had undergone severe illness, which had rendered him deaf. He bore this affliction with Christian resignation, saying that his deafness, by insulating him from mankind, would assist him in concentrating his mind in the contemplation of the works and of the word of God. Segneri's Quaresimale, or series of sermons for the Lent, is his principal work. Of his sermons, the one on the forgiveness of our enemies, that on purgatory, and his panegyric of St. Stephen, are the most admired.

Some Tuscan priests found fault with Segneri's language, for he was by birth a Roman, but Parini undertook his defence, and showed that his diction is the most unexceptionable part of his works. That he laboured under some of the faults of his age, we have already stated, but his style was classic and chaste compared to the inflated inanities of most of the *seicentisti.* One of these, in a panegyric of Mary Magdalen, said, that she *bathed the feet* of the Saviour *with her suns* (poetice eyes) and *wiped* them with her *streams* (i. e. her flowing tresses). And these were considered in the seventeeth century, as rhetorical gems. Segneri contributed to stop the contagion of bad taste.

Father Francis of Arezzo, afterwards Cardinal Casino, succeeded Segneri in his office of papal preacher, and distinguished himself for the boldness and severity with which he spoke truth to the not always willing ears of the great, whom he addressed; he lashed without mercy the vices of the upper classes, without sparing the clergy. This, however, did not injure him in the opinion of Pope Clement XI., who bestowed on him a Cardinal's hat, in 1712. Casini then revised his sermons attentively, and having corrected the faults of style into which he had fallen in earlier life, he published the collection in three volumes folio, which he dedicated to the Pope. In the general reformation of taste, which took place in Italian literature towards the middle of the eighteenth century, sacred oratory had also its part. Turchi, a Capuchin monk, afterwards Bishop of Parma, is the most celebrated of modern Italian preachers. His Homilies are full of warmth, the language is concise, the thoughts are lofty, the figures generally appropriate, but he was too inclined to declamation, especially after his elevation to the episcopal see. But then the French revolution had began, and the clergy of Italy felt, and not without reason, alarmed at the progress of the storm, and at its vicinity to their own country, they were eloquent in their own defence, for which one can hardly blame them, especially after the French councils had assumed a desperate and lawless character, and loudly and madly proclaimed their open enmity against the Christian Religion indiscriminately. It was at that epoch, in 1793, that Turchi thundered forth in his episcopal church of Parma, against the impious men, who had proclaimed in their folly that there was no God. Thus it was that in his two Homilies on Christian liberty, and on the equality of the Gospel, he poured forth all the eloquence of his mind to expose the shallowness of the pretended equality and nominal liberty which the anarchists of France promised to their deluded countrymen.

Turchi has been accused of too great indulgence for the great of his time, and of too determinate an hostility against the false philosophy of the eighteenth century. If the latter be a failing, it was certainly a very natural one in a Catholic Bishop, Turchi is, however, still considered as the best orator of his time; and his Sermons and general Orations have gone through repeated editions. Several volumes of them have been published from his MSS. since his death. And here we may observe, that works on religious subjects are still the most in demand in Italy; those of no poet, historian, or philosopher, can boast so many editions as popular works of piety.

Of the Italian preachers of our times, we can speak from experience. We have assisted at many sermons, in several of the principal cities of Italy, and especially at Rome, which is the centre of all clerical discipline. We remember the effect which some of those preachers produced upon us, their energy, their vivid images, and eloquent, though somewhat dramatic delivery, seemed to carry every thing before them. This was, however, years ago; now probably we should feel less under the influence of the charm. But the taste of the Italians is still poetical, they are fond of imagery, of brilliant striking figures, they delight in harmony, and the orator must appeal both to their imagination and to the senses. The grave, unimpassioned address of an English preacher, would make little impression on them. They would find his discourse too logical to understand. In this, as well as in many other points, allowance must be made for the difference of national tastes.

We have now before us, a specimen of modern Italian eloquence, in the eulogies, the title of which we have prefixed to this article. Of their popularity we have evidence in the title page, this being the ninth edition. On perusal, we have found in them the same beauties, and some of the faults which we have already observed as having attended Italian eloquence for more than a century past. Father Leone, has taken a correct view of the legitimate object of a christian panegyric. It is not with him merely, an elaborate display of the merit of his champion, an eloquent narrative of his life; it is the earnest address of the minister of religion, who in bestowing the just tribute of praise to the departed, draws from it an urgent inference of imitation, and demonstrates the happy effects of a righteous course, the blessed example of active charity; the joy of the soul in communion with God. He never loses sight of the useful application of his facts. He has also been very happy in the choice of his principal subjects. No obscure name, buried in the legends of the dark ages, that might excite the sneers of the incredulous, or awaken the suspicions of the sceptic, attracts his attention. The subjects of his discourses are known to his audience, to Italy, to the world at large. The first of them is St. Vincent, of Paul, one of the greatest philanthropists that christianity has produced; a man who was brought up a shepherd,—was taken afterwards a slave into Barbary;—restored to his country, he became a village curate, was preceptor to Cardinal de Retz; then almoner to the gallies, rector of a college, director of the missions; but, always through the vicissitudes of a chequered life, was alive to the inspirations of benevolence. He was the first founder of foundling and orphan hospitals, he was the promoter of that most admirable institution of the Charity Sisters; he established hospitals for the prisoners, for the insane, for the galley slaves; asylums for the old and helpless; colleges for missionaries; seminaries for students; in short, his charity embraced almost all the wants of mankind, and institutions derived from him, are to be found in every part of France; establishments, justly observes Cardinal Maury, much more creditable to our species, than all the pompous edifices of Louis XIV.

'He was not, exclaims his eulogist, Leone, one of those false devotees who in their barren and selfish piety, can only bestow useless tears and hypocritical sighs on the miseries of their brethren. All his actions had motion and life, from his wish of seeing his country and the whole world happy. His property he shared with the poor. Charity, that virtue, the purest pattern of which has been left us by the Divine author of christian morality, that virtue through which Paul wished to be accursed for his brethren, is often confounded by name, with a mere instinct of compassion, proceeding from animal sensibility, or from an ambitious vanity, but which, not being derived from heaven, can neither be durable nor true. Unless guided by a principle superior to human feeling and passions; benevolence will degenerate into partiality, inconstancy and selfishness. Such was not the case with Vincent de Paul.

'From the humble cares of his paternal flocks in an obscure corner in Aquitaine, had Vincent removed first to the University of Zaragoza, and thence to the Academy of Toulouse. Being afterwards taken as captive to Tunis, he reclaimed to Christ the wretched renegade whose chains he wore; then returning as David in triumph over the Philistines, he repaired to Rome, where among the Catacombs, strewed with the hallowed remains of the early christian confessors, he learned to despise the applause of the world. Thence recalled to his native country, the confidence of a powerful minister, and the esteem of the king, seemed to flatter him with the prospect of attaining the highest dignities of the church in the French capital; but Vincent, deaf to every voice that did not proceed from heaven, averted himself from the alluring smiles of the great, and alone, unknown, on foot, attended only by his virtues, he ran, where sunk in ignorance and dejection, and often in guilt, that portion of society lay doomed to expiate in the fields the exorbitant luxury and effeminacy of the metropolis. Many of the provinces of France were at that time suffering from famine, and from the effect of civil and religious wars; the cottages were burnt, the churches destroyed, faith and hope had forsaken the wretched peasantry. But all obstacles to Vincent's giant strides proved vain. Equalling in the rapidity of his progress the march of the conqueror, whom God's wrath permits at times to chastise nations, he proceeded through towns and villages, through fields and forests, every where preaching, advising, correcting, every where proclaiming the consolations of the gospel, the true philosophy of the unfortunate. The forlorn inhabitants acknowledged in him a father, a brother, a friend, a man of God in short, who made their love, justice, and order; a man simple and poor like themselves, who taught them by his example to lift their views beyond the boundaries of time, and its ephemeral joys, and to rely on him who counts the tears, and blesses the labours of the low; and to cherish again an existence against which heaven and earth had till then appeared to have conspired. Things soon changed their aspect over the country: new huts were raised; altars were reconstructed; the population formed again one family, and France beheld inhabited by exemplary christians, those fields where Vincent had found beings scarcely worthy the name of men.

'You, that among the bustle and pleasures of the capital honour, in your eloquent declamations with the names of fanatics and impostors, those ministers of the sanctuary, who fly from the splendour of cities to labour in God's calling amidst the loneliness of rustic districts, leave for a moment the pompous idleness of your cabinet, follow the steps of the indefatigable missionary, who proceeds to the extremities of a vast empire, not daunted by difficulties and privations; contemplate the power which his apostolic voice exerts over the simple heart of his hearers, the peace he spreads round him; the dissensions he appeases; the disorders he reforms; hear the blessings of the mothers, the orphans, the helpless and the oppressed, which follow him after his departure, and then say:—Could you wish to see incredulity spread itself from the capital to the provinces? Could you, who call yourselves the friends, the advocates of humanity, have a heart to fill up the measure of woe of these humble classes, already but too ill-portioned in this world? And yet such must be the effect of incredulity among the poor, for what greater calamity could there be for them than to be condemned to brood in their anguish over their humiliation and poverty, to stifle sobs and swallow tears, without having any thing to expect from earth, any thing to hope from heaven?"—pp. 92—99.

After relating how Vincent supported thousands of poor by means of charitable subscriptions, how he distributed several millions of livres among the inhabitants of the frontier provinces, which had been desolated by war, how he established the great hospital of Paris, which Henry IV. had projected, and Mary of Medici had began but abandoned, the eulogist exhibits Vincent admitted to the councils of Princes. It was in the war between the parliament and the court, during the minority of Louis XIV. when the capital was besieged by the troops of the Queen Regent and of Cardinal Mazarin, that Vincent proceeded from Paris to Compeigne, to plead like another Flavian before Theodosius, the cause of the unfortunate inhabitants who were reduced to famine; he remonstrated with Anne of Austria, telling her it was not just to cause the ruin of a whole population, in order to punish a few individuals, and he stated boldly, that since the presence of the Cardinal was the originator, the pretext of all the dissentions, it was advisable that he should be removed from the ministry. He went further, he expostulated with the haughty minister himself, he advised him to make for the safety of the state, the sacrifice of an office, under the burthen of which he was sinking. Vincent expected after this, on his return to Paris, to be exiled from the kingdom, but, to the honour of the Queen be it said, he continued to have access at court, and was present at the conferences with the Duke of Orleans and the Prince of Condé, for the final pacification of France. It was on one of these occasions, that Condé having offered him a seat by him, Vincent observed: " Your Royal Highness perhaps does not know that I am the son of a poor peasant." To which the Prince replied by quoting the line: *Moribus et vita nobilitatur homo.* His influence at court Vincent employed to favour the worthy, he never asked any thing for any of his relations, and not even for his favorite congregation of the Missions, which he left at his death poor and in debt.

And here our orator, Leone, addressing himself to some of the dignitaries of the church, thus feelingly exclaims: " You who fancy that the eminence of human rank you have attained entitles you to the indulgence of proud and pampered idleness—you who enrich

Egypt with the spoils of the Tabernacle, who with the substance of the poor, feed the appetites of the flesh, learn ye from Vincent, the proper use which religion and your country expects you to make of that wealth, and of those honours which have been conferred on you."

Leone then records Vincent's affecting exertions for the establishment of a foundling hospital, by which thousands of innocent victims of human corruption and human barbarity were yearly snatched from destruction. Before his time those poor creatures *were sold in Paris at twenty sols a head,* mostly to women afflicted by diseases, who took them to their breasts to ease them of an impure nutriment. Thus the children perished in great numbers, and if they escaped, it was to run still greater danger of misery and infamy. Vincent began by sheltering twelve of these unfortunate little ones; he went on increasing the number until at last the means of support failed him. He assembled them one day when he was expected to preach in the church of St. Lazare, and ascending the pulpit, his eyes bathed with tears, he pronounced this affecting allocution to the females of his audience:

'Now, ladies, these are the children you have adopted in the name of Christian charity. You have been their mothers through grace, since their mothers by nature had forsaken them. See now whether you will forsake them also, and for ever. Be now their judges, for their life and their death is in your hands. I shall now without further delay collect your votes. It is time to pronounce their sentence; there they stand before you, they shall live if you continue to take care of them, but I declare to you, now before God, they must all die to morrow if you forsake them.'

Tears and loud offers of assistance answered the Orator, gifts and subscriptions were collected on the spot, and that same day, in the same church, the Foundling hospital of Paris was founded, with an income of forty thousand livres.*

Well might a Christian orator exclaim, with our eulogist Leone, "these are the answers of the religion of Christ to the abuses of the infidels; these are the triumphs of which no other system of devotion can ever boast."

The institution of the Charity Sisters also owes its first origin to the active zeal of Vincent of Paul. These young women, many of them of good families, devote themselves to take care of the sick in the hospitals, being bound by no everlasting vows, but detained only by the simple impulse of charity. The last but not least of Vincent's creations, was that of the Congregation of the Missions, to the exertions and the principles of which, Voltaire himself has rendered justice.

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* Some of our readers may recollect a painting in one of the lateral chapels in the church of St. Sulpice at Paris, illustrative of this affecting circumstance.

Such is the splendid subject, which the Orator before us has selected for his two first eulogies. And certainly panegyrics like these become an abundant source of moral lessons and Christian precept.

The next eulogy contained in these volumes is that of Philip Neri, another philanthropist, who was called the Apostle of Rome, and who devoted himself chiefly to the education of children. He was the founder of the Oratorios, a religious musical entertainment which is still continued at Rome, in the church of the Congregation, which is called by his name. The second volume contains the panegyric of Mary Magdalen de Pazzi, of Franco da Siena, a Carmelite friar, and a funeral oration on the Bishop of Fermo; all which exhibit favourable specimens of modern Italian pulpit eloquence.

ART. X.—*Memorials of Shakspeare, or Sketches of his Character and Genius; with a prefatory and concluding Essay and notes.* By Nathan Drake, M. D. H. A. L. 8vo. p. 494. London: Colburn. 1828.

WE have to congratulate the lovers of Shakspeare, upon the new monument to the fame of their favourite author, with which Dr. Drake has presented them in the work before us. The volume consists principally of a collection of the more remarkable tributes which has been paid to the genius of Shakspeare, by writers both of our own and of other countries, in later times. Avoiding such volumes as have been expressly dedicated to the examination of the works of the great poet, the editor has aimed at bringing into juxtaposition as many as possible of those criticisms which were likely to be found only mixed up with other matter in various publications, and in a form, of course, which prevented them from being conveniently attached to any edition of that original text which they often served so happily to illustrate. Proceeding upon this principle, he has brought together twenty-four different sketches, many of which are of the highest value, and the whole of which form perhaps the best school of Shaksperian criticism that has yet been given to the public.

At the head of the list, we are particularly gratified to find an outline of a lecture delivered in the year 1813, by Mr. Coleridge. The present discourse, although in the form in which we have it here, only the skeleton, probably, of what it was when actually delivered, is altogether worthy of the genius of its author, and presents us with an estimate of the character of Shakspeare as a dramatist, to the comprehensiveness of which nothing can be added. By the bye, we cannot help remarking that we find here the origin of a simile which Mr. Campbell has adopted in his "Essay on the History of English Poetry," and which we had always admired as one of exquisite ingenuity and elegance.—Speaking of some of the pedantic Scottish poets of the fifteenth century, Mr. Campbell says, "the rest of them, when they meant to be most eloquent, tore up words from the Latin, which never took root in the language, *like children making a mock garden with flowers and branches stuck in the ground, which speedily wither.* The passage to which we allude in Mr. Coleridge's lecture, is as follows:—

'One character attaches to all true poets;—they write from a principle within, independent of every thing without. The work of a true poet, in its form, its shapings and modifications, is distinguished from all other works that assume to belong to the class of poetry, as a natural from an artificial flower; or as the mimic garden of a child from an enamelled meadow. In the former the flowers are broken from their stems, and stuck in the ground; they are beautiful to the eye, and fragrant to the sense; but their colours soon fade, and their odour is transient as the smile of the planter; while the meadow may be visited again and again with renewed delight; its beauty is innate in the soil, and its bloom is of the freshness of nature.'

Do we mistake, in ascribing also to Mr. Coleridge, the 11th of Dr. Drake's Selections, entitled, "On the Method of Shakspeare," which he has extracted from the Encyclopædia Metropolitana? Not only from a strong similarity which this disquisition bears in doctrine and illustration to a paper in the *Friends*, but from a singular something in the style, which we feel, without being well able to describe, we should be disposed to aver of it too, *Aut Erasmi aut Diaboli.* Be its author, however, who he may, it is a delicious composition, full of truth and beauty, and fitted to win at once the reason and the heart. We have no wish to puff the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, of which we do not recollect to have ever before read a page; but if it contain many such gems of preciousness as this, it deserves the public patronage. As for the 'still superior ability' with which Dr. Drake assures us its scientific department is conducted; on that point we beg, for the present, to be allowed to remain sceptical. When the Doctor tells us too, that the writer of this article 'has expressed himself in one or two instances, in language not sufficiently qualified,' it would have been obliging, had he pointed out the lapses to which he alludes a little more distinctly. But our worthy Editor has but a very dim conception, of certain doctrines occasionally propounded by the critics, whom he has here brought together; and is ever and anon letting us understand as much, in the most ludicrous way imaginable. His great aim, and it is at least a very good natured one, is to agree, if possible, with all parties; but he occasionally finds it no easy matter to bring into apparent reconcilement, some of the more refractory of the opposing theorists. Whenever he meets with an argument or speculation, however, stated in good set terms, he generally makes a point of assenting to it, whether he understands it or not.

Of French criticism on Shakspeare, the volume affords us only two specimens, one from the pen of Madame de Stael, the other from the "Nouveaux Mélanges Historiques et Litteraires" of M. Villemain. Neither abounds in deep or very discriminating reflections; although the latter in particular, is rather an elaborate piece of composition. The capacity of Madame de Stael, for apprehending or doing justice to the gentle and majestic genius of Shakspeare, may be gathered from her genuine French admiration of La Harpe's cold and flippant translation, or travestie of Othello's

> 'She loved me, for the dangers I had passed;
> And I loved her, that she did pity them;'

the touching simplicity and nature of which the Frenchman perverts in to the smart and fantastic antithesis,

> 'Elle aima mes malheurs, et j'aimais sa pitie;'

and this Madame de Stael calls, "translating ably into truth!" Otway and Rowe, too, she informs us, wrote their tragedies *in the style of Shakspeare!* After which, we need scarcely be surprised at finding her affirming, that "Otway, in his Venice Preserved, almost equalled his model." Of M. Villemain's Dissertation, again, it is hardly possible to know what to make. Its alternation of praise and censure is the most unintelligible see-saw we have met with for a long while; and fairly perplexes our best endeavours to understand what the opinions of the writer really are. At one time he expresses himself in terms of such unqualified admiration, as would lead us to conclude, that he estimated the object of his panegyric, as decidedly the greatest dramatic poet the world had ever seen; and deemed his violations of the letter of the law, prescribed by a bigotted and unreasoning criticism, as amply justified by the end which he was thereby enabled to attain. No sooner, however, has he made apparently the most ample animadversions to this effect, than he returns to his lamentation over what he considers the irregularities and extravagances cf Shakspeare—to whom he imputes all manner of pedantry and affectation in language, while he denies to him any thing like dramatic system at all; and contends, that he obeyed no law or principle whatever, in his compositions, except his own caprice, or the equally fickle taste of the rude populace for whom he wrote. "His language," for all this, M. Villemain assures us, "formed the treasury, on which the elegant writers of the reign of Queen Anne amply drew;" an affirmation which, we apprehend, will be considered by all who know any thing about the history of our literature, as sufficient of itself to settle M. Villemain's pretensions to be heard upon the subject of Shakspeare's English style. Other mistakes, as to mere matters of fact, occur in almost every page of the criticism, which we have not room to point out.

To the student of the critical literature of the present day, we need not say that no writer has done greater justice to the genius of Shakspeare, than the celebrated Augustus William Schlegel. Some of the very best of Dr. Drake's selections, are from his "Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature." His brother Frederick's "History of Literature," supplies also a few striking remarks on the nationality of Shakspeare. Of the remaining sketches, the most valuable are from Mr. Campbell's Essay on the History of English Poetry, the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, Lessing's Dramaturgia, and the Specimens of our old Dramatists by Mr. C. Lamb. All these are written with a power worthy of the subject, and nearly without exception, in a spirit that cannot but satisfy the most affectionate admirers of Shakspeare.

How striking, and at the same time how gratifying, is the contrast presented by all this enthusiastic and yet enlightened admiration, to the style of criticism which, in former ages, was sometimes employed, even among ourselves, in reference to the works of our distinguished countryman. Even but a few years after his death, when the memory of what he had been was yet fresh in the hearts of all, the two friends (Heminge and Condell) to whom he left the charge of his fame, in dedicating the first edition of his collected plays to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, characterize the precious offering as consisting of "trifles" (that is the word) almost beneath the notice of these illustrious personages. This, however, it may be said, was merely the style of the day,—the etiquette according to which it was customary for rank to be addressed by literature. And truly we are not disposed seriously to attribute to the two surviving "comrades" of the bard, any blindness to the genius of their departed friend, when we cast our eye upon the opposite page of their venerable folio, and read the terms in which, when they have made their escape from the presence of nobility, they express themselves, in their address "to the great variety of readers," touching him who, "as he was," they beautifully remark, "a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it;"—or when, turning the leaf, we come to the admirable verses which they have given us from the pen of Ben Johnson, "To the memory of my beloved, the author, and what he has left us," in which he celebrates in so high a strain the memory of the "sweet swan of Avon," telling us, that although

"The soul of his age;
The applause, delight, and wonder of the stage!"

he yet

"Was not for an age, but for all time;"

and that

"Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines."

But let us descend for only about half a century, and to come to the era when our critics by profession first undertook to discuss the merits of Shakspeare.

Some time about the year 1678, appeared, without date, a little volume, entitled, " The Tragedies of the last age, considered and examined, by the practice of the ancients, and the common sense of all ages; by Thomas Rymer, of Gray's Inn, Esq." The treatise is in the form of a letter to a friend, and commences with an enumeration of what the writer calls " the choicest and most applauded English tragedies of this last age; as Rollo, A King and no King, The Maid's Tragedy, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Othello and Julius Cæsar, by Shakspeare, and Cataline, by worthy Ben." All these productions he proposes to review in order; but " I would only have you," says he, " beforehand, advertised that you will find me ty'd to no certain style, nor laying my reasons together in form and method. You will find me sometimes reasoning, sometimes declaiming, sometimes citing authority for common sense; sometimes uttering as my own, what may be found in any bookshop in the nation; sometimes doubting when I might be positive, and sometimes confident out of season; sometimes turning tragedy into what is light and comical, and sporting when I should be serious." "This variety," he adds, with much naiveté, " made the travel more easy; and you know I am not cut out for writing a treatise, nor have a genius to pen any thing exactly."

Our rambling critic then proceeds to examine, at considerable length, the three first tragedies in his list—which detain him for the space of about 140 pages. At this point of his progress, however, he suddenly stops short, to the no little disappointment of the reader, with the following announcement:—" Othello comes next to hand, but laying my papers together, without more scribbling I find a volume." And so, for the present, the fame of Shakspeare escapes extinction; though our doughty critic takes care to warn us, that not only this author, but one or two others, who had long made far too much noise in the world, may prepare for very speedily losing their hold on the general admiration. " With the remaining tragedies," he writes to his friend, " I shall also send you some reflections on that Paradise Lost of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a poem, and assert rime against the slender sophistry wherewith he attaques it," &c. &c.

For the long space, however, of about fourteen years, we hear no more of our critic, and his threatened reflections. At last, in 1692, Thomas Rymer, Esq. is appointed Historiographer Royal, on the death of Shadwell; and the very same year appears on the counters of the booksellers the forgotten duodecimo, the same, in all respects as when it first saw the light, except that it is now arrayed in a new title-page, designated a second edition, and bears to be written by " Mr. Rymer, Servant to their Majesties." It now professes to be only the first part of a larger work; and the next year, accordingly, comes forth part second, under the title of " A short view of Tragedy, its original and corruption, with some Reflections on Shakspeare, and other Practitioners for the stage."

Of these Reflections, we must treat our readers to a specimen or two.

The work commences with a dedication to Charles Earl of Dorset and Middlesex: and although we should have liked, certainly, to have heard better accounts of the dramatic taste of a nobleman, who was both himself a poet, and illustrious for his poetic ancestry, it is yet, we must confess, with no unbecoming gratitude that our author chooses him for his patron on the present occasion, if he speak truth in saying as he does in his address; "When some years ago I tried the public with observations concerning the stage, it was principally your countenance that buoyed me up, and supported a righteous cause against the prejudice and corruption then reigning." The introductory portion of the treatise, is devoted to an enquiry into the History of Tragedy, in ancient and modern times; any account of which, notwithstanding the parade of learning with which it is conducted, our readers, we fear, would hardly find particularly edifying. At last, at Chapter 8, we come to the long promised criticism on Othello, which, tauntingly remarks the author, "from all the Tragedies acted on our English stage, is said to bear the bell away." Having now, therefore, found a victim, in some degree worthy of his critical tomahawk, he falls to the work of butchery in good earnest. After announcing what we may term his dramatic creed, in the following oracular fashion:—"The Fable is always accounted the soul of Tragedy; and it is the Fable which is properly the Poet's part. Because the other three parts of Tragedy, to wit, the characters, are taken from the Moral Philosopher; the thoughts or sense from them that teach rhetorick; and the last part, which is the expression, we learn from the grammarians!" He now proceeds to demonstrate, *secundum artem*, the demerits of Othello, in respect of the first two requisites, which he alleges to be enormous—almost beyond expression or credibility; and such as ought, at once, to consign both it and its author to universal and everlasting contempt. "The third thing," he now remarks to be considered, "is the thoughts. But from such characters we need not expect many that are either true, or fine, or noble. In the neighing of a horse, or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning—there is a lively expression: and, may I say, more humanity, than many times in the tragical flights of Shakspeare." And so on he goes, to the end of the Drama, in the same style of hearty and unmixed abuse. Coming to Othello's famous farewell, he quotes the passage, and adds, merely, "These lines are recited here, not for any thing poetical in them, besides the sound, that pleases!" Of the character of Desdemona, he says, in one place, "Examine throughout the Tragedy, there is nothing in the noble Desdemona, that is not below any country chambermaid with us;" and afterwards, in reference to something she is made to say, "No woman bred out of a pig-stye could talk so meanly." "There is," he says in conclusion, "in this play, some burlesque, some humour and ramble of comical wit, some shew, and some mimicry, to divert the spectators; but the tragical part is plainly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour."

Such was Shakspearian criticism at the close of the 17th century. Nor let it be imagined, that all this was merely the raving of an insane individual. The language we have quoted, is that of no less respectable a person, than the projector and editor of the "Fœdera"—perhaps the greatest national work of which our country has yet to boast. It was addressed, as we have already remarked, to a nobleman of distinguished poetical reputation; the centre, undoubtedly, of a literary circle, whose taste was congenial with his own. Finally, when it was answered, whether by the obscure and contemptible Gildon, or by the illustrious Dryden, the tone of the reply was perfectly serious and respectful, as those may see, who will consult the "Miscellaneous Essays" of the former, or the paper, printed at the end of Dr. Johnson's Life, of the latter.

The admirers of Shakspeare have now, however, no reason certainly, to be dissatisfied with the fortunes of the name that is so dear to them. Even already its inheritance of fame is nearly as splendid as hath ever fallen to the lot of any other; and no other that lives upon the lips of men may boast of aught like the same promise of still widening empire. At home, it is the pride of Englishmen in every "towered city" and merry hamlet of the land, and, as much as ever Homer was of Greece and her sunny isles—a sound that stirs the hearts of our people like a trumpet. And even already, too, its glory is spreading itself abroad over Europe, and the most intellectual of her nations are vying with ourselves in their love and reverence for the mighty poet, and their study of his golden lines. Thoughtful and enthusiastic Germany has long honoured him as if he had been her own, forgetting in his case all patriotic jealousies and prejudices, and listening for his sake to the strains of a foreign tongue, with as deep a sense of their music, and a feeling of rapture as free and as fond, as are wont to be awakened in men's hearts only by the beloved language of their fathers. Even France—her long and changeful dream of headlong gaiety, and convulsing revolution, and intoxicating war, broken and gone, is visibly stirred by a profounder and a truer sympathy with the gorgeous, and the passionate and the sublime, now in her hour of rest and remembrance, than any she ever knew, while borne along by the dizzying whirl of those wild but vulgar excitements; and by her too is the drama of Shakspeare beginning to be felt in its poetry and its power. Nor is all this spreading idolatry only so much popular enthusiasm. It is, in every case, emphatically the national intellect that has been subdued and led captive. The influence of this one name in modern times, has overturned the established faith of criticism, and regenerated the opinions of men, in regard to the first principles of eloquence and poetry, as if by a new revelation. For the rising philosophy upon these subjects, and that which is without question destined to become the prevailing belief, and universally acknowledged orthodoxy of future generations, has in truth been taught to mankind almost exclusively by the compositions of Shakspeare. What speculator in this department of enquiry, would now think of propounding any theory of the essence of poetical or dramatic excellence, which should not draw from these compositions its most striking evidence and illustrations? It is felt, in truth, by all, that poetry and Shakspeare are one—and that to explain, as far as may be, the latter, is to explain the former also. This assuredly is honour enough for man—sovereignty enough over its fellows for any human spirit. Even that of Shakspeare himself, in its uncommunicated dreams, could have nursed no loftier ambition.

Art. XI.—*Memoires inédits de Louis, Henri de Loménie, Comte de Brienne, Secretaire d'etat sous Louis* XIV., *publiés sur les Manuscrits Autographes, avec un Essai sur les Moeurs, et sur les Usages du Dixseptienne Siècle.* Par M. de Barriere, Editeur des Memoires de Madame Campan. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1828.

The eagerness with which publishers now endeavour to find out, and the anxiety evinced by the public, to collect the memoirs of those who have played a part, more or less distinguished in the great revolutions which, since the fifteenth century have changed the whole system of European policy, do not arise, as at first sight might be conjectured, from the mere influence of fashion or caprice. Memoirs, doubtless, as well as histories, properly so called, may contain false or exaggerated representations. But we are naturally inclined to believe that this defect is less frequently to be met with in the former; for there the author is an eye witness; he speaks of things which passed under his own observation, or of which he heard from his own contemporaries; and even though his opinions, his passions, his character, may sometimes have misled him, we feel an interest in marking the different points of view under which that character, those opinions, and those passions, induced him to contemplate the events which he relates. Besides, the historian has his task to perform, under the restraint of certain rules which he cannot decently violate: his narrative must be grave, consistent, and impartial; while he traces only the general progress of governments and communities, he must carefully avoid details which do not directly appertain to the grand object of his labours. The writer of memoirs, on the contrary, is wholly free from such fetters as these; he may indulge himself in every sort of style, from the heroic down to the familiar; he may enliven his narrative with pointed anecdotes, and scenes of private life, and now and then a touch of scandal will appear. Matter of this description requires no very close attention from the reader; it does not impose upon him the necessity of thinking, and it soothes the indolence, gratifies the frivolity, and it may be, the malignity of mankind. In such compositions, the tragic and the comic may constantly succeed each other; tears and laughter may be mingled together, and every one may read on or not, just as it suits his particular temper of mind. Thus they engage on their side the greatest possible number of patrons; and there is no age, sex, or condition, which may not find in them something that will fall in with their various habits and dispositions.

Between all the memoirs, however, which have appeared in France down to the present time, there are points of difference, which can only be accounted for in a satisfactory manner, by ascribing them to the character of the particular ages to which they belong. All the works of that nature, relating to those commotions which have latterly agitated the nations of Europe, and stained their fairest fields with blood, are marked by the workings of one great problem of the deepest interest to society;—the struggle, which is not even yet terminated, between the people and their rulers; the former being resolved to raise themselves from that condition of slavery and debasement, by which for centuries they have been oppressed; to take an active part in the legislation of the state, from which they had been perfidiously excluded by violence or fraud; to recover that civil dignity, the possession of which is so essential to man, in order to keep him in the path of virtue and happiness. On the other hand, their rulers are anxious only to perpetuate the abuses on which they have founded their formidable power; to add to the chains which serve only to gratify the folly, the vices, or the crimes of one man, who is enslaved in his turn by a crowd of rapacious and ambitious satellites; and the great end of all their operations is to extinguish that indomitable love of liberty and happiness, the germs of which are found in every breast. Hence the writers who paint such an epoch as this, being absorbed in the leading passions of the time, lightly pass over those traits of manners, those intrigues and anecdotes, that have no direct reference to the grand object which they have in view; either from an impression that such details are of secondary importance, or that they afford no sufficient illustration of the evils which they have to deplore.

Those memoirs relating to events which took place between the time of Henry IV. and the death of Louis XIV., are distinguished by features altogether of an opposite description. During that period, the different governments of Europe, placing themselves beyond the barriers of society by an uninterrupted course of crime, ruled over it as absolute irresponsible sovereigns, crushing it by the pressure of absurd laws, by servile administrations, and by exorbitant taxes, the object of which was, either to provide means for the boundless dissipation of the court, and its representatives, or to support wars undertaken to gratify the ambition of a minister, or the caprices of a favourite. Their tyranny excited among the people only vague murmurs. The commotions which from time to time disturbed them, were guided by no plan, and had reference to no definite purpose: this want of information and of experience, as to a better order of things, soon put an end to their feeble efforts, and they easily returned to their previous condition of resignation, apathy, and despair. A picture so hideous as this, can present no object of interest, save that which arises out of the relations between the tyrant and his victim. The writer, therefore, passes them over as episodes of very little importance, and his thoughts are chiefly and involuntarily occupied with the manners, the intrigues, and anecdotes of the court. The people are altogether put aside, and we see under various forms, sovereigns lifting themselves like so many brazen colossuses over their subjects, while at the same time they are the slaves of their own courtiers: we behold those courtiers pressing round the throne, in order to extort from it doubtful favours, and supplanting and destroying each other, in order to be the first to enjoy them: we find ministers begging assistance from the valets of a prince, in order that they might reach the height of power, and condemning those valets to prison, exile, and death, when they have won their object. Females, also, are too often seen mingling in these disorders, who bestow their favours that they might gratify their vanity, or expose them to the highest bidder, who might enable them to play a part in this scene of scandalous and universal depravity. Such exhibitions as these may afford pleasure to all those illustrious idlers, who have no other means of filling up the void of their existence. Far be it from us, however, to say that they afford no useful or instructive lessons. To the vulgar—and under this name we do not include the people only—they may be productive of amusement. But the philosopher, accustomed to trace the intimate connection between effects and causes the most distant from each other, discovers in such pictures, truths that make him tremble. He turns his eyes on that terrible scaffold dyed with the blood of Louis XVI., and following the natural catenation of human vicissitudes, he perceives that the fall of the axe upon the neck of that monarch, was the inevitable consequence of the lamentable imbecility of the court of Louis XIII., of the tyranny and ridiculous arrogance of that of Louis XIV., and of the disgusting corruption which signalised the reign of his immediate successor.

To this latter class belong the Memoirs of the Count de Brienne, which are now before us. The author was born in 1636, and was the friend and companion of the infancy of Louis XIV., who was his junior by two years. His uncle had been secretary of state under Henry IV., his father had held the same situation under

Louis XIII., and under the regency of Anne of Austria, and at the early age of fifteen, the Count inherited the office that had been enjoyed by his father!—a remarkable fact, which strongly characterises the manners of the time; for we find an infant admitted as the heir to the portfolio of a minister, as if it had been a regularly entailed estate. He made the tour of Europe, in order to render himself conversant with its various laws and inhabitants, and upon his return to France, every thing seemed to smile upon him. He was the delight of the women, the favourite of his prince. He had a fine figure, an engaging person, and he was master of every manly exercise. The languages were all equally familiar to him—Latin, German, Italian, Spanish. He loved the fine arts, he cultivated elegant literature; study enriched his memory; his travels, by affording him an opportunity of gathering knowledge, and of comparing various manners and institutions, gave peculiar strength to his mind. In his library were to be found the rarest books, and the most valuable paintings. Mazarin made him his most intimate friend; he participated in all the amusements of the king; heaven crowned him with its choicest gifts; the court showered upon him all its favours; the prospects which shone upon him were of the most flattering, the most brilliant description. But his inordinate love of play, his passion for the enjoyment of the table, and of the fair, plunged him at an early period into embarrassment and misfortune. His scandalous conduct was complained of by his family, and attracted the attention of the government. He was expelled from the ministry, and menaced with imprisonment; he wandered about for a long time in Germany, where he was generally known as a man destitute of all principle: he then returned to France, and assumed the character sometimes of a devotee, sometimes of a libertine, until it was thought necessary to shut him up in a lunatic hospital, in which he spent all the remainder of his life. We do not understand for what reason it was, that the government thought fit to treat him as an idiot; it is very certain, that he was no such thing, inasmuch as it was in that very hospital that he wrote these memoirs, which are far from being the work of an incapable or foolish mind. He took for his device, and drew with his own pencil on the first page of his manuscript, a silk worm, with this motto—*Inclusum labor illustrat.*

It is from this manuscript, which has been always preserved in the archives of the family, that the memoirs now before us have been published. The author details in them many intrigues and anecdotes of the French court, not only during the first years of Louis XIV., but also during the latter part of the reign of his predecessor. His information was drawn either from his own personal experience, or from communications which were made to him by his father, and his father-in-law, both of whom were ministers under Louis XIII., and the regency. He was particularly well skilled in the difficult art of describing facts, and placing them clearly under the eyes of his reader. His memoirs are written in a simple, easy, and piquant style; they contain many curious and agreeable passages, mixed up, we regret to say, with a great deal of licentiousness. M. de Barriere, who has edited them, has added some illustrations, and a well-written introduction on the manners and usages of the seventeenth century. We shall direct the attention of the reader to one or two of the most unobjectionable passages which the volumes contain.

Brienne gives us an account of the tragical death of the Marechal d'Ancre, whom Louis XIII. caused to be assassinated in the most cowardly manner, solely because he had become too powerful a personage. We shudder to see it related, that on the very day this foul deed was committed, the nobles who were concerned in it, assembled in the king's chamber, and divided among them the riches, the titles, and the offices of their victim, who was not yet buried. We might almost imagine that we were present at one of those scenes, which are so often to be met in the Ottoman annals; with this exception, that the Sultan sends the bow-string to a Pacha, as the simple effect of the power which is attributed to him of life and death over his subjects, and which they have always recognized with so much edifying meekness; while the king of France knows no better mode of setting about his object, than that of putting weapons into the hands of five assassins, in order to get rid of a man who had excited his resentment.

The contrast between the open crimes, the disgraceful vices, the corruption of moral sentiment, and the arrogance, the dissipation, the gallantry, the spirit of intrigue, and the passion for voluptuousness, which prevailed during this epoch at the court of France, is curious and striking. The war was slaying thousands of Frenchmen at the feet of the Pyrenees or on the banks of the Rhine, while the court at Paris was engaged in the pleasures of the theatre, in hunting parties, in galas and public fetes of every description. The mother of Louis XIV., was almost in the agonies of death, while her dutiful son, surrounded by his courtiers and mistresses, was giving grand masked balls in his apartments, as a relaxation, perhaps, from the overwhelming cares of his kingdom. Scandalous anecdotes and sallies of wit, bon mots and brilliant jests were heard on all sides; and even gross and indecorous sentiments were well received, provided only that the language in which they were conveyed was elegant and pointed.

Our author relates a pleasant adventure which happened to the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, when he went to Paris as ambassador, to demand for his master Charles I., the hand of the good and unfortunate Henriette, who only mounted the throne of England to descend from it again with a broken heart. We need hardly remind the reader that Buckingham was one of the most accomplished noblemen of his time. He was perfectly conversant with the luxury of the French court, and he displayed in his own person a degree of splendour wholly unexampled. The velvet mantle which he wore on his first interview with the queen Anne of Austria, was embroidered all over with pearls of the finest lustre. Every body admired the taste evinced in his dress, and above all the form and beauty of the pearls: but nobody could explain by what inadvertence it happened (it was however so intended) that the pearls were so negligently attached to the mantle, that at each step the duke took, the finest of them fell off and rolled on the floor. Such an exhibition of extraordinary magnificence attracted universal attention; some confusion occurred, and every body was anxious to gather up the pearls which nobody supposed he was willing to lose. When they were brought to him, those who presented them with the greatest eagerness, could not but retain them, in consequence of the gracious and persuasive manner in which he begged that they would keep them for his sake. Let the author finish the anecdote.

'When I mentioned the dress of Buckingham at his first audience, I should also perhaps have said something of that of the Queen. It is sufficient, however, merely to add, that she wore a splendid tassel of twelve diamonds which the king had given her a few days before.

'There were several fetes at court: Cardinal Richelieu gave a magnificent one in his superb gardens at Ruel, which passed at that time for the finest in the kingdom; every nobleman who piqued himself on his hospitality gave suppers, balls, concerts, and masquerades; there had been several given at the king's and queen's palaces. On one of these occasions, the queen did Buckingham the honour of selecting him to be her partner in a country dance; and while they were engaged in going through the figure, in which their hands and eyes frequently met, familiarities, perfectly intelligible, though not easily explained, passed between them, which gave rise to some remarks among those by whom they were observed. Richelieu paid particular attention to what he had himself seen, and had heard others say; the countess de Lanoy reported to him every thing she could discover; for under the specious title of maids of honour, kings have found the means of placing spies continually over the conduct of their queens. The superintendant of the household had still greater facilities of entering the queen's chamber than the maid of honour: Madame de Chevreuse spent whole hours alone with the queen; and the cardinal, though he was aware of every thing that occurred without that chamber, had not the same certainty as to all that passed within it, between the queen and Madame de Chevreuse. He therefore urged the negotiation; Buckingham wished to prolong it. At length the affair was brought to a termination, and the duke had the honour of marrying Henriette of France, as proxy for his royal master. The ceremony was celebrated with all possible splendor; at every opportunity that occurred, the queen received the most unequivocal testimonies of Buckingham's passion for her, which she was certainly disposed to return, had not her virtue restrained her. The duke, though not so successful as he wished, returned to England, honoured with every token of kindness which a stranger could receive. The queen, however, on the evening before his departure, sent him through

Madame Chevreuse, the diamond tassel which she wore at his first audience—a mark of kindness, of which under the circumstances, Buckingham was peculiarly proud.

'During Buckingham's absence from London, the countess of Clarik, whose admirer he had previously been, heard of his inconstancy, and found means to form a correspondence with Richelieu, who, on his part, lost no opportunity of inflaming her jealousy. The present which the Queen made the Duke, of the diamonds, could be no secret to the countess Lanoy, who conveyed some information concerning it to the cardinal. The minister left no means to ruin the queen in the opinion of the king, over whom he exercised a great degree of authority, though it was sometimes counterpoised by that of the queen. He wrote to the countess de Clarik, and persuaded her to make up her differences with the duke, and to find an opportuuity, during the fetes of the approaching carnival in London, if the duke wore the tassel of diamonds, to cut away two of them, and transmit them to him. The countess complied with the instructions of the cardinal; and one evening, during a court ball at Windsor, Buckingham appeared splendidly dressed, wearing the diamonds in question. When the ball was over, and the duke retired, one of his valets de chambre discovered that two of the diamonds were missing; it was evident that they had been cut off. The next morning he despatched messengers to all the ports in England, to prevent the sailing of any packet boats or other vessels for France. This cessation of intercourse gave rise to a thousand reports, and caused great consternation in France. In the mean time Buckingham used all his influence with the jewellers, to discover two other diamonds as like as possible to the ten which he had remaining. These being added, he sent back the tassel to the queen, and then directed the ports to be reopened. He informed her, through Chevreuse, of the adventure which had befallen him, and expressed his fear that it nearly concerned the queen. His precaution was by no means useless; for as soon as the cardinal received the two diamonds from England, he put it into the king's head, whose jealousy had already been awakened with respect to Buckingham, to request the queen to let him see the twelve diamonds which he had presented to her. The queen immediately took him her jewel case: he opened it himself, and found the number of the diamonds right, which she had put into the case only on the very morning of that day. She had the satisfaction of knowing that the king reproached the cardinal for his suspicions.'

This extract needs no comment. It speaks a volume as to the manners of the age, when a queen would go so far as to make presents secretly to a lover, whom, nevertheless, her sense of virtue restrained her from admitting as such. As he advances in his narrative, Brienne speaks in detail of the court of Louis XIV. which he paints in the liveliest colours. The portrait of Cardinal Mazarin is sketched with considerable skill and truth, though it is easy to perceive that the author touches it with no friendly hand.

Other personages of the time, figure also in these pages, which we would recommend to general attention, if they had not been so replete with scandal too licentious even to be here alluded to.

Art. XII.—*Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs.* By J. Cradock, Esq. M. A. F. S. A. In four Volumes. Vols. III. and IV. London: J. B. Nichols. 1828.

We feel that we owe an apology to the respectable editor of these two last volumes of Mr. Cradock's Memoirs, for not having noticed them at an earlier period of the season. To be candid, however, we must apprize our readers that they have suffered no irreparable loss by reason of our delay in this respect. They have already* become acquainted with our views of Mr. Cradock's two first volumes, and with the opinion which we took the liberty to express, that unless the additional Memoirs which were then promised, contained some more valuable matter than those which had been already published, we knew of no good reason why they should not, upon their appearance, be converted into waste paper. This opinion, the volumes now before us have not induced us to alter or modify. We have seldom seen so many pages of excellent paper and capital type, occupied with such slender advantage to the author or the public.

Yet we can easily understand that there is a class of readers, to whom the memoirs of Mr. Cradock may not prove altogether unacceptable,—those who knew him in his life-time, and occasionally enjoyed his conversation. Indeed, if the recorded opinions of some of these gentlemen were to be supposed as affording any thing like a fair estimate of the work, we must have been all along labouring under the strongest delusion respecting it. Mr. Hook, of Whippingham, in return for the two first volumes which Mr. Cradock presented to him, writes in the following strain:—

> 'I received the "Memoirs" you did me the honour to send me yesterday afternoon, and before I retired to bed I had read every line of them.
>
> 'There is one very obvious objection to the work, which I am sure will be very generally entertained. It is too short, and I almost felt angry with the author when I came to the last page, to find he was resolved to close his budget, which, it is clear, is still so well stored with interesting matter.
>
> 'It has been often the reproach of those who write in advanced life, that they are apt to prose or to amplify too much. If you, my dear Sir, have contributed to fix the generality of this charge, it is by making a most remarkable exception to it; and I should have felt more grateful to you for the real enjoyments I have had in perusing your Memoirs, had you rolled yourself out into half a dozen of them.'—Supplement, pp. 50, 51.

Mr. G. Colman, in return for a similar compliment, says—" I have now doubly to thank you for your great kindness in sending me your book, and for the amusement which I have enjoyed from a perusal of it. Besides the pleasantness of the anecdotes, abstractedly taken, your volume has been interesting to me, because our ages touch. There are about twenty years between us: and when you as a young man, conversed with Johnson and Garrick, I, as a child, was terrified at the moralist, and learning trapball of the actor."

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* M. R. Vol. i. p. 212; vol. ii. p. 428.

Mr. William Tooke, whose ardent attachment to literature has not been chilled by the severity of his professional avocations, sounds the praises of the Memoirs in a still higher tone.

> 'I really know not how better to characterise Mr. Cradock's narrative, than by the hackneyed and too often prostituted expression of its being the production of a scholar and a gentleman. The total absence of that querulous tone which pervades most of our recent specimens of auto-biography, and the air of perfect truth, good humour, and good taste, in all the anecdotes and observations, made me sincerely regret the abrupt termination of the volume, which can only be relieved by the hope that a second will furnish as lively a detail of the last twenty years of the author's literary and social intercourse, with a third, and why not a fourth? containing his equally valuable literary labours.'—p. 52.

Mr. Britton esteems the presentation of the first volume as one of the "gratifying events" of his literary life." Mr. Gardiner, of Leicester, thinks that every thing is told in this work with such "ease and freshness," that he cannot but admire it. "The affair of Miss Ray, though nearly forgotten by many, will interest the public like a new circumstance;" and the author's account of a festival of music which took place in that city, "is of importance in the history of the science." By the way, this gentleman mentions a book entitled "Love and Madness," which was written by Sir Herbert Croft, Bart., (12mo. 1780), in which those who are interested in the tragical story of these lovers, will find a curious correspondence between Hackman and Miss Ray, carried on with great ardour on both sides. Mr. John Taylor, of course, sings Mr. Cradock's praises in verse, and several other persons bear such liberal testimony to his literary merits, that we almost blush to acknowledge our own very different estimate of them.

But if our author shone in their eyes as a literary star of the first order, it appears that his talents as a private actor, entitled him to a still more ample share of their admiration. The following summary of his character by Mr. Stratford, shews that in this department of genius, Mr. Cradock was second only—to Garrick. We give the whole passage.

> '"I do not think I should in any manner so well describe Mr. Cradock's character, as by referring to the 'Memoirs' which he has published of himself. These Memoirs, in my view of them, are an exact counterpart of his manners and conversation—of his excellences and his foibles. He was *all* anecdote, without affecting to know more either of men or books, than the common run of people, though better acquainted with both than the generality of the best informed. In the earlier part of his life he recommended himself—by his pleasantry and talents, his love of letters, his

antiquarian researches, his taste for music, painting, and poetry, and all the fine arts—to several of the most learned and accomplished scholars of the day, as Bishops Warburton and Hurd, Doctors Johnson and Goldsmith, and others; among whom must not be forgotten that prodigy of wit and humour and theatrical talents, David Garrick; for he and Garrick were a sort of twin brothers, in personal likeness and mental power. Both of them were rather under size; but they were both well formed, and had so much expression in their countenances, and so much grace in their actions, that nobody looking at them regarded their size or stature: in looking at each, it was the quality, not the quantity of the man that was considered. And upon the stage, Cradock (for he had a private theatre in his house), as I have been informed by those who had seen him act, in some characters at least, was second only to Garrick. There was, however, this difference between them—Garrick played for profit, Cradock for the amusement of his friends, though to the great detriment of his own fortune. And perhaps his talent in the representing of character upon the stage, first gave him the habit of enlivening and embellishing every thing which he said, with a certain lightning of the eye, and honeyed tone of voice, and happy turn of countenance, which may be better imagined than described; and also furnished him with many allusions which he had the happy art of introducing into his conversations with vast advantage.

'"Mr. Cradock was a classical scholar of very high degree; and he had a very considerable library, containing books of the best sorts, and of the best editions; and some very rare ones. The sale of these, upon which his affections were placed, together with his mansion and estate at Gumley, upon his coming to live in London, was a sacrifice he made (and a sore sacrifice it was), with a view to the final arrangement and liquidation of his worldly affairs before his death, and proved not only his integrity, but that sort of pride which dwells only in honourable minds, and will give a sanctity to his memory.

'"Mr. Cradock was, moreover, a good neighbour, a kind friend, a highly finished gentleman, and more than sufficiently learned to be the fit associate with those who were most learned; and he had this advantage over the most learned, that he was altogether free from pedantry, and all inclination to be overbearing in his conversation with others avowedly less learned than himself."'—pp. 56—58.

Of such importance is every thing that relates to Mr. Cradock, in the eyes of his friends, that one of them, (Mr. George Dyer), tells us, that "he had for twenty years scarcely drank a glass of wine," and that "he lived principally on turnips, roasted apples, and coffee, and those taken in very small quantities." We shall not lessen the force of Mr. Stafford's eulogium, a great part of which we believe to be really very just, by making any comments upon it. Our readers perhaps would be more desirous of knowing what materials they are with which the editor has contrived to fill up two more thick volumes, and a supplement too, of more than one hundred and fifty pages. We shall gratify their laudable curiosity without further preface. The third volume contains two tragedies, four moral and religious dissertations, a romance entitled "Fidelia," some remarks on North Wales, and a "Life of

John Wilkes, Esq., *in the manner of Plutarch.*" These are all matters, it will be seen at once, of the greatest novelty and importance, and they are very properly included in the 'Life and Memoirs' of the author.

The fourth volume is rather of a more miscellaneous description. We shall select a few of the best anecdotes which it contains, concerning persons of note with whom our author was acquainted. As they admit of no criticism, we shall merely transcribe them.

Mr. Justice Buller.—

'Mr. Justice Buller was a pupil of Sir William Ashhurst, who was a very eminent Special Pleader; and was afterwards, by the patronage of Lord Mansfield, made a Judge of the King's Bench, in the room of Sir Richard Aston. Certainly, on the resignation of Lord Mansfield, he had expected to succeed him in his high office; but his friends were afraid that his health and spirits were then declining, and were not surprised to find that Lord Kenyon, highly active, should gain the preference. Judge Buller had great quickness of intellect, and strict integrity, but not always so guarded either in his charges or opinions, as might have been wished.

'He was affable, friendly, temperate at the table, but unhappy, and had resort too frequently to whist, to divert him from uneasy thoughts; and this seeming attachment to cards rendered him liable to censure, particularly on the circuit. One of the last times I ever met him at dinner was at Leicester, on the day of his coming in, at the house of an eminent physician there. His lordship took leave of the company about 12 o'clock; but lingering for a while, he returned to the table, and we played whist for some hours afterwards. The last time I ever had the honour of passing an evening in his company was on the Sunday previous to the trial of Donellan at Warwick, and the violent prejudice raised against the supposed culprit was then the chief topic of conversation.'

Earl of Mansfield.—

'There might be some little affectation in Lord Mansfield, when he would sometimes take no notes during a trial; and it did give offence, when he carelessly took a paper out of his pocket to read, and seemed to pay no attention to what was going on; but what was the astonishment, when he got up, and in his usual manner asked, "Have you done?" and then would go through a long examination, and recapitulate the whole evidence with the strictest accuracy. Even his enemies were struck with admiration, and he had many; for the tax of enmity was very freely levied on his superiority. I have heard it remarked by his friends, indeed by Lord Sandwich, as a strange circumstance, that in company, though he admitted his occasional *bon mots*, yet he scarce ever knew him to get clear through any long tale of humour. "True, my Lord," said a gentleman present, "that has often struck me too; but he is generally hunting about for fine select phrases, till he is sure to lose the material joke." "Yes," replied another, "and I know his Lordship is aware that such remarks have been made of him, and that chiefly causes his embarrassment."

'It has been wished that a good life should be written of his Lordship; for no man, for so long a term of years, was more before the public. Mr. Holliday's materials were in general accurate, if not elegantly given, and it was asserted that Mr. Ruffhead, though he had pourtrayed a very fair character of Pope, with the aid of Warburton, yet that he was not even sufficient to descant on one so highly gifted and distinguished as that of Lord Mansfield. Another certainly might have been found, who, if he would have spoken freely, could have presented to the public the most complete account of the ways and means, in and out of the law, of raising a most abundant fortune; but as to his lordship's brighter fame, appeal must be made to the criterion of his own acts and decisions, for from them only can be erected his lasting monument.

Lord Sandwich.—

'Lord Sandwich was a steady friend; never kept any one in unnecessary suspense; was exceedingly clear in his answers to all letters, mostly written with his own hand; and I once recollect his receiving one day seventy when at Leicester. Few could have preserved such temper during his eventful and vexatious administration; for he then was the most assiduous and active of all the ministers. Let me give an anecdote of the last days of his remaining in power. On the Monday morning, in Passion week, I went to breakfast at the Admiralty, when, in his usual cheerful manner, he said: "Well, Cradock, you are a great reader of newspapers; what account can you give us of our misdemeanors?—"My Lord, I was up late last night, and have seen nothing."—"So then seriously you know nothing about us."—"Nothing, but what you would know first, if the account was true." Lord Sandwich said hastily; "What is it, Sir?"—"I mean the account said to be received from America, which I am glad to find cannot be authentic, as you are unacquainted with it." And then I rather hinted what it was; he soon after retired to his study, and beckoned to me to follow him. I felt quite alarmed.—"Pray," said he, "may I ask where you heard this news, for I own I have my fears of its truth?"—"Oh, no, it cannot be, my Lord, I merely heard it at Mr. Cadell's, as I came down here."—"Could you take the liberty of asking him whence he gained this information?"—"Certainly, my Lord, without the least difficulty." I went immediately to Mr. Cadell, who informed me that Mr. Gibbon had brought the letter to him as soon as he had received it: however I found a message had been sent to Lord North, whilst I was absent; and I went the next night to the House of Lords, where a most violent debate took place. On the Wednesday, Lord Sandwich and Lord North resigned.

Lord Sandwich, when dressed, had a dignified appearance; but to see him in the street, he had an awkward, careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him when at Leicester, one of them remarked, "I think it is Lord Sandwich coming;" the other replied that he thought he was mistaken. "Nay," says the gentleman, "I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once." But Lord Sandwich gave a better anecdote of himself: "When I was at Paris I had a dancing master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him I offered him any service in London. "Then," said the man, bowing, "I should take it as a particular favour if your Lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance."

Dr. Hawkesworth.—

I became intimate with Dr. Hawkesworth at Lord Sandwich's table, at the Admiralty, where I constantly met him about the time of his publishing Cook's Voyages. After this publication, my friend *Johnny* Ludlam, (who did not like Lord Sandwich) and who was exceedingly sarcastical, rallied me in company, on the improvement made in Hawkesworth's principles by attending at that table, and how well he had suited his opinions to those of the company. I replied with truth, "that there was no public table in London, where any opinions, either indecent or irreligious, could be so little circulated. Lord Sandwich rarely conversed; as soon as dinner was done, the catches and glee book were brought. After coffee there were cards sometimes in winter; but in the country Lord Sandwich considered all as lost time, that was not given up to some mauual exercise for the benefit of his health; however, at Leicester, I kept all secret from Lord Sandwich, and, as Ludlam was musical, I introduced him whenever it was in my power.

'Dr. Hawkesworth was a most agreeable companion; but he became careless and luxurious; hurt his constitution by high living; and was consequently very unhappy. His excellent and intelligent wife was always discreet; and had the management of his great work, the "Voyages," been left *entirely* with her, nothing either immoral or offensive would ever have appeared before the public. I never knew, till lately, how much merit, in former publications, was due to her. She was an unassuming woman, of very superior talent. The Doctor never "sinned" but against himself. He was quite finical in his dress, by which he sometimes rendered himself subject to ridicule, though a favourite with all. When Lord Sandwich was about to embark at Portsmouth, with Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, and a very large party of friends, the Doctor was invited to accompany them, and was not a little gratified by the compliment that was paid him; but when his Lordship mentioned something of a *cork-wig,* the Doctor was all astonishment. "A cork-wig! my Lord; I never heard of such a thing." "Oh, yes," says Lord Sandwich, "always on these little water excursions we put on our cork-wigs, and I have ordered one to be prepared for you." The Doctor paused, looked very grave, and at last recollected an engagement that would absolutely prevent him from having the honour of attending his Lordship. However, finding that no excuse would be accepted, he at last submitted to the punishment. The Doctor, however, finding the laugh to run against him, was resolved to retaliate. When on board, and at leisure, he tried to turn the tables upon them, if possible. The Esquimaux Indians had lately been in England, and he determined to write a ludicrous voyage in the character of one of them. This proved to be very witty, and was most highly relished and complimented by Lord Sandwich and all the party. I returned a manuscript copy of it to Mr. Bates, for it was never printed, and I have never seen any part of it since. I recollect something that Lord Sandwich quoted as highly characteristic. They had endeavoured to give the Esquimaux some idea of feminine beauty, by shewing him a gallery of English beauties, and wished to know which he preferred. He saw no beauty in any of them; but at Portsmouth, near the Sally-port, he suddenly called them all out from dinner, to see a perfect specimen. It was the Sun painted in full splendour, and of great magnitude, on a sign-post. The whole of what I read appeared to me to possess much merit.

Bruce, the Traveller.—

'I became intimate with Bruce at Admiral Walsingham's. "Who," says the intelligent Dr. Dibdin, "has not heard of Bruce? His tale was once suspected, but suspicion has sunk into acquiescence in its truth." His accounts militated against some more favoured voyages, of which great pains were taken to promote the sale. The Friends of Bruce indeed, produced many proofs of the prejudices that had been excited against them; and I rather felt that some facts were industriously dwelt upon before me, as being intimate with Lord Sandwich. I made a direct reply, that I knew that Lord Sandwich (I could not speak as to others) always mentioned them in terms of the highest admiration. We became afterwards much acquainted, and he shewed me the fine gold medals of many of the Ptolemies of Egypt. He was a large man, and in an evening rather splendidly dressed; he had a most extraordinary complaint, which could not be well accounted for: when he attempted to speak, his whole stomach suddenly seemed to heave like an organ-bellows. He did not wish to make any secret about it, but spoke of it as having originated in Abyssinia, but that it since remained (under various advice) much the same in every climate. However, one evening, when he appeared rather agitated it lasted much longer than usual, and was so violent that it alarmed the company.

Goldsmith.—

'I come now to the last day but one I passed with poor Goldsmith, whose loss (with whatever faults he might have) I shall ever lament whilst "memory of him hold its seat." At his breakfast in the Temple, as usual, I offered every aid in my power as to his works; some amendments had been agreed upon in his "Traveller," and more particularly his "Deserted Village." Some of the bad lines in the latter, I have by me, marked. "As to my '"Hermit,"' that poem, Cradock, cannot be amended." I knew he had been offered ten pounds for the copy: and it was introduced into the "Vicar of Wakefield," to which he applied himself entirely for a fortnight, to pay a journey to Wakefield. "As my business then lay there," said he, "that was my reason for fixing on Wakefield as the field of action. I never took more pains than in the first volume of my "Natural History;" surely that was good, and I was handsomely repaid for the whole. My "Roman History," Johnson says, is well abridged," indeed, I could have added, that, Johnson (when Goldsmith was absent,) would frequently say, "Why, sir, whatever that man touches he adorns;" for like Garrick, when not present, he considered him as a kind of sacred character. After a general review of papers lying before him, I took leave; when turning to his study-table, he pointed to an article I had procured for him, and said, "you are kindest to me." I only replied, "you mean more rude and saucy than some others." However, much of the conversation took a more melancholy tone than usual, and I became very uneasy about him.

'When I returned to town after his death, I had an interview with his nephew, an apothecary in Newman-street, and the two sister milliners, the Miss Gunns, who resided at a house at the corner of Temple-lane, who were always most attentive to him, and who once said to me, most feelingly, "O, Sir, sooner persuade him to let us work for him, gratis, than suffer him to apply to any other; we are sure that he will pay us if he can." Circumstanced as he was, I know not what more could have been done for him. It was said, he improperly took laudanum; but all was inwardly disturbed.

'Had the Doctor freely laid open all the debts he had contracted, I am certain that his zealous friends were so numerous, that they would freely have contributed to his relief. I mean here explicitly to assert only, that I believe he died miserable, and that his friends were not entirely aware of his distress.'

We shall conclude these unconnected extracts with a scene in which Mr. Cradock attempts to give us a representation of Dr, Johnson's "modes and manners." It beats Boswell out of the field. He does not wish it to be considered strictly *vero*; though he would have us believe that it is *ben trovato.*

'SCENE—Johnson's Court, Fleet-street.—Breakfast-table. FRANK (*taking away the tea-things*), DR. JOHNSON, MRS. WILLIAMS, MRS. DUMOULINS.

'*Mrs. Williams.* Doctor, I have ordered a pigeon-pie for dinner to-day, and a rice-pudding.

'*Dr. Johnson.* Not for me; for I am engaged to meet a party of ten or a dozen to dine with our old hostess of the Globe. A friend of her's has sent her a hare and two brace of partridges from Suffolk, and I have promised to partake of the repast.

'*Mrs. Dumoulins.* Oh! then, Doctor, we sha'nt see you again this evening; so Frank may as well take the key with him and let you in.

'*Dr. Johnson.* I shall not want Frank, he may wait upon you.

'*Frank.* Sir, if you please, I think I had better go with you; perhaps I can assist the mistress of the house a little; for you know, poor woman, she cannot always depend upon her waiters.

'*Dr. Johnson.* Well, Frank, you may, then; however, at half past one rap at my study-door up-stairs, and give me notice that I may have time enough to dress.

'[At half-past two the Doctor appears below, in his best brown suit, his stockings gartered, a very good shirt and cravat, and his last new wig.]

'*Dr. Johnson* (to the ladies). It is time for me to be gone: the pigeon-pie can be but a very small one; I desire that none of it may be set by. (*Doctor calls.*) Frank!

'*Frank* (at the door, much cleaner than usual). Sir, I am quite ready; but if you please, I'll bring the key with me in the evening, when I come to attend you home.

'*Dr. Johnson.* Well, Frank, you may; for the lamp is generally out if I return late, and I am afraid of tripping at the steps.

'*Scene changes to the Globe Tavern.*

'Enter DR. JOHNSON, meeting the MISTRESS in the passage.

'*Mistress.* Sir, the company, I believe, are all arrived, and I hope you will find the dinner entirely to your liking; there is pease-soup, a close loin of veal, a ham, and a beaf-steak-pie; then a hare, partridges, a marrow-pudding, and some mince-pies.

'*Dr. Johnson.* Widow, I generally have reason to give approbation to what I meet with at your house.

'*Mistress.* I am sure, sir, I am always happy when you can meet with any thing that is agreeable to you here.

[Dr. JOHNSON *ushered into the dining-room, the company all bowing.*]

'*T. Davies.* Dr. Johnson, let me take care of your hat.

'*Dr. Johnson.* Thank you, sir; I hope I have not kept the company waiting.

'*Several.* Oh, no, Doctor, all in good time.

'The company then separating into little parties till dinner was served, Dr. *Goldsmith* says to T. Davies, and a few others, "I was in company with Johnson last night; he was not at all pleasant, and we had a dull evening."

'*Dr. Farmer.* I wonder at that, Dr. Goldsmith; as you say Dr. Johnson was at the head of the party.

'*Dr. Goldsmith.* He was so; but they all, except myself, contribute to spoil him; for my own part, I believe they are all afraid of him; however, if he is not in better humour to-night, I am determined to probe him a little.

'*T. Davies.* And if you do, Doctor, you'll certainly catch a Tartar.

'*Dr. Farmer.* Not at dinner, I hope, Dr. Goldsmith; for you know it is a serious concern with him.

'*T. Davies.* No, doctor, nor afterwards, I hope; for if you do, we may have an *explosion*, and then the damages must be included in the bill.

'*Enter the Waiters, with dinner.*

'*Dr. Johnson.* Davies, place yourself near the head of the table, for you always make yourself useful in carving; my neighbour Alleyne will take the bottom.

'*T. Davies.* There is no fish, Dr. Johnson; but there is veal and ham, and beef-steak-pie; or after you have taken your soup—

'*Dr. Johnson.* Sir, I know what there is.

'*Mr.* —— (a stranger). Dr. Johnson, will you please to drink a glass of wine with me, after your soup?

'*Dr. Johnson.* No, sir.

'*Dr. Goldsmith.* I don't find myself inclined to eat any thing at present; I have not taken my usual walk in the park.

'*Mr. Boswell.* Why, Dr Goldsmith, I think you rarely do eat any thing when I have had the pleasure of meeting you.

'*Dr. Goldsmith.* No; my appetite is very uncertain; I sometimes prefer a poach'd egg with some spinach to any rarities.

'*T. Davies* (to Mr. Alleyne). Dr. Johnson perhaps would like some of the kidney of the veal, with some of the fat to be spread upon one of those toasts; do send the veal up to me.

'*Dr. Johnson* (to Davies). Thank you, sir.

'*T. Davies* (to Johnson). We have ordered some eggs to be poached for our friend Dr. Goldsmith.

'*Dr. Johnson.* (No answer).

'*Dr. Farmer.* I think the first course does credit to our hostess; all the dishes have been excellently well dressed.

'*Mr.* ——. Ah, I wish, Dr. Farmer, you had met ——— and some of this company at the ——— on Thursday last; that dinner was incomparable indeed.

'*Dr. Johnson* (aloud). Quite the contrary, not so good as this; the fellow's mutton had been ill fed, ill kept, and was ill roasted.

Enter the Second Course.

'*T. Davies.* Dr. Johnson, shall you eat hare or partridge?

'*Dr. Johnson.* Sir, I prefer the birds.

'*T. Davies.* Then permit me to help you.

'*Dr. Farmer.* The bread-sauce is near me; permit me.

'*Dr. Johnson.* Thank you, Sir.

'The Doctor having afterwards taken a good slice of pudding, and a mince-pie, T. Davies, not entirely wishing to spoil sport, ventured to say, "Dr. Johnson, our friend Dr. Goldsmith has been able to get down a couple of poached eggs."—Dr. *Johnson* (still no answer)—there just then arriving a pan full of toasted cheese; but sometime afterwards, when Davies thought the Doctor had been satisfied, and the veins of his forehead were sufficiently expanded, he ventured again more particularly to address him.

'*T. Davies (aloud).* Dr. Johnson, I'm sure you'll be very happy to be informed that our good friend Dr. Goldsmith has been able to relish his couple of poached eggs.

'*Dr. Johnson.* No, Sir (*with an explosion*).

'The company opposite being rather aware of the burst, very little damages in consequence ensued; few fragments were to be taken up, and a loud laugh could not be stifled. Johnson, perhaps not wishing to sacrifice a pleasant evening, which he had reckoned on, at last laughed himself. Goldsmith was after a while in good spirits, and tried various experiments on the company;* and Johnson took all in good part. Before the party entirely broke up, Goldsmith whispered to a select few near him, "Now, you see, I kept Johnson in tolerable order to night." "Yes," replied Davies, "he reminded me of Falstaff in East-cheap, when having every thing comfortable about him, he exclaimed, "Pistol, I would be quiet." Not even, "no more fooleries to-night."'—pp. 300—304.

From these, perhaps, and a few other pages in the work, the industrious reader may glean an hour's gossipping amusement; but he must be content, (to follow up the metaphor), to walk far-a-field for it, and to spend a great deal of time in extricating the wheat ears from the weeds with which they are entangled.

ART. XIII.—*Disputatio de Mysticismo Auctore E. A. Borger, Hagæ Comitum.* 1826. 8vo. pp. 311.

IN a former number of our Review, we presented our readers with a criticism on an Essay on Scepticism: the work now before us contains a succinct account of German Mysticism, a subject little known in England.

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* 'It ought, however, to be stated, after this ludicrous account, that when the great Moralist, in an evening, was at other times giving a *serious* lecture to the company (for such it frequently might be termed), no one paid more respect, or was more attentive, than Dr. Goldsmith.'

The author prefixes to it, a disquisition on the nature of mysticism: in this he attempts to give his readers exact definitions of reason, imagination, and sense. From mysticism, the first is banished; reason may lead to a conviction of the present duty, but it is only by imagination that we perceive, and by sense that we feel, his presence. By this perception and feeling, we become, in a certain sense, united to him. To this union the mystics aspire; the more we separate ourselves from the world, the less we admit it into our minds or our hearts, and the more we direct them to God, the greater is our love of him, and the more intimate is our union with him.

Our author considers Dionysius, the Areopagite, to be the first, in point of time, of mystic writers: he then deduces a regular chain of them, till the troubles, which followed the reformation, banished mysticism from Germany.

According to our author, religious liberty was introduced by the reformation; it soon began to degenerate into licentiousness; this, by his account, was increased in Germany, by the importations of the writings of the English Deists, and the foreign Socinians; and afterwards by the system of Indifference introduced by Leibnitz and Wolfe: the anti-christian publications of the French wits and witlings, and the known irreligion of Frederick II. of Prussia, consummated the evil. Then arose Meyer, Basedow, Weiland, and Busching: then too was published, more deleterious in its effect than all,—the Journal of Nicolai.

In Great Britain and France, excessive licentiousness led to infidelity: in Germany, it stopped rational Christianity: this was divided from irreligion by a thin partition. It spread rapidly among the German divines. Their object was to banish mystery from religion; to represent the miracles of the gospel, either as ingenious contrivances, or as absolute fictions; to discredit the divine inspiration of the scriptures, and to try all the precepts and relations contained in them, by the test of human reason. Doctor Semler, Doctor Eichorn, and Professor Paulus, were the most eminent of the rational divines: learning and ingenuity, it is impossible to deny them; that they did not moderate their genius, all christians must lament.

It was, however, by slow degrees, that their doctrines gained admittance into Germany. The Germans are naturally a religious people; and shewed, for a long time, a great unwillingness to receive these novelties. In the course of time, the partisans of them became divided into two religious parties, the Syncretists and the Pietists.

The Syncretists took their name from their avowed object of congregating all denominations of Christians into one body. Their founder was George Calixtus, professor of divinity in the University of Helmstadt. It had long been celebrated for the freedom and liberality of the opinions professed in it. Its professors actually took an oath, before they were admitted into office, to use their best and most zealous endeavours to heal the divisions, and terminate the dissentions that prevailed among Christians. Calixtus did not proceed in his projects of pacification, so far as to aim at effecting an union of doctrine: all he attempted was, to promote general forbearance and benevolence; and to convince the partisans of every christian creed, that, while they claimed the merit of sincerity for themselves, they should allow the claim of equal sincerity to others, and never forget that, while they prayed in different temples, they believed in the same God, the same Christ, and the same baptism. Calixtus and his followers had many adversaries: all, except Calovius, are now forgotten.

After the death of Calixtus, his disciples split into two different and quite opposite schools: one, insensibly adhered to that of the *Rational Divines*. From the other, the *Pietists* arose. Spener, of Frankfort, was at their head. He was pious, learned, active, and conciliating. His work entitled "Pia Desideria," or the Pious Desires, was the manual of his followers. Their creed was scanty: but they aimed at perfect holiness. Sanctity of manners was their eternal theme. Like the Methodists of our own country, they formed themselves into bands; known by the names of Biblical schools, from their incessant perusal of the sacred volume. But their piety was rather fervent than intellectual: they principally read those passages in the scriptures, which express sentiments of the love of God, inculcate the practice of that sacred duty, and animate the soul to divine love.

A war of words arose between the Pietists and the Lutheran divines of the primitive school. It raged furiously: and convulsed both the secular and ecclesiastical establishment of the Lutheran states. It was drowned in the louder notes of the French revolution.

On the restoration of tranquillity, a large portion of the Pietists moved into mysticism: the more intellectual adopted the tenets of Kant. Here our author gives a short view of the Kantian Philosophy; and ascends with Kant into the clouds: we shall not follow him; if we did, few of our readers would accompany us. We shall, therefore, remain upon earth—and, turning to something else,—

"E'en talk a little like folks of this world."—*Prior.*

We wish some person properly qualified for such a work, would favour us with a history of the schools we have mentioned; and of the Illuminés, the Thurgic practices at Berlin, during the reign of the successor of the Great Frederick; of the Tugenbund, and the other secret societies, by which the German and Sarmatian provinces are at this time seriously threatened.

ART. XIV.—*Johannes Wit, von Dörring. Fragmente aus meinem Leben und meiner Zeit. Aufenthalt in den Gefängnissen zu Chambery, Turin und Mailand, nebst meiner Flucht aus der Citadelle letztern Ortes.* Braunschweig. Druck und Verlag von Friedrich Vieweg, 1827. Johannes Wit, alias von Dörring. Brunswik. Friedrich Vieweg. 1827.

WHEN a prisoner turns approver, it is very natural that his evidence should be received with suspicion, and the more grave and important his charges against other individuals, the more strict ought to be his scrutiny. The merit of such a confession would consist, either in the motives which produced it, or where these should be found to originate, (as is most generally the case) in hopes of some personal advantage accruing from it, in telling the simple and unvarnished truth. But if such an individual, after having been for years engaged in a course of life from which it is impossible that he should emerge pure and undefiled, should pretend to a degree of superhuman perfection, attempting to prove that all his tergiversations proceeded from a philanthropic feeling, totally free from all admixture of self-interest; the more frequent and loud his asseverations, the less do we feel inclined to credit them. Now, in our opinion, Mr. Wit stands precisely in this situation. Thrown at the early age of eighteen, into the violent and dangerous turmoil of political faction, at a time when the ferment produced by the liberty wars, against Napoleon, in its re-action agitated a great part of Europe; taking according to his own account, a principal part in most of the secret associations, he now comes forward to enlighten the world with the results of his experience.

We shall allow him to state for himself, the objects which he had in view. ' No one can be more conscious of the faults and defects of the present work than myself. It is, however, a copy, and copies are not usually better than the original. It would have been easy for me to have rounded off the whole more, to have introduced greater unity and uniformity; experienced friends advised me to do so; but I withstood both their and my own wish: for I should by this means have destroyed the only merit of the work: viz. the resemblance and truth of the portrait.—The most incongruous things will here be found together; the most inexplicable transitions from the serious to the playful; reflections will often be found in places to which they do not belong, and missed where they ought to be.' We will take no advantage of the manifest art with which this paragraph is constructed; the vanity of the author, however, is amazingly apparent. The most incongruous things must of course interest the reader, because they are features in the portrait of Johannes Wit. A short account of the previous life of this *soi-disant* Baron Dörring may serve to render the subject more intelligible. He studied diplomacy at Jena, at the period, in which the unfortunate issue of the Wartburgsfest had excited dissension throughout Germany. He there distinguished himself among the *exaltirten*, or in other words was a Jena exquisite of exquisites, strutting about in pantaloons and jacket of coarse unbleached linen (the usual *gymnastic dress*), with open breast and an overshadowing straw hat, ornamented with flowers, such as were generally worn by women; and in travelling he wore pistols and a student's sword. He was subsequently, we believe, sent away from the university.

In 1818, he went to Fulda, was involved there in a dispute with some officers, who, he affirmed, had laughed at him; attracted the attention of the police, and published a pamphlet on the subject (Neuestes aus Churchessen. Ein Kurzer Beitrag zur Zeitgeschichte, 1818.) After reading this account, our readers will doubtless hear with surprise, that in this same year, he made a journey to Paris, in order to unite the German with the French revolutionists. During his absence, some verses* by Dr. Follenius (who came from Giessen to Jena, where he delivered his lectures on the Roman law, which were received with the greatest enthusiasm; whether from their intrinsic value, or from the peculiar relation in which the Professor stood with respect to the political associations of the students, we will not determine) were published and industriously circulated. The Professor was soon afterwards imprisoned, and Wit, to procure his liberation, declared himself in the most solemn manner, the sole author and distributer of the obnoxious poem. When the Empress mother of Russia visited Jena the same year, one of the triumphal arches was injured in the night. Wit declared himself, probably with equal truth, the author of this action likewise. To avoid the imprisonment likely to result from these confessions, he fled to England and wrote some violent political articles in the Morning Chronicle, but soon returned to Paris, where he enjoyed the friendship of Count de Serre and of Baron Eckstein,† Inspector General of the Police, whom he calls his mother's brother. At this time a single incident excited a total revolution in his habits of thought and conduct, and as this is one of the paragraphs on which the credibility of the volume hinges, we shall give it in the words of the author.

'The murder of the Duc de Berri, almost before my eyes, affected me greatly. I could not refrain from exclaiming, to this does your system lead? My understanding could no longer approve what my heart condemned. The noble de Serre behaved with paternal kindness; his friendship counteracted the influence which the heads of the revolutionary party had acquired over me. My confidential intercourse with de Serre, brought me into many important relations. Different political parties endeavoured to win him to their views, and attached themselves to me, in the erroneous idea that I had great power over him. I became of consequence, because it was forced upon me.'

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* *Die Deutsche Jugend an die Deutsche Menge.*

† Baron Eckstein was, like Wit, the son of a horse dealer at Altona. He at first studied the law, appeared soon afterwards in the character of Baron Eckstein, was for some time Commissary of the Police at Marseilles, but has since relapsed into obscurity.—Rev.

We shall soon see from facts which are stated in different parts of the volume, that Wit spent but a very short time at Paris. In this short period, however, he contrived to accomplish much more than any man in his senses would have dreamed of attempting; but such is our author's consummate vanity, that to him nothing seemed impossible, and we press this the more strongly on the mind of the reader, since it is manifest, that if the author ever sat down to write his Memoirs, with the determination of stating the simple truth, his vanity has sadly warped it by the way. But of this the good man is so unconscious, that he contradicts himself with the greatest coolness imaginable. We give the following example as one of several, because it does not interrupt the thread of the narrative.

'About this time (in the summer of 1820), the German revolutionists entered into a closer connexion with the French and Italians, through their deputy, the above-mentioned Dr. Follenius, *with my co-operation*. I by no means shared their views, but still less those of the governments, and believed that, *knowing all*, in case of an eruption, *I might act as mediator*. I laboured, therefore, in all parties and sects, to establish a moderate party; (modest young man of 20,) to wield the destinies of Europe). I knew very well that the German revolutionists suspected my real views, but I was indispensible to them, because I knew them too well. Besides, they could not disavow me, as through ME, they had been introduced to the heads of the French party; therefore, if they rendered me suspected, they injured themselves likewise.'

Poor Dr. Follenius! if ever the fragments of the Life and Times of Johannes Wit should meet your sight, on the other side of the Atlantic, you will doubtless reverence his surpassing tactics. The immaculate party master has then the courage to take some shame to himself for his vanity, in supposing at that time that such a project was practicable, but like many a hypocrite on the stage of life, he confesses some of his lesser faults, that he may induce the world to believe that such candour must necessarily be sincere. Who that could read the narrative of the young revolutionist so prettily blaming himself, could be so cruel as to refuse his belief to the immediate sequel?

'After this *harsh* blame, after this anathema, which I have pronounced upon myself, I may be allowed to add that my exertions were free from all selfish motives; that I strove solely for what I considered conducive to the general good; that I avoided no sacrifice, no danger; in short, that I never did any thing, the recollection of which would make me blush. On the contrary, I had, by this means, an opportunity to prevent much evil, as for instance the plan which the Germans had formed to murder the King of France in the summer of 1820.'

We like this off-hand way of alluding to one's own good deeds; some folks, to be sure, would have taken a little more credit to themselves for saving the life of Louis le Desiré, but according to Johannes Wit, so trifling an action scarcely deserves mention, and certainly not comment. But let us hear him out.

'When in the next year (July, 1821) Dr. Joachim de Prati, declared to me in Switzerland, that the revolution was to be effected by means of murder, I withdrew in the most solemn manner, and even by expressing my determination in writing, from all association with the revolutionists, In consequence of this, several systematic attempts were made to murder me.'

If Johannes Wit now lives to enlighten the world with his details respecting secret societies, he was manifestly under no very particular obligations to the members of them. We cannot, therefore, sufficiently admire his philantropic spirit, when within a month, one little month of his abjuration, 'in consequence of which several systematic attempts were made to murder him,' he accepts the office of Inspector General of the Carbonari. He tells us that he refused it in the most positive manner, until he learned that in the event of his declining the office, it was to be conferred upon De Prati; knowing him to be a man of blood, and hostile to all existing institutions, he considered it his duty to sacrifice himself for the general good.

Now all this appears to us very strange; we have a youth of twenty-one, so shocked at the idea of effecting a revolution by means of murder, that he in the most solemn manner, abjures all participation in it, and was exposed, in consequence of such abjuration, to repeated systematic attempts upon his life; and on the other hand, a party whose safety depended upon the secresy of its members, intreating this youth (whom they know to be exasperated against them for planning his death) to accept a confidential situation of the highest trust. But the strangest thing of all is yet to follow; this kind-hearted youth was charged with having said of the Italian Revolution, "La revolution ne marche pas; il faut revenir au moyen de Sand." He acknowledges the truth of the charge, but says that his meaning was, simply, that no revolution could be carried into effect without murder. If this explanation relieves him from the charge of inconsistency, he is welcome to the benefit of it.

To return, however, to our subject. Wit accepted the office, or to use his own words, 'I resolved now to sacrifice myself, for I knew to what misrepresentations and dangers I exposed myself; I perceived that, in the end, deceiving both parties, I should fall, and that I should not even have the satisfaction of protection and acknowledgment from either side!' Now, gentle reader!—what do you imagine is the extent of this loudly vaunted sacrifice? to reveal his intention, under seal of secrecy, to a distinguished personage, whose liberal sentiments are sufficiently known to all the world, and whose high rank is a sufficient protection from all imputation of revolutionary ideas! The author then gives a long account of the Carbonari, but to us it appears to bear the marks of fiction. It was generally supposed that Carbonarism contained only three degrees; in these Wit allows that mention was made of the church, morality, and christianity, and that these were the objects to which the members swore to devote themselves. But is it at all probable, that in the fourth degree, without any approximation, they bound themselves by an oath to the destruction of all governments, but particularly that of the Bourbons? Whether Wit ever took the oath of secresy or not, is a matter between himself and his conscience; he says that he did not, if so, he was probably the only man who was ever admitted into so many secret societies without undergoing that ceremony.

His account of the ephemeral Piedmontese Revolution is minute, but he has not told us more than we have already learned on the subject, from the writings of Santa Rosa and others. In his personal adventurés, he has evidently taken Baron Trenck for his model, but he has failed to make them interesting; his petty vanity mars the whole effect: every woman that sees him falls in love with him; every man who enjoys his society is captivated by his talents. We shall give one or two anecdotes from this part of the work, for the authenticity of which the author vouches; the escape from the citadel of Milan, which is by far the best written chapter in the book, and must be excepted from the charge of insipidity which we have attached to the rest of his adventures and intrigues; being confessedly altered in various particulars.

Mr. Wit adduces the following as a proof of the corruption prevalent in a whole class of society. The Marquess P. returning home one evening unexpectedly, was about to enter his wife's apartment unannounced, but accidentally casting his eyes on a mirror, he beheld his wife in the next boudoir, in the arms of his friend, the Marquess St. M. Without exhibiting the smallest astonishment, he advanced with a loud cough to the mirror, and busied himself with adjusting his cravat. When he perceived that his rival had escaped, he merely said to his terrified wife, "Mais! Madame de laisser la porte ouverte, si quelqu' un des domestiques était entré!"

One of the most able physicians of Italy, Dr. Rossi, had a son involved in the Piedmontese revolution, who had fled into Switzerland. The father being an intimate acquaintance of the judge who was appointed to try the contumacy processes, intreated him to act kindly towards his son. "Si, caro, farò l'impossible, ma meno che la morte si può," was the reply.

The following anecdote, whether true of Wit, or not, certainly indicates the feelings by which many of the enthusiastic, but misguided, German youth, were then actuated.

'In the summer of 1820, I travelled from Paris to Switzerland, in company with Follenius. The discourse turned on Sand, and on murder in general. I declared myself ready and able to destroy a *tyrant*, but added that, in order to obey the precept of Scripture, *Whoso sheddeth man's blood, his blood shall likewise be shed*, I would stab myself immediately after with the same dagger. Follenius stepped back, and said with bitterness, "Ferdinand, I expected better things from you; if you cannot quietly cut and eat a piece of bread with the same knife with which you have destroyed the *best* of princes, you have yet much to learn. All means are in and for themselves indifferent; the prince dies not because he is bad, but because he is a prince."'

Among the proclamations circulated at the time of the Italian revolution, was one in Latin, addressed to the Hungarian regiments. Wit received a copy in the Chamber of Deputies, and showed it to his next neighbour, who happened to be George Canning. "Shocking!" exclaimed the British statesman, "the men have actually put a *deponens* for an activum." 'And such,' adds Wit, with ludicrous gravity, 'was actually the case.'

The author has the simplicity to record a compliment or two paid to him by Count Bubna. The latter perceiving that the confidence of his prisoner was only to be acquired by first bestowing his own, gives him the packet he had received respecting him from Prince Hardenberg. "Read it through attentively," said the Count, "and answer it either by examination or in writing. As far as I am concerned, your answers are perfectly indifferent. You may either speak truth or falsehood. The former would, however, be the best course, as it would terminate the business at once. *But if you will lie, manage it so, that you are not easily detected.*" This last observation proves the high estimation in which the Count held his prisoner, and we can, therefore, easily believe that whilst he, as commanding-general, was obliged to set a price on Wit's head; as a private man, he constantly knew his place of abode. After this, it is of course perfectly natural that Bubna, at a party at which the King of Prussia was present, should absolutely force Wit, a man proscribed by the Prussian government, into the monarch's presence, as one of the company. But Count Bubna is dead, or such liberties would never have been taken with his name. Indeed, it is not a little singular, that although the author was the ostensible agent of societies including so many thousand members, he should never allude but to such as are dead, or precluded by the peculiarities of their situation, from replying to his calumnies. That this does not arise from any delicacy upon the subject, is manifest from the eagerness with which he introduces names (both by initials and at full length), of men who could not have figured in the parts imputed to them. The work is plainly got up to curry favour with the governments; the author has already received the price of his service by his liberation from Friedrichsort; and, if we mistake not, a secret commission in the police.

That he is not devoid of talents, only adds to his perfidy; had he but learned moderation from his past sufferings, he would have been entitled to a milder criticism; but when a man avails himself of the confidence reposed in him by others, however mistaken in their views, in order to turn it to the detriment and ruin of his former associates, we know of no term sufficiently strong to mark our detestation of his conduct. If the interests of society required the disclosure, the case would be essentially different, although, even then, availing ourselves of the information, we could not but despise the informer. But society suffers more from such vipers as Wit, who frequently concoct the assemblies they denounce, than from all the remains of German, French, and Italian revolutionists. If the present work be considered as a work of fiction, some parts of it are doubtless amusing; but in its pretensions to be considered as representing the actual state of the continent, we consider it entitled to no credit. If Mr. Wit fulfil his promise, and furnish in the so often mentioned first and third parts, satisfactory explanations of the defective disclosures in this second part, it will give us great pleasure to acknowledge that we have judged him too harshly. But if, as we strongly suspect, the promised additions will never be published, and were merely mentioned to deprecate severity of criticism, the flimsy artifice will not succeed, and the world will decide according to the testimony which he himself has put forth.

NOTICES.

Art. XV.—*Storia di Sardegna, per Don G. Manno.* 4 vols. 8vo. Torino. 1827.

The island of Sardinia, after being foraged, neglected, and hardly noticed by writers, seems of late to have attracted an extraordinary degree of attention. Besides the descriptive work of La Marmora, of which an account was given in this Review,* we have had also a French "Historie de la Sardaigne," in 2 vols. 8vo, by Mimaut, formerly consul in that Island; our own Captain Smyth's View of the same country; and lastly, we have now a complete History of Sardinia, in Italian, by a Native of Distinction, a Secretary of his Sardinian Majesty; published at Turin, under the eye of government. The author has of course had access to the most authentic records, and enjoyed every advantage for the completion of his work. This looks as if the court of Piedmont had at last directed its cares towards that interesting, but long forlorn part of its dominions. On the first appearance of the first volume of this work, it was observed by a French critic, that the cabinet of a sovereign, was not the fittest place to write an impartial history, yet we must confess, that from what we have seen of Manno's work, our prejudice on this score has considerably abated. The fact is, that the island of Sardinia has not been above a century under the dominion of the House of Savoy, and therefore the historian could without any great fear of offending, even fastidious ears, speak with fairness of the history of his country, at least preceding that epoch. That he has availed himself of this privilege, our readers may judge by the following extract: 'Whilst in France, Spain and Germany, the most barbarous institutions still prevailed; the citizens of Sassari, then are public, under the protection of Genoa, established as early as 1316, a judiciary system founded upon reason and justice. The criminal code was humane: political crimes were only punished by fine. And afterwards, in the midst of the long wars which the Sardinians had to sustain against the Arragonese invaders, Eleanor, wife to Brancaleone Doria, one of the *guidici* of the island, while her husband was defending his country in the field, attended to the improvement of the civil institutions, by promulgating the *earta de logu*, or charter of Sardinia, which is considered even now as the ground work of the rights and liberties of the kingdom. In perusing this document, it was not without a feeling of national complacency, that I met repeatedly in its columns this sentence: *nor let the guilty escape for any sum or consideration whatever*—a sentence which alone would raise the criminal legislation of Eleanor, above that of many other countries, in which punishment was made a matter of barter for the wealthy, whilst to the poor who could not redeem themselves, it appeared not as an act of justice, but as a dispensation of untoward fate."—vol. iii. p. 127.

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* Appendix to vol. ii.

The people of Sardinia had formerly their *stamenti* or national assemblies; these were discontinued under the Spanish dominion. At the epoch of the French revolution, the people of Sassari sent deputies to Turin, to demand the restoration of their rights, but without effect, and the leaders of the constitutional party, among whom was the Chevalier Angioi, were obliged to fly their country. Several executions took place. About the same time, however, the French Admiral, Truguet, with a formidable fleet, and several thousand land troops, appeared in 1793, in the roads of Cagliari, where he attempted a landing, but was bravely repulsed by the garrison and by the islanders, who flocked from the mountains to defend their shores. The French having lost several ships, and six hundred men, thought proper to retire. Some years after the island of Sardinia became the refuge of the royal family of Savoy, who remained in that little sea-girt kingdom, till the fall of Napoleon, restored to them their continental dominions.

Art. XVI.—*Gedichte von Friedrick Hang, Auswahl. Zwei Bande.*—Leipzig and Hamburg, 1827. (Selection from the Poems of Friedrich Hang). 2 Vols.

This collection, or rather selection, comprises almost all the different species of poetry:—odes, songs, sonnets, legends, madrigals, and verses on various subjects, serious and playful.

It affords, however, a convincing proof, if any were wanting, that Hang's principal or rather sole excellence, consists in his epigrams, some of which have been happily translated by Mr. Russel. In these he is unrivalled for the quick and humorous transitions in his distichs, which contain a terseness that we look for in vain in other writers of this description. We ought not to call Hang an ill-natured man, although the point of his satire is indeed sharp enough to make his victims wince. A happier selection might be made from his numerous productions, as many of the best and most admired are not to be found in this; and we think that there is yet room for a volume that shall convey a fair idea of the powers of the German Martial.

ART. XVII.—*Erzählangen von Johanna Schopenhauer.* Dritter Theil. Frankfürt am Main, 1827. Vierter Theil, 1827. Fünfter Theil, 1827. (Tales by Johanna Schopenhauer, 3rd, 4th, and 5th volumes. Frankfurt am Main).

JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER is the authoress of many works, good, bad, and indifferent; and we are afraid that the volumes before us cannot be ranked in the former class. Indeed, according to the system at present pursued by the tale manufacturers in Germany, it is rather matter of astonishment that there are so many tolerable works, rather than that there are so many which do not repay the trouble of perusal. This may be considered as harsh and rude towards a foreigner and a lady, but it is because we consider Madame Schopenhauer capable of better things, that we venture thus to express our real sentiments. If she would write less, observe more, and avoid general remarks, except on subjects of general interest, we have no doubt that she could produce a work which we could read, and recommend with pleasure. Those persons, however, whose principal object is the excitement of curiosity, will find no fault with these tales, for it is absolutely impossible, until within the last page or two, to foretel how the affair will terminate. Imminent danger, hair-breadth escapes, death by usual and unusual means—from the sick bed to the falling of an avalanche—with the essential accompaniments of romance, love, and marriage, form the principal incidents. The last story is the best, and tolerably free from the faults to which we have alluded. Its subject, however, a mechanic, turning painter, that he may gain his mistress, has been frequently treated.

ART. XVIII.—*Reflections on the Causes which Influence the Price of Corn.* Parts I. and II. By M. Fletcher. 8vo. London: Black, Young, and Young. 1828.

WE are disposed to receive, with great respect, a work of this description from the hands of Mr. Fletcher. His own experience, both in foreign and domestic trade, as well as the faculty which he has of reducing all speculation on such subjects to facts, and of reasoning upon them with the most logical accuracy, render him peculiarly qualified to enlighten the public mind on the subject which he has treated in these two pamphlets.

His object is to ascertain the chief causes which affect the value of the produce of husbandry. Upon this question he has collected a great deal of sound information, from the reports which have been lately made to Parliament on the corn trade, and he has presented that information in these pages in a brief, clear, and intelligible form. His arguments are stated under the following heads:—The pressure of population, and the growth of industry; the state of the currency; monopoly or exclusion of foreign supply; and taxation. He next examines and states the fluctuations in the price of grain, which have been common, at the same time, to all countries. Under the first head he demonstrates that the effect of the progress of population, and of the increased consumption, from the advance of general industry, is not universally to raise the price of corn. We shall here permit Mr. Fletcher to state his argument in support of this proposition, as a specimen of the general style of his reasoning.

'In the prevalent passion for abstract reasoning, without reference to facts, this consequence—a rise in corn—is too much assumed to be the result of these causes. The people multiply in the United States of America, but corn is as cheap as when that country did not contain half its present number. In Ireland, the population is in excess, yet grain is a chief article of export: and, consequently, is relatively cheap. Flanders and Holland export all kinds of agricultural produce, grain, cheese, butter, &c.; yet their population is the most dense in Europe; the inhabitants to the square mile are, in *East Flanders, 554: West Flanders, 420, and in Holland, 362; while in Ireland 237, and England, 232; France, 150; Poland, 60; and Spain, where corn is not unfrequently the dearest, only 58. The price of corn does not, therefore, bear any necessary relation to the pressure of population.

'A proposition, which has the reception of an axiom, is, that population rises up to the means of subsistence. The state, however, of Egypt, Poland, Mexico,† and in a word, of all corn-exporting and highly fertile countries, is, in all past centuries, opposed to this principle. If it be urged, that checks exist, the checks appear universal—the exceptions supersede the rule; and population, instead of rising up to the means of subsistence, must obey some other influence. The principle has, however, been generally admitted, and upon the basis of it has been raised a theory of rent, and of profits, and deductions have been drawn, as incontrovertible, of numberless consequences, which have been commonly and implicitly received in political argument. But reasoning, founded on events at most only possible, and never yet existing, can apply only to such possible, and not, as generally applied, to the actual condition of things. Population springs up where industry is secure, where the usages and laws promote it, and sometimes where constrained or attracted by gain and wages, as in great marts, and not solely where subsistence exists. The habits of the population, rather than the extent of their numbers, compared with the productiveness of the soil—the direction of the husbandry to other objects in grain—or the prevalence of commerce, manufactures, or unproductive labour, give rise to a dependence on foreign supply.

'While thus, *universally*, this principle of population does not hold, and it is an obvious fact that no extended or cultivable country has ever reached its utmost production of food, yet, it is true, that from the causes above named, the population does frequently, in certain places, reach, and exceed, the consumption of the actual produce. The price of corn must then rise above the level of other countries, in order to command a supply by importation. It is by entering locally upon a degree of dearth, in which, the quantity of money remaining the same, subsistence will command more, but other commodities less;—in other words, the value of money rises as regards them, but it falls as regards subsistence, or commands less:—in a state of plenty it is the reverse. But such position in life cannot extend to all countries:—privation has limits; and population would then be repressed, not because reaching the extremity of subsistence, but because ease is requisite to its being kept up:—and relief, if procurable, will be obtained by recurring to importation from other countries. Such, in fact, has in all ages been the state of intercourse and dependence, with regard to food, among different nations of the world.

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* Lowe, 'On the present State of England,' page 227.

† 'See Humboldt's 'Nouvelle Espagne,' vol. iii. for details of the nourishing qualities of the banana and maize of the country.'

'While thus the increase of population may occur partially, without a commensurate increase of subsistence, raising the price locally, in relation to other countries, an *increase of productive industry* may likewise take place. This, considered as a distinct operation, will have the counteracting effect of again lowering general prices. The greater the quantity of commodities, while the quantity of money is the same, the more commodities will exchange for the same money, and prices will fall. An increase of commodities in one place more than in another, may require more money in that place, but the total quantity of money not being increased, prices must be lower every where. Hence productive efficiency in the people may augment the means of consumption, but also by augmenting the mass of commodities, prices generally will be diminished. Grain may rise in real value, but from the multiplication of commodities, the money price of every thing will fall, though grain, its quantity not being increased, less than others.'—pp. 9—13.

If our space allowed it, we should be glad to give an analysis of the contents of these very able pamphlets. We must content ourselves with recommending them to the attention of every reader who is interested, (and who is not)? in the subject which they discuss. We observe that Mr. Fletcher thinks the new scale of duties proposed in Parliament, is an improvement in many respects on the former one. It is preferable, he adds, to the producer, the importer, and, on the whole, perhaps, to the consumer.

ART. XIX.—*Constable's Miscellany.* Vol. xxiii. London: Hurst & Co. Edinburgh: Constable. 1828.

SINCE our last notice of this very amusing and instructive Miscellany, several volumes have appeared, which we may take future opportunities of introducing to our readers. At the present moment, however, we hasten to congratulate the publishers on the volume which we have just received, containing a Life of Burns, by Mr. Lockhart. It is not a mere compilation of facts and dates, and criticisms, selected from the usual storehouses of biography, magazines, and "public characters;" and dictionaries.—It comes upon us with all the freshness of an original performance, written in animated language, and it is enriched with several new incidents and views of Burns' personal history, which cannot fail to render the volume eminently popular. Mr. Lockhart has obtained from several of those persons who happened in the course of their lives to come in contact with the poet, descriptions of the impressions which his appearance and conduct had left upon their minds. These contributions to his narrative are not among the least valuable portion of the contents of this excellent little volume. We can only afford room for Sir Walter Scott's "Reminiscences" of Burns, which present the poet as he appeared, about ten years before his death.

'I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sate silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns' manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath,

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears."

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of The Justice of Peace. I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure.

'His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea, that they are diminished as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, *i. e.* none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption.—pp. 113, 114.

'I was very young,' says Allan Cunningham, 'when I first saw Burns. He came to see my father; and their conversation turned partly on farming, partly on poetry, in both of which my father had taste and skill. Burns had just come to Nithsdale; and I think he appeared a shade more swarthy than he does in Nasmyth's picture, and at least ten years older than he really was at the time. His face was deeply marked by thought, and the habitual expression intensely melancholy.—p. 190.

Mr. Lockhart has added not a little to his literary reputation, by this graceful volume.

Art. XX.—*A Living Picture of London for* 1828, *and Stranger's Guide through the streets of the Metropolis; shewing the frauds, the arts, snares of all descriptions of rogues that every where abound; with sketches of Cockney Manners*, &c. By J. Bee, Esq. to which is added, "Hints for the improvement of the Police." 12mo. pp. 324. 4s. 6d. London: W. Clarke. 1828.

The Stranger's Guide is not new to the pages of the Monthly Review, having been noticed on its first appearance in the number for December 1818. In this little volume, however, we only discover sameness of purpose: the matter is wholly re-written, in better style, and quite as appropriately to the subjects treated of; and there is a substitution of such modern cases and occurrences for the old ones, as an interval of nine years would necessarily produce. The views of the author, also, appear to have extended themselves into other regions of investigation than mere crime: some communications addressed by him to the editor of a contemporary publication, containing practicable "hints for the improvement of the Police," and the means of repressing thefts, comprise a valuable portion of the novelties of the volume. His characteristic traits of Cockney manners and Life, start out occasionally, until at length we come to a chapter devoted to 'a sketch of society and manners in the metropolis.' *Trade*, he considers the main characteristic of the people of London, as it is in a less degree of the whole nation. 'The habits of the people are gregarious to a fault, accompanied by conviviality and unrestrained manners.' (page 267). But, whatever the bulk of the people may be found in any of the provincial cities, under similar circumstances, the population of London is in a superior degree; or, say *baser*, if the purpose be a bad one, as rioting, or the attempts of a mobocracy to rule the roost. An election he considers the highest state of excitement to which the public mind can be brought. The city of London is far from *Tory* in principle, though there be a few exceptions; Middlesex he considers decidedly *whiggish*; whilst 'Westminster is devoted to Parliamentary reform, the electors taking this to be the panacea for all complaints. The borough of Southwark is *radical* and tax-opposing to the extreme of ridiculousness.'

That the picture is overcharged, we do not mean to assert, but that it is highly-coloured, is evident upon a cursory view of its contents, which are as likely to appal as forewarn the unreflecting reader, who does not consider that the first four chapters, or 263 pages, are appropriated to the delineation of crime, with very brief sketches of any other character than the roguish. 'This was the butt, the end, and aim of the book, originally,' says the author, at page 265; 'but the employment would have afforded no satisfaction, if ultimate benefit were not likely to result from so much labour and peril; whilst the melancholy reflections all this waywardness must give rise to, are occasionally broken by an excursus now and then among mistaken individuals of the better orders of society.'

By comparing dates, we ascertain that some of the "Hints" first put forth by Mr. Bee, in 1817, have since been adopted into practice; and furthermore, the statements and observations of Mr. Peel, in his speech for the appointment of a committee, so far corroborate those of the present author, as to give credit to the evidence of both. In fact, there are certain points of internal policy, on which two opinions, when finall exercised, cannot disagree; and it must be confessed, that *Police*, o the right governing of the multitude, is among the most difficult of thes points. To the statesman and philanthropist, those *Hints* will constitute the main recommendation of this volume.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic and Foreign.

THE numbers of schools on the plan of mutual Instruction in Denmark, has greatly increased within the last few years. At the conclusion of 1823, there were in all Denmark only 507 schools of this description. At the end of 1824, there were 1017, in 1825, there were 1707, and in 1826, no fewer than 2007.

The Russians have, in Count Alexander Pusckin, a poet, whom say the foreign Journals, they cannot unjustly compare to Lord Byron, in originality, power, genius and immorality. When a student at Zarskozela, he composed an ode to Freedom, for which he was ordered to a distant province, by the Emperor Alexander. The Emperor Nicholas, soon after his accession, recalled the young poet, and is reported to have said to him. You possess great talents, which will soon develop themselves. Follow freely the bent of your genius, and if you find any obstructions from the censorship, come to me.

A letter from Rome announces the death of the learned and satirical Abbate Mariattini. He died in the greatest poverty, and his patron, Cardinal Pacca, paid the expences of his funeral. Among his posthumous papers, there is one entitled *l'Impostura degl' Antiquari Romani*, severely exposing the arrogance and errors of the Roman Antiquaries. It is believed that Cardinal Pacca will have it printed.

The following is a summary of the works, both original and translated, which were published, in different languages, in the Netherlands, during the years 1825, 1826, and 1827, exclusively of periodical works, journals, gazettes, &c.

	1825	1826	1827
Theology, ...	111	103	99
Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Natural Philosophy .	93	105	146
History, ...	94	96	96
Philology, Poetry, and the Drama, . . .	135	134	114
Miscellanies and Romances,.	246	325	286
Total—	679	763	741

The Library, and some other effects belonging to the late Mr. Canning, are, we hear, about to be brought to the hammer, by Mr. Christie.

The celebrated traveller, Edward Rüppel, is on the point of setting out for Abyssinia, with the purpose of exploring those parts which have not hitherto been visited by any European. The Senate of Frankfort, by an unanimous resolution, has granted him 1000 florins of annual income, for the ensuing seven or eight years, as well in acknowledgment of his former services, as to enable him, agreeably to his wish, to continue his scientific travels and researches.

A new steel-yard has been invented in France, which is said to possess greater accuracy than the description of that machine hitherto in use.

The Theocratist, a monthly publication, is about to be commenced; the object of which is to maintain the essential relation which subsists between religion and politics.

The Life and Correspondence, Public and Private, of the late Marquess Londonderry, are, it is said, in preparation for the next publishing season.

We lament to see it stated, that young Park has become another victim to African enterprise. A letter from Cape Coast Castle, to Mr. Secretary Hay, announces that he died in the Akimboo country, a little to the south-east of Accoa, some time in October.

A praiseworthy design is now about to be carried into effect, principally under the patronage and auspices of Mr. Agar Ellis, for the exhibition of national productions in arts, mechanics, manufactures, &c. &c.

At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, on the 14th ult., the two royal golden medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, given annually to individuals distinguished by the production of works eminent in literature, were adjudged to Crabbe, the poet, as the head of an original school of composition, and to Archdeacon Coxe, as the author of many volumes of great historical research.

A very complete French and Arabic Dictionary, by Ellicis Boethor, late professor of Arabic, in the Ecole Royale des Langues Orientales, at Paris, is now publishing under the patronage of Clermont Tonnère, by Cocassin de Perciva1.

Preparing for publication, a General Compendium of the County Histories of England.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, L.L.D., is preparing a Translation of the chief works of the celebrated Massillon, to be issued in parts, at moderate intervals of time.

A series of Treatises on the principal branches of manufacturing Chemistry, by Mr. Astley, of Edinburgh, is about to be published. The manufacture of Common Salt will form the subject of the first, which will shortly be published, separately, comprising full details of its history, physical, chemical, and economical; with suggestions for the material improvement of the manufacture; and a full digest of the results of experiments in the use of salt by agriculturists, since the repeal of the duty.

There is preparing, a work on the Present State of the Tenancy of Land in England, and the principal counties of Scotland and Wales, made from a recent survey, with the customs now most prevalent in the several counties, between landlord and tenant, and in-coming and out-going tenants. In this work, the mode of farming, as now practised, and the implements of husbandry in use, of recent introduction in the several counties, will be explained by a brief notice.

In the course of the present month will be published, intended for the use of students in the universities, A Treatise introductory to the Study of Physical Astronomy.

Mr. Britton announces a continuation of his former publication, or rather a new one, to illustrate 'The Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities,' consisting of views of castles, bars or gates, old houses, street views, &c.

A third edition of Mr. T. K. Hervey's Australia, &c., containing a great variety of additional poems, and embellished by a vignette title-page, is in the press, and will shortly be published.

A new poem, by the same author, is also in preparation.

Works in the Press.

Salmonia, or Dialogues on Fly-fishing, by an Angler, are announced for early publication. We understand that these are a series of colloquies after the manner, to a certain extent, of Isaac Walton, the composition of which has formed the occupation and entertainment of the leisure hours of Sir Humphrey Davy, since his retirement from the chair of the Royal Society.

We hear that Mr. Jacob has in the press, a volume of tracts on subjects connected with the corn trade and corn laws.

The Puffiad, a Satire, with an Introductory Epistle to an eminent Puffer.

Mr. Frederic Shoberl has nearly ready for publication, a duodecimo volume, entitled, the Present State of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments for its Propagation in all parts of the World.

A new edition of Mr. D'Israeli's Work; the Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius.

A volume of Miscellaneous Prose Tales, and Sketches of Society and Manners; to be entitled Waifs and Stays.

Scenes of Life and Shades of Character,

A Picturesque Tour of the river Thames, from its Source to the Mouth, forming a companion work to the Tours of the Rhine, Seine, and Ganges.

The Life and Times of Francis the First, of France.

The Second Series of the Romance of History, to comprise Tales of the Romantic History of France.

The Boarding-school and Teacher's Directory, or the Addresses of the best London Masters, in every department of Education, and of the principal Finishing and Preparatory Seminaries for young ladies and gentlemen, in and near the metropolis.

A new edition of Kitchener's Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life.

The Harp of Judah; a selection of pieces relating to the Jews; to which will be added, a few Poems on the subject of different religious societies.

Mr. H. W. Beechey is about to publish in Nos., of which the first is on the point of appearing, Views illustrative of the Scenery and Antiquities of Northern Africa.

A Tragedy, by Lord Morpeth, entitled, The Last of the Greeks, or the Fall of Constantinople.

The first number of a new lithographic work, entitled, Views on the Danube, taken on the spot, by J. R. Planché, and drawn on stone by L. Haghe, in his best manner.

Tales of the Wars of our Time. By the author of the Recollections of the Peninsula, &c.

Country Stories, Scenes, and Characters, forming a third series of Our Village; by Mary Russell Mitford.

Foscari, and Julian, Tragedies: by the same.

A new edition, with additions, of a Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps, by the Rev. J. A. Cramer, M. A., and H. L. Wickham, Esq.

A work, in parts, under the general title of India, and embracing the important topics connected with that country, by Mr. Rickards.

A complete History of an Action at Law, with Observations, proving the present practice of the courts of law to be absurd, expensive, and unjust.

Moral and Sacred Poetry, selected from the works of the most admired authors.

A new volume of Poems, by L. E. L. The two principal pieces are the Venetian Bracelet and the Lost Pleiad; the former being, we understand, more of a connected narrative or story than she has hitherto attempted.

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Beaufoy's Mexican. Illustrations, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Soane's Designs for Public and Private Buildings, royal folio, 3l. 3s.; India, 5l. 5s. bds.
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Histoire de la Legislation; par M. le Marquis de Pastoret.—Tomes VIII et IX. A Paris, de l'imprimerie royale, chez Treuttel et Würtz, libraires, rue de Bourbon, n^o 17 (1827).

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Art. I.—1. *Protestant Securities Suggested, in an Appeal to the Clerical Members of the University of Oxford.* By the Right Hon. R. Wilmot Horton, M. P. 8vo. pp. 199. London: Ridgway. 1828.

2. *Foreign and Domestic View of the Catholic Question.* By Henry Gally Knight, Esq. 2d Edition, 8vo. pp. 78. London: Ridgway. 1828.

However diversified and opposed may be the views which are adopted within or without the walls of Parliament, with respect to the measures lately proposed for the removal of Catholic disqualifications, there is one point on which all sides are agreed, that there is no question, at this moment, of more absorbing interest—none of greater importance—none which it is more essential to the best interests of the empire, should be speedily put an end to, than that which is commonly called the Roman Catholic Question. It might be designated with greater propriety, the Irish Question; or, perhaps in still more suitable phraseology, the Imperial Question; for upon the turn which it finally takes, depends the domestic tranquillity of these kingdoms, their weakness or their strength, their ascent to higher renown in the history of nations, or their downfall into inglorious servitude. It is no longer a question affecting a few lords and gentlemen. It has been brought home to the bosom of the reaper and the shepherd; of the weaver at his shuttle, and of the woodman in the forest; of the labourer in the fields, and the artizan in the towns. Here in England, it has roused the latent energies of the Catholics, and brought them forth from their chapels in numbers of which no man appeared to have entertained any idea; and in Ireland it has produced such a display of physical united strength, that the whole of its dense and fervent population breathe as it were with one breath, and shout with one voice, for the restitution of their rights. Secret oaths and private leagues, the midnight torch, the concealed chamber, the whisper, the sign of initiation, and all the paraphernalia of conspiracy have grown out of fashion, and have no longer any use in Ireland. Men now in that country talk their thoughts aloud—express them in the street—proclaim them in public assemblies, and diffuse them through the world by means of the press. Those who are distant from each other in locality, meet together in mind, by the assistance of that mighty enchanter—meet together and resolve, and petition, in unison, and are, as they have been truly described, an unexampled host of men claiming their liberties, with a "kingdom for their camp, and a nation for their army."

This is a question, therefore, which it is not only expedient, but absolutely necessary, to consider and decide upon, and that too with as little delay as possible. We cannot be deaf to the voice of a whole nation, sounding perpetually in one island, and re-echoed in the other. We cannot put them off with paltry excuses, that this is not a fit time to attend to their desires, and that they must come another time. They will listen to no excuses; they will hear of no arguments about time; they say that justice may be done at any time, and that it is only trifling with their wrongs, and adding insult to injury, to postpone their claims from day to day, as if they were only asking from a creditor the balance of an account which it was not quite convenient for him to liquidate at the moment. They may be kept back perhaps for a little while, by the strong arm of power, or by the fear of immediate bloodshed; but that arm, and those fears, will soon give way before one of those irresistible impulses, which hurry nations, as well as individuals, into despair, when they are too grievously oppressed, unless they are at once released from the thraldom of which they complain. There is no man to be found, who would say that this question can remain where it is. It must either stop, go backward, or forward. It cannot be quiescent; the spirit of the age forbids it to retrograde, and forward it must advance, whether we will or not, either to an explosion, or an adjustment; and it is for the people of England to say which they would prefer.

For our own parts, we have always supported the claims of the Catholics to their political rights, and that too upon the broadest possible grounds; and we still think that those rights of which they have long been so unjustly deprived, ought to be given back to them without diminution or qualification, and upon no terms save those which it becomes a proud nation to offer, and a nation equally proud, though not quite so wealthy, to accept. There never was raised in any part of the world, a more senseless cry than that which has been recently excited in this country, about what are termed securities, as if there were any possible to be devised, that could meet all the shadowy dangers which prejudice could fear, or imagination invent. If the Constitution be, as it undoubtedly is, one of freedom in principle, and utility in practice, its own character is a sufficient security for its permanence; for who would destroy, even if it were in his power, a system of law which gave him every advantage that he could hope to enjoy under any settled government? If the Church be, as it is represented, the true Church of Christ, has HE not promised to be with it, and to protect it, even to the consummation of the world? Is it not established by law? Is it not munificently endowed, seated on the throne, predominant in all our institutions, supported by three universities, guarded by many tribunals, and sustained by the learning and talents of a compact hierarchy, and a countless train of subordinate clergy? What further security can such a church require?

Yet as there are men, who, deeming themselves wiser than others in their generation, think that it behoves them to surround with safeguards an institution which nobody dreams of attacking, still less of subverting; and as in this world of ours, we must deal with human beings as we find them, let us consider whether it be practicable to purchase for them this play-thing for which they are so clamorous, this amulet which is to protect them from every noxious disease.

And in the first place, let us do Mr. Wilmot Horton the justice to say, that he looks upon this matter exactly in the same light that we do. He thinks securities utterly superfluous; but as in some influential quarters they are obstinately insisted upon, he enters into the question, with the intention of satisfying all parties. We believe him to be sincere and honest in the pursuit of that object, and sure we are, that in developing his ideas concerning it, he has evinced much ingenuity and talent, a perfect acquaintance with the rules and forms of the legislature, and with all the resources of its very complex machinery. He seems to have taken a world of trouble in framing his system, in adapting it to meet every possible objection, and to answer in every way the wishes of those whose hostility he is anxious to overcome, by removing all their apprehensions.

Three classes of securities have been devised from time to time, all with the ultimate view of preserving the Established Church from danger. Two of these, however, have been shaped particularly for the protection of the immediate temporal interests of the church, as they arise from its worldly possessions. The other rather contemplates the connection subsisting between the Catholic Church in these kingdoms, with the See of Rome: it seeks to regulate their intercourse, and place it upon such a footing that it might be open to the inspection, and subject, in a greater or less degree, to the control of the British government. To the two former classes belong a very ingenious scheme, proposed by Sir John Cox Hippisley, in the year 1816, and that which Mr. Horton has detailed in the first work on our list. To the latter class appertain the recommendations set forth in Mr. Gally Knight's pamphlet, and enforced by him with much good sense, and a masterly style of argument. We shall treat them in the order in which they are here enumerated.

Acting chiefly upon the precedent of a principle recognised in the Treaty of Westphalia, whereby the relative proportion of Catholic and Protestant members of the Diet was arranged in such a way, that neither party could affect by its votes, the interests of the other, in matters of religion, or of church property, Sir John Cox Hippisley proposed, that the number of Catholic peers and commoners admissible to Parliament should be limited, and governed by regulations which should always ensure to the Protestant peers and commoners a decided preponderance in the legislature.

Mr. Wilmot Horton endeavours to attain the same object, by different means. He suggests that there should be no limitation to the number of Catholics admissible to either house, but that all those admitted to seats in the legislature, should be disqualified by statute, from voting on any questions in which the property, discipline, maintenance, or extension of the Established Church might be concerned.

"It is obvious, that in order to carry either of these plans into effect, a great deal of machinery would be requisite, which need not be here detailed. We assume, for the sake of argument, that such machinery would be effective for its purpose, and it is scarcely necessary to add, that it would be wholly new to the constitution of either house of Parliament. The limitation of the number of Catholic peers and commoners, would not only be a novel principle, but one at variance, as we think, with the rights of the peerage, and of the electors generally, who ought to be at liberty to return those candidates whom they might consider best qualified to represent their interests, as well as those of the empire at large. It would say to the peers, that with the exception of some half dozen noble lords, they must all remain Protestants or Dissenters, or surrender their best privileges. It is true that the same condition is insisted upon by the laws, as they stand at present; but if these laws were altered in the way proposed, exceptions would be introduced, which at the same time that they would relieve a few Catholic peers, would impose stronger restrictions on the consciences of those peers who were not Catholic. Thus not only would those religious distinctions, which are now the subject of complaint, be more effectually legalized, and perpetuated, but a qualification of faith, hitherto applied only in a negative or indirect way, would be affirmatively enacted, and all those anomalies which arise from that source, already sufficiently prolific of mischief, would be continued and multiplied.

Mr. Horton's plan is open to the same objections, and even to others of a still more formidable nature. To send a Catholic into either house, and then to disqualify him from participating in all the duties which devolve on all other members, would be in the highest degree invidious and unconstitutional. In the House of Commons it would be particularly so, where the essential principle of the constitution, that no man should be taxed without his consent, would be materially affected, so far as that member and his constituents might be concerned. He might as well go into the house with one hand tied behind him. He would remind every body of the dog in Persius—

"——attamen illi,
Cum fugit, a collo trahitur pars longa catenæ."

We do not think that the precedents of the Bishops leaving the House of Lords, when any question affecting life, is put to the peers, or of commoners being disqualified from voting on any bills whereby their personal interests might be immediately promoted, are sufficient to sustain, or even to countenance, the principle here proposed. The bishops contend, that they have the right to vote on all questions whatsoever, which are agitated in their house, but that they choose, from respect for their sacred order, to abstain from passing judgment of life or death. The restriction imposed, and that too only by the rules of the house, on commoners, in cases where their own interests are concerned, is only the offspring of a just and recognised doctrine in our constitution, that no man shall be a judge in his own case. Besides, if they were allowed to violate that doctrine with impunity, they might as well turn the house at once into a stock exchange, and throw open the doors to corruption of every kind. The bishops, when they suspend their own rights, act from a feeling of delicacy; the personal disqualification of the commoners in the case supposed, is necessary to the maintenance of their honour and purity.

But to disqualify any member from voting upon questions touching the interests of the established religion—to disqualify him by statute—to permit him to speak upon them, but not to give his opinion any effect upon the ultimate decision of them, would be, to say the least of it, a solecism in legislation, which, if carried only a little farther, would render the House of Commons little better than an office for registering the decrees of the Protestant Hierarchy. Besides, it is not proposed, as it was provided in the treaty of Westphalia, that the disqualification should be reciprocal; that while the Catholic should be restrained from injuring the Protestant religion on the one hand, the Protestant should be prohibited from injuring the Catholic religion on the other.

Let us permit Mr. Horton to state his argument.

'It may, however, be observed, that these precedents do not involve a sufficiently strict analogy, inasmuch as they turn only upon *pecuniary interest*, and the Roman Catholic (it may be argued) has no pecuniary interest which should disqualify him for voting in cases affecting the Protestant church. To this objection I answer, that the principle involved in these instances is, that the state should not suffer in consequence of the existence of private interest and feeling. The quotations in the Appendix distinctly show that apprehensions are entertained, that the state will suffer from the private interest of Roman Catholics in relation to the Protestant religion; and, consequently, the defeasance of their power of voting on questions substantially affecting the interest of that religion, is justifiable on the ground of public interest. I have, therefore, cited these instances of defeasance in the two Houses of Parliament, not as direct analogical precedents, but as evidence of a constitutional power of defeasance of the right of voting in certain cases.

‘Lord Kenyon lays it down, in his communication to his late Majesty, that “either of the Houses of Parliament may, if they think proper, pass a bill, up to the extent of the most unreasonable requisition that can be made; and, provided sound policy and a sense of the duty they owe to the established religion of the country, do not operate on their minds, so as to prevent their doing what is improper, there is no statute law to prevent their entertaining and passing such bill, to abolish the episcopacy and the whole of the government and discipline of the Church of England, as now by law established.”

‘How far it might be constitutional for a king, who has taken the Coronation Oath, to assent to such a bill, is a question with respect to which I do not pause to inquire; but the admission of so extensive a principle appears to me to afford an additional argument in favour of the proposed disqualification: for, if it be abstractedly competent, without reference to the spirit of the constitution, for members of the two houses of parliament to proceed in so summary a manner, it is, at least, not unconstitutional, that Roman Catholics should be prevented from assisting in such a proceeding.

‘With reference, however, to the analogies of the retirement of the bishops in cases of blood, and the challenge of a vote in consequence of private interest, I beg it to be understood that I bring them forward, not as direct precedents, but to show that the principle of contingent defeasance of the right of voting is not foreign to the spirit and practice of the constitution. If, therefore, it be maintained, that there is no direct constitutional precedent for such a disqualification embodied in a statute, I cannot be brought to acknowledge the absence of such precedent as a reason for resisting the introduction of such a clause in an act of legislation; and I justify this opinion upon the general maxim, also repeated by Lord Kenyon, that the supreme power of a state cannot limit itself. In fact, what limitation of that supreme power could be more inconvenient, than that which would be involved in the doctrine, that, although the admission of a certain class of persons into the legislature, subject to a restriction of the right of voting *on one particular subject*, might probably, or at least possibly, produce the greatest public advantage, yet the legislature was precluded from sanctioning such admission, *because no restriction precisely analogous could be shewn in our constitutional history*? If this proposed disqualification could by possibility operate as a precedent in other cases, I should admit it to be dangerous; but I contend that this is the only disqualification which could or ought to form part of the Parliamentary law, inasmuch as there is no subject, except that of the Protestant religion, taken generally, with respect to which the Roman Catholic may not be presumed to have as sympathetic a feeling as the Protestant has. Whatever constitutional difficulty, therefore, may attach to the legislation

> of Roman Catholics with respect to the Established Church, it would be monstrous to allow that single exception to disqualify them as legislators on all other points.'—pp. 29—32.

When Mr. Horton resorts to the supreme power of the state, and to the doctrine of its unlimited faculties of legislation, he abandons his precedents, and even the constitution of this country, which has certainly some fundamental principles that cannot be altered or infringed, without destroying the great charter itself, and reducing the title on which Englishmen rest their titles, to a mere ideal existence, having no permanence, and not worth an hour's purchase.

There is, however, another precedent set forth by our author, which is, perhaps, more analogous to his proposition than any which we have yet touched upon.

> Nothing can be more evident, than that our constitution, as settled at the time of the Revolution, was essentially Protestant. Protestantism was bound up in it in every part of the volume, and the coronation oath simultaneously; and subsequent legislation, particularly at the periods of the Unions, combined for the purpose of maintaining that Protestant character. Now, I am prepared to contend, that the liability of property to be assessed for the church rate, is an incident which equally accrued to property at the period of the Revolution, when the constitution was struck, and received its present impress. At that period, the temporalities of the Protestant church were preserved, for the presumed interests of the state. If, therefore, a church-rate be levied, which is fairly and honourably necessary for Protestant interests, I contend that the Roman Catholic proprietor is not aggrieved by such incident; the Catholic has no more right to complain of grievance, than he has on the occurrence of a fine in a copyhold property. In both cases, he possesses the property subject to this contingent incident; and, as already remarked, the true remedy for abuse is a satisfactory appellate jurisdiction. In point of fact, the principle of excluding the Roman Catholic from voting upon Church rates in such instances, *notwithstanding he is now by law a constituent member of the vestry*, is directly in keeping with the proposed exclusion from legislation for the church in parliament; and if the relative position of the two religions in Ireland be dispassionately considered, it must be admitted that there is less anomaly involved under the restriction, than under the indiscriminate permission to Roman Catholics to vote in all cases in vestries.'—pp. 64, 66.

There is only one objection to this precedent. It is upon the face of it one of the grossest violations of the rights of property, that has ever yet received the sanction of a civilized legislature. That a Protestant should be enabled to tax a Catholic, and that no Catholic should have the power to tax a Protestant, for the support of his peculiar church and religion, is an anomaly so unjust, that it is neither more or less than spoliation under the form of law.

But without enlarging on this view of the matter, there is another which strikes us as being entitled to the most serious consideration.

We believe that the security now proposed by Mr. Horton, was submitted, for the first time, to the consideration of the public, in the pages of this Journal. In our fourth volume, (March, 1827), p. 245, we find the following paragraph:—

"It is not difficult, we think, to provide securities against all these imaginary dangers; we shall mention one, which has been suggested by a most respectable divine, and which appears to us quite unobjectionable. If complete emancipation be granted to the Catholics, let noblemen and gentlemen of that persuasion, who may have seats in either house of parliament, be *precluded by law from voting on any question essentially connected with the property or other concerns of the Protestant church*. This would be a simple, but a most effectual barrier against all the dangers which conscientious Protestants apprehend."

We own that we incline to think so still. We, perhaps, might wish to qualify the epithet *unobjectionable*, because, upon re-consideration, we think such a measure open to several objections of a constitutional nature, which did not occur to us at the time. But, we also feel, that however numerous and cogent those objections may be, they are founded only on the general principles of a constitution, which is itself vitally affected by the continuance of that much larger mass of Catholic disabilities, which now disgrace the statute book, and oppress and distract six or seven millions of men. It is, after all, but a question of degree in anomalies, and it cannot for a moment be doubted, that it would be less injurious to the safety, and less inconsistent with the essential character of the constitution, that Catholics should be prevented from voting on four questions in every hundred,* than that they should have no voice in the legislature at all. It certainly does "seem odd," to use the words of the enlightened and able divine already alluded to, "that the total exclusion of Catholics from Parliament, and consequently from voting upon any subject, should be deemed consistent with the constitution, and yet that a disqualification for voting upon one separate subject should be pronounced to be against the constitution."

There is another argument in favour of Mr. Horton's plan, which, perhaps, would go far to decide the question at once. It is this, that even if no disqualification of the kind proposed were enacted by statute, the Catholic members would, we are assured by high authority, from motives of conscience, uniformly act upon the principle which it contains. They do not seek to injure the property of the Established Church, and they could not, as Catholics, do any thing to promote its doctrines. They have already proclaimed in their declarations, which declarations have been signed by all the Catholic bishops in England, Scotland, and Ireland, that they consider the church property as much to belong to those in legal possession of it, as if it were the recognized legal property of private individuals. In Ireland, it is notorious, that Catholic gentlemen who are able to purchase estates, prefer those of which the titles rest on confiscation. This is a proof that they think the law the best of all guarantees for the security of property. It is, moreover, equally well known, that both in Ireland and England, the Catholics would much rather see their clergy retained in a situation of decent mediocrity, as to the means of subsistence, than raised to a degree of affluence which might render them inattentive to their spiritual duties. Luxury and ease, which are the results of all splendid endowments, necessarily induce the mind to be very reluctant in undertaking such severe occupations, as those which are presented in the confessional, at the side of the deathbed, in the pulpit, and on the altar. The Catholic clergy, at present, have no temptations from opulence to lead them out of the sphere of their profession, and it is, we believe, the unanimous desire of their various congregations, that they should ever remain so.

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* Such is the proportion of church questions compared with others on the average, as calculated by Mr. Horton (p. 50). Indeed, he reduces it to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

We come now to Mr. Gally Knight's pamphlet, and a better written, a more ably reasoned, or a better timed publication, we have not lately seen. Having spent some time abroad, he very properly thought that he could not better expiate a long absence from his own country, than by bringing back to it, on his return, something from which it might derive advantage. Would that half our tourists had made such good use of their time on the continent, as Mr. Knight has done! Would that they had returned to the land of their birth, with minds so enlightened and enlarged, with resolutions so laudable, and with ability so well calculated to give them effect!

Our limits do not permit us to insert all the extracts which we had marked in this admirable pamphlet. For one or two passages, however, we must find room.

'I am anxious to make an offering of whatever harvest I may have reaped in the course of extensive rambles; and, as one question appears to me to be more vital to the best interests of England than any other, so is it my particular wish to bear testimony to what I have seen, with reference to that particular question—I mean the expediency of making the Catholics *as ourselves*, or of perpetuating the separation.—And I am the more anxious to exhibit a sketch of what has been done, and is doing, in other lands, with regard to this question, because it is to be doubted whether many of my countrymen do not confine their judgment, on this subject, to more narrow limits than would otherwise be the case, by not sufficiently extending their views—by looking down, instead of looking up and around—by not sufficiently adverting to other countries, and other times, and drawing conclusions from examples which are before our eyes, and might afford the most striking illustrations—in short, by forgetting that there is any country in the world besides England—that there, in any continental Europe—any Scotland—any Ireland.

'How singular, how inexplicable, must it appear, that the great achievement, in the accomplishment of which you leave a neighbouring country rejoicing, should be declared impracticable in your own! How unintelligible that a few miles should make so great a difference.—You have seen the general gladness, you have partaken in the general exultation—you return to your own country in the fond imagination that the tidings of which you are the bearer, will make you the more welcome; and when you arrive, you find, to your astonishment, that every face lengthens at the very mention of the happy event—you are scoffed at as an enthusiast, or censured as a dangerous innovator, an enemy of the church, a disturber of public peace. Amazed and perplexed, you revolve the matter in your mind, and on seeking for an explanation of the mystery, you only find it in causes which increase your dejection.—Such is a faithful picture of the feelings it was my fate to experience on my return last autumn from Belgium to England.

'In Belgium, the great measure of the pacification of the Church (involving that of the State) had just been carried into effect.—All the country hailed this important event as the restoration of general peace, as the pledge of domestic tranquillity.—Some thought that better terms might have been obtained had the measure been adopted sooner; some thought that too much, and others that too little had been done—but all agreed in thanking God that the measure was at last effected. Such was the feeling in Belgium; and, in my own country, I find the door perseveringly closed—How can this be? Is there any so wide a difference in the forms of Government, in the habits, in the disposition of the two nations, as to make that desirable in the one which would be dangerous in the other? Is the one a free, the other a despotic, country—the one under the control of an absolute prince, the other at the disposition of an unrestrained people? Is the one enlightened, the other in darkness?—the one passive, the other volcanic? Let us inquire how this matter really stands, and observe the result. The country I left is one that has struggled for free institutions—that has successfully resisted a Catholic despot—that has risen into consequence from having secured the blessings of freedom, and pushed the resources of naval and commercial power. The older provinces of the kingdom are chiefly Protestant, but with an admixture of Catholics. The recently united states are almost exclusively Catholic.—The government is vested in a limited monarch, who is a Protestant,* and in two houses of parliament. Is this a contrast or a parallel? I left no Protestant populace in disorder, terrified with the renewed danger of faggot and flame, though the memory of Alva in that country might be supposed to have the full as much influence as that of Queen Mary in this. I left no reformed church anticipating immediate destruction.—No parliament expecting to be exclusively governed by the Catholics who form a part of its body. It was not anticipated that the Pope's bulls would supersede the law of

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* 'Though the new constitution of 1815, formed for the new kingdom, is silent on the subject of the religion of the monarch, yet there are various reasons, both personal and political, which make it next to certain that the king of the Netherlands, and his successors, will always remain Protestants.'

Holland, so that Leo XII. would excommunicate William I., and take possession of his kingdom until he should return to the bosom of the church. And yet it cannot be said,—at least, it cannot be said with truth—that *there* the case is widely different.' pp. 2—4.

We must observe that complaints have been made of late, of the mode in which some of the details of the arrangement made between the Pope and the king of the Netherlands, have been carried into effect. But we are convinced that there is great exaggeration in the reports that have been circulated on this subject, and that a little time will be sufficient to complete that pacification in Belgium, which has been so auspiciously begun. It is not to be expected that the mere signing of a treaty can immediately restore any country, that has been long agitated, to a condition of unruffled tranquillity. The ocean continues breaking on the shore, for some time after the storm that disturbed it has subsided. The example of Belgium, however, affords us this useful practical lesson, that, in a country very similar to our own, '*it has been considered expedient to carry the question*, and that the mere act of equalization *has*, of itself, produced quiet in the land.'

Mr. Knight next adduces the examples of Switzerland, Germany, Catholic Austria, and Catholic France, all of which have outstripped England in the race of justice.

'Germany' he considers as 'a vast and instructive field, containing an empire, five kingdoms, several grand duchies, independent principalities, and free towns; all sorts of interests, every form of religion, every modification of government. Nor can any case be more completely in point than the religious progress of Germany, from the beginning to the end—from the Reformation to the present hour. It is a country to which the eyes of Protestants will readily be directed, because it was there that the Reformation began. No country has been more the scene of religious warfare, or for a longer period. In no country have religious fervour, dissension, and confliction, been carried to a greater length; and no where might the mutual distrust and alarm, which arise from religious animosities, have been expected to endure for a longer period.

'A large portion of Europe, and three centuries of experience, compose the volume which lies open for our inspection; and what does this volume contain? In its earlier pages, I fear, we find the proof, that the fires of persecution are not alone lighted by Catholic hands;* that conscientious Catholics could be driven from their homes and obliged to seek refuge in foreign lands, to escape the fury of merciless Reformers—that each sect alike considered that they had a right to extirpate error by force—that Luther and Calvin, and their adherents, inflicted, as far as they had the power, the same measure of punishment that was denounced against their own followers by the Church of Rome. Shall we not, then, admit, that it is better to bury the chapter of persecution in eternal oblivion? None of us can throw the first stone; and none of us can fear the recurrence of the danger, because it is only in times of darkness and violence that such atrocities have taken place. They are foreign to the genius of the nineteenth century.

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* 'The last victims of persecution, in England, suffered at the command of the Protestant King, James I., in the ninth year of whose reign two Arians were burnt. The Act De comburendo Heretico was not abolished in Ireland till the 7th of William III.'

'We need not dwell on the pages which are written in characters of blood, longer than to observe what a sum of human misery arises from the indulgence of human passion. We are taught, however, that after such convulsions, much time is required before men can be cool enough to give their judgment fair play. It is long before they discover that they have mistaken the dictates of passion for those of reason—and that the fears which they still entertain, apply to circumstances which have long ceased to exist. The advocates for liberal measures should, on these grounds, be indulgent to those who have not kept pace with themselves—because the continuation of fear, after all danger is past, is only the customary temper of the human mind; but the late sleepers should be awakened at last, when reminded that the night is really past, and the sun already high in the heavens.

'Having gone through the stages of violence and heat, the breaking up of elements, and the operation of central fire, we at length come to the blessed period when the waters of destruction begin to subside; but this was, as it could only be, a gradual process. After repeated hostilities, prosecuted with various fortune, equal rancour, and reciprocal devastation, the followers of either persuasion were taught the necessity of mutual concession; the pretensions of either party were equitably adjusted, and the peace of Westphalia gave comparative tranquillity to Germany. But recent contention prolonged hostile feelings, and it was long before liberality was adopted as a system. Enlightened princes became illustrious innovators in the states within their own jurisdiction. The reforms introduced by Joseph II. established the doctrine of equal rights in the empire of Austria; but it was not till the congress of Vienna (1815) that the work of emancipation was completed for the whole of Germany: it was then that tranquillity was bestowed upon thirty-eight different states with a stroke of the pen. Two lines secured the peace and happiness of millions. We find these lines in the Federative Constitution of Germany, as agreed upon by the envoys and deputies of all the German states, at the general congress. Of that constitution, the following is the sixteenth article:

'"*The different Christian sects in the countries and territories of the Germanic Confederation, shall not experience any difference in the enjoyment of civil and political rights.*"

'A sentence which deserves to be written in letters of gold; a sentence which does eternal honour to those who framed it.'—pp. 6—10.

Such, observes Mr. Knight, is the glorious end of the history of the religious vicissitudes of Germany. The arguments with which he follows up this part of his subject, appear to us unanswerable.

'How can we fail,' he asks, 'to be struck by the example of so many countries—how can we longer believe that what is actually accomplished in Holland, in Prussia, in Austria, in Bavaria, in Wurtemberg, in Hanover—in a word, in the whole of Germany, would not be safe in England?

Is it not mortifying to be obliged to acknowledge, that England is the most illiberal of all civilized countries—we might wish to be the first, we are the last. Shall we continue to remain so melancholy an exception?

'What has been done in Catholic France? In what manner have these dreaded and cruel Catholics conducted themselves with regard to their Protestant brethren? The most complete equality of civil rights has long been established. The Catholic and Protestant clergy are equally provided for by the state; and the allowance to the Protestant clergy is greater than that to the Catholic, because they marry. Protestants are admissible to the highest offices; and it was but the other day that this Catholic country, jealous of the possibility of Papal influence, took the education of youth out of the hands of the Jesuits, and appointed a minister whose peculiar province it is to superintend the education of all persuasions.

'Shall we be less liberal than those whom we charge with a narrow disposition of mind? Is it in England alone that we will not perceive that the hour of danger is past—that the circumstances of Europe are changed, that the world is more enlightened than it was—that the thunders of Rome are become innocuous as those of the theatre, and that it is time for the belligerents of every persuasion to throw down their arms?—pp. 11, 12.'

Our author then proceeds to demonstrate three propositions, viz. that whatever was noxious in the influence of the Papal power, was confined to an age of barbarism and ignorance; that Catholic nations are equally jealous with ourselves of Papal interference in temporal matters; and that the character of religion merely depends upon that of the government. Without stopping to exhibit the masterly arguments and illustrations, derived from history, with which these propositions are maintained and enforced, we shall proceed to the arrangements which Mr. Knight suggests, with the view of settling the Catholic question. He recommends, in the first place, that there should be a direct communication established between our government and the court of Rome, after the example of other Protestant countries. He then mentions the case of Prussia, a kingdom in which the Catholics are numerous. Here the sovereign has the absolute nomination of the Catholic bishops, in addition to which he possesses the following securities.

'No legate, nuncio, or minister of Rome is permitted to enter the Prussian territories.

'No communication either *with* Rome, or *from* Rome, on any pretext, or for any purpose, is permitted, *except through the organs of government.*

'At Berlin there is a minister for ecclesiastical affairs, and at Rome, there is a Prussian resident minister. These are the channels through which every thing secular or ecclesiastical, relating to Catholics, transmitted to Rome, or coming from Rome, must invariably pass. No other mode of correspondence is legal.

'The minister of ecclesiastical affairs is usually of the reformed church, but he is assisted by a board indiscriminately composed of reformed and Catholics.

'No Papal bull has the validity of law, unless transmitted through the proper channel, and sanctioned by the royal *exequatur*.

'The minister of ecclesiastical affairs is also at the head of all public education, and in this capacity, though the instruction of the youth destined for the Catholic Church is always entrusted to Catholics, the minister of government has a general superintendence of the nature and manner of their education.

In Prussia it is a maxim to educate Catholics and Protestants, as much as possible, *together*—those who are, and those who are not, destined for the church, the sons of the first families, as well as the poor children—whether at school or at college. Every convenience is afforded for the religious instruction of either persuasion; no attempt is made to divert either the one or the other from the creed of his forefathers; and education in common, conducted on these principles, is found, not to effect any change in religious opinions, but to remove prejudices, assimilate character, and promote good-will, in the rising generation, both Catholic and Protestant.

'Proselytism is discouraged both in the members of the Established Church, and in the Catholic.

'Catholics, as has been stated, are eligible to every employment, civil or military.

'No contribution is required from the Catholics towards the maintenance of the established church, whether in the shape of tithes, rates, or for the building or repairs of churches.

'Almost all monasteries have been suppressed, and no persons are, hereafter, to be allowed to take the vows, with the exception of two orders, male and female, who devote themselves to the service of the hospitals; and the Ursuline nuns, who are solely occupied in education.

'No Jesuit has been permitted to enter the Prussian territory; which prohibition is the more easily maintained, as the bull which revives the Order, only permits the Jesuits to return to *such countries as may be disposed to receive them*.'—pp. 65—67.

It will have been perceived, that in Prussia the sovereign enjoys an almost entire dominion over the administration of the Catholic Church; but that on the other hand, the Catholic is not required, as in England, to pay tithes for the support of the Protestant Church.

In the kingdom of Hanover, strange to say, the Pope obtained terms much more favourable. Not only were the two Catholic bishopricks of Hildesheim and Osnaburgh restored, but the churches and bishops were endowed with a suitable revenue, and an endowed seminary was attached to each bishoprick. The mode of electing a new bishop is very different from that established in Prussia.

'The chapter sends in to the ministry, within a month after the vacancy takes place, a list of candidates, who may be selected from the whole body of the clergy, so long as they shall have attained the age of thirty—be well born, distinguished for their knowledge of theology and canon law—have exercised the cure of souls, or filled a professor's chair with credit—excelled in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs—enjoy the best reputation, and be without reproach either as to learning or morals—and if any of the candidates are less acceptable to government, ministers are at liberty to strike out the names, so long as there remain the means of coming to an election. The chapter then proceed to elect according to the forms of canon law, and the Pope confirms the election.

‘The bishop and chapter, in turns, elect the other dignitaries of the church, sending in a list in the same manner to the ministry, and effacing the names of persons either disapproved or suspected.

‘The ecclesiastical affairs are conducted by a minister resident at Rome, and a mixed consistory court at Hanover.

‘No convents are allowed.’—pp. 69, 70.

We now come to the Netherlands.

‘The mode of election is the same as in Hanover.

‘The bishops, and the rest of the Catholic clergy, are to be provided for by the state; the amount of the salaries is left to the king.

‘The new bishop takes the following oath of allegiance:—

‘“I swear and promise, before God and the holy gospels, obedience and fidelity to his majesty, the King of the Netherlands, my lawful sovereign. I promise, also, to hold no correspondence, to assist at no consultation, to enter into no league, whether without or within the kingdom, which may be against the public peace—and if I learn that, either in my diocess, or any where else, any machinations are taking place against the good of the state, I will make it known to the king.”

‘The youth destined for the Catholic church are to be educated at Catholic seminaries, but are to be instructed in the liberal sciences as well as in theology. The seminaries are to be paid by the state.

‘The bull annuls all former bulls, and concludes with the same anathema.

‘All offices and employments, civil and military, are alike open to Catholics and Protestants in Belgium.

‘Catholics sit in both houses of parliament, and Catholic bishops are admissible to the upper house, by permission of the king, without having a right to sit there except by royal appointment.

‘The publication of the bull had the immediate effect of quieting the discontents.’—pp. 71, 72.

We have laid before the reader the ecclesiastical arrangements subsisting between the Court of Rome, and three of the Protestant powers of Europe; not so much for the purpose of suggesting any one of those as exactly suitable to the situation of England, but in order to show that the sovereigns of those countries have not laboured under that horror of the Pope, which pervades our own statute book. At the same time, we think that two or three statesmen, who should fully and honestly address their minds to the subject, might, without any great difficulty, extract from the materials which Mr. Knight has collected, the principles of an adjustment which would finally conciliate all parties. At present there are great jealousies on both sides,. The Protestant fears that the Catholics are anxious for political power, in order that they might be enabled to plunder his church and subvert his religion. The Catholics are equally apprehensive that if a Protestant sovereign possessed any influence in the appointment of their bishops, he would use it for the purpose of corrupting their clergy, and eradicating their faith from the land. Both parties are in the wrong for entertaining such notions. They are both of them led into error by mere phantoms of the brain. We know that in the Canadas a Protestant King appoints Catholic bishops, and has done so for some years, without causing any detriment to their religion, and indeed without even appearing to foster such a design for a moment. We know also that in France, a Catholic monarch protects the Protestant religion; and that in no part of the world are the principles of civil and religious liberty better known or more generously acted upon.

If, upon a fair consideration of the whole subject, it would appear that no ecclesiastical arrangement that could be proposed on one side, and agreed to on the other, would be sufficient to remove any reasonable apprehensions that might be entertained by the Protestants, then it might be seen whether some additional securities might not be obtained from the adoption of Sir John Cox Hippisley's plan, or Mr. Horton's plan, or even both of them combined, for they are not incompatible. They might, at least, if it were necessary to conciliate any very obstinate opponents, be adopted, either to their fullest extent, or partially, for a limited time—say ten or twenty years. During that period the country would have an opportunity of judging whether the Catholics have been so ardent in pursuit of their own liberties, merely that they might render them subservient to the domination of their religion; or whether, as we believe to be the fact, they are only claiming for themselves that equality of civil rights with their fellow subjects, which they would claim (as they did in the recent case of the Dissenters), for others, who, like themselves, were suffering for conscience sake.

In conclusion, we gladly seize this opportunity of congratulating the Dissenters on the enactment of the law which has relieved them from the sacramental test. We were among the first to advocate their cause, and although we must regret that the measure did not finally pass in the shape in which it was originally carried through the House of Commons, yet we cannot but hail it as forming a great and important epoch in the annals of civil and religious liberty in this country.

Art. II.—*A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, giving some Account of the Operas of Munich, Dresden, Berlin, &c., with Remarks upon the Church Music, Singers, Performers, and Composers; and a Sample of the Pleasures and Inconveniences that await the Lover of Art on a similar Excursion.* By a Musical Professor. 8vo. pp. 286. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds. London: Hunt & Clarke. 1828.

If the late general peace had no political good consequence, it was certainly a consummation most desirable in one respect, for it broke that long quarantine, during which, shut up in our insular prison, we had time to grow up in anti-social prejudices; all those feelings and sympathies which, in a state of extended society, radiate towards our kind, being turned as it were back on ourselves, and giving pernicious nourishment to the principle of self-attachment. Nations as well as individuals may become solitary: the effects in either case will be the same. It was therefore a great point for us to have been enlarged—to have been able to go into the great world, and get ridiculed in all manner of ways out of that barbarous idolatry of ourselves, and every thing belonging to us, which we had undoubtedly contracted to an enormous degree in our retirement. There was not such a paragon of perfection under the sun (according to his own sovereign authority), when he went abroad, as the bulky boasting John Bull, with his name in the account book of Threadneedle Street, opposite five figures of Consols! The people in Paris and Frankfort, and the other cities of the Continent, knew him, when he descended amongst them, by his impatience of the place—by the restlessness of his sublime spirit to be freed from the commerce of inferior creatures. They had nothing fit to be seen, to be heard, or to be tasted, by this superlative visitor. Their churches were presumptuously tall, because they might have risen above the tiles of St. Botolph's—their streets were condemned, because they acknowledged no resemblance with the Strand—in short, their up-rising and down-setting, their baking and cooking, and tailoring, whatever they did, or whatever they refrained from doing, were all only so many abuses of man's liberty over the blessings that were placed within his reach. But John began to look about him when he found that he had to pay toll for the luxury of indulging his contempt of all the world; when the landlords sent in bills for the broken glass, and the spoiled sofas, which, in his supreme indifference for every body around him, he had sported with as of no value. The appeal to his pocket was irresistible: a pecuniary argument is worth Aristotle on a man's side: John submitted to the ceremony of being *drawn* through the counting-house, and was exorcised of his self-sufficiency.

It is a great primâ facie reason for distrusting the judgment of any English traveller, who, at this time of day, after twelve or thirteen years of intimacy with foreign countries, manifests even to a small extent the existence within him of the old leaven of national pride, that is so intolerant of dissent in every thing where it has fixed its choice. It operates like a blight upon the fairest genius, and reduces to nothing the claims which a writer of the best qualifications for entertaining and instructing his countrymen may otherwise possess. The reader will anticipate that we are about to apply this description to the author before us. We undoubtedly think him a man of no ordinary talents: he writes with force and elegance, and knows how to give the charm of interest to subjects that are not commonly deemed susceptible of it: he has apparently great knowledge of the science of music; in every reader's mind he will have established an unquestionable right to propound dogmas upon important questions connected with it; and, what is more extraordinary, in a man whom we have to condemn for the most puerile ebullitions of national conceit, he seems not to be destitute of that philosophy, the result as much of kindliness of nature, as it is of long knowledge of the world, which, one would think, ought to have rendered him a milder, if not a less prejudiced, umpire between foreign institutions and manners, and his own. Besides, upon many matters he is the saddest of all blunderers: to complete a sentence with effect is often his greatest glory, nothing troubled at the magnitude of the absurdity which it may involve. The clap traps about Priests and Catholic ceremonies ought now to be beneath the adoption of any well regulated mind. The time is now happily passed when writers may be flippant on such subjects with impunity, and gross without offence: our character as a nation is too just, we are grown too enlightened as a people, to encourage any longer that class of interested scribblers who found ready gain in the propagation of the vilest scandals about countries, which we had no opportunity of studying for ourselves; and if we speak harshly of our author, for having suffered himself to approximate to that nearly extinguished generation of slanderers, it is because we feel sensibly that the writer of a volume of interesting and profitable entertainment should have so gratuitously marred the effect of his own labours.

It appears from this work that the Germans are, like the Italians, essentially a musical people, and that the cultivation of the art forms a part of their routine employments. Every great town has its opera: the performers are not there, as with us, the mere creatures of public encouragement; the instinctive love of music, which exists in the nature of the Germans, multiplies artists, between whom and the population there is a reciprocal influence, which immediately tends to extend and perpetuate a taste for the art amongst them. Our author awards to Germany the superiority in vocal and wind-instrument performers, over this country; but in following up the comparison, he seems to us altogether strangely forgetful of the fact, that amongst us music can be said to be little more than an acquirement, recommended by fashion, and received only on its authority. As soon as we see a King's Theatre in York and Bristol, we shall then think ourselves at liberty to cope for musical character with a people who can boast of an orchestra in every city of their country.

From Antwerp, where the tour commenced, to Frankfort, nothing very striking occurred to this traveller; but with the cheerful aspect of the latter city, he appears to have been quite charmed.

'It was in this city,' he observes, 'that I first became acquainted with German operatic performances. The opera-house here may, at a rough guess, be compared in size to the Lyceum Theatre; and it does not appear very favourable to the conveyance of sound, if one may so judge from the flatness with which it falls upon the ear. The orchestra consists of about forty-five musicians, of which the wind instruments, particularly the horns and clarionets, are good, but the stringed band wants weight, as well as both more bass; the violins seem to be always *con sordini.* The performers, vocal and instrumental, are all under the domination of the opera director; who, placed on an elevation in the front of the orchestra, gives the cue to all, very properly setting aside the offices of leader, chorus director, &c. which in England frequently causes the band and singers to be wandering in opposite directions. M. Guhr, who is maestro di capella, and director of the music at the Frankfort theatre, takes his stand with the score before him, and his baton of office, and sees that the musicians attend to their parts, though there seems to be little fear that they will be omitted through carelessness and indifference. The musicians in London, particularly the wind-instrument players, often exasperate a composer by omitting the *solos* which are set down for them, and from the lenience of the leader towards these mistakes, the poor author frequently receives the most unjust misrepresentation.

'Boieldieu's opera, "Das weisse Fräulein," was in fashion during my visit to Frankfort, and nothing could exceed the regularity and precision in which the chorusses in it were performed; throughout the whole, the *ensemble* was strict, and the nicety of intonation exact; the accompanied recitatives, or rather *musica parlante*, in which the instruments are not regulated by any definite time, reminded me of the best days of our Italian opera. Here is a very agreeable tenor singer, M. Nieser, whose voice in the sweetness of its quality resembles that of Curioni; but with this advantage, that it is always in tune, and that his style is destitute of all flummery and impertinence. I was pleased to hear theatrical music without those vulgar appeals in the shape of long shakes, tremendous roars, runs and cadences of all kinds, the abomination of our public performances; and though they produce applause, so easily acquired, that few of our singers cannot boast a good stock of them. M. Dobler, a bass singer, must be also recorded as possessing a pretty good voice—perhaps a little too fat and *quaggy* in its depth, if rigorously criticised. The theatre is not rich in female talent; yet the performance of Mademoiselle Haus deserves notice, not only from the unpretending style in which she executed her songs, but from the very remarkable facility with which she reached and dwelt upon the highest notes. The concerted pieces, which best shew the strength of an opera company, were very long; and here, as the quality of the voices did not provoke individual criticism, I was much pleased by the musician-like style in which they were performed. No ornamental notes were introduced which did not belong to the harmony; a sin of which public singers are too frequently guilty, and which results from the want of a well-grounded education in the science.'—pp. 37—40.

Proceeding to Darmstadt, our author is very much pleased and amused at the condition of society in that happy state, which seems to unite at once, the simplicity of ancient manners with the refinements of modern civilization. The grand Duke of this place is the most celebrated amateur in Germany: he not only encourages the art by his liberality, but he actually superintends the rehearsals himself, to which circumstance the author attributes the exemption of the musical circles in Darmstadt, from those jealousies, intrigues, and sqabbles, which unfortunately prevail in almost every other.

'This venerable nobleman, now between seventy and eighty years of age, may on such occasions be generally seen standing at a music-desk on the stage, and directing the orchestra with the blandest and most affable demeanour. He appears to be the remnant of a tall well-built man, though his military uniform and sword show as if in mockery of a paralytic contraction which has bowed the wearer's head nearly to his chest. The grand-duke is, however, still capable of considerable vivacity, which I am informed he principally displays in saluting those ladies who sing to his satisfaction; he is lucky if in the discharge of this important duty he meets with few struggles, much less an imitation of the classic flight of Aretheusa from Alpheus.

'The road to promotion and court favour in this little state lies in musical skill, for an aide-de-camp of the duke's gave the time to the chorusses; so that with this exalted assistance the capell-meister, M. Mongald, had nearly a sinecure. The rehearsal was soon despatched, as the opera had been before played, and the duke merely required a *finale* and one or two other movements to be tried.

'Darmstadt is a place of splendid buildings, squares, and fountains; there is no poverty to be seen about it; and so great is the courtesy of the inhabitants to a stranger, that it becomes almost a necessity that he walk with his hat in his hand. Their politeness is entirely free from servility, it springs from kindness of heart; and where, in a thinly-peopled state, one has leisure for these urbanities, they are worth all the less exacting but stupid and brutal sulkiness to be found in the world.

'About ten steps from the door of the opera-house lead to the open gardens of the duke, and thus may be enjoyed at the same time the highest luxury of a civilized city and rural life. It is in this quiet retirement, and in the calmness of evening, that the beauties of music and the merits of the performers are generally discussed; and among the youths and maidens there appear sundry other discussions,to which green trees, moonlight, a soft air, and the fragrance of flowers are marvellous incentives. I could not help envying the peaceful life of some of the musicians, whom I met after their pleasant labour, returning home alone by these beautiful paths. There can be no fitter place for the chewing the cud of a pleasant fancy, or for feeling the "dainty sweet" of "lovely melancholy."' pp. 46—48.

The arrival of our author at Munich, gives him an opportunity of speaking of the great composer, Winter, to whom it boasts of having given birth. He then gives an account of the performances at the opera-house, and of the merits of the principal singers. Mademoiselle Schweitzer, seems to have attracted much of his admiration in the character of Desdemona, in Rossini's Otello. A great deal of this interest may be accounted for by the singular circumstance of her presenting a graceful and attractive person, although deprived of a leg, for which a cork one is substituted. Sacred music flourishes in this city beyond all other places in Germany; and the author, for once laying aside his prejudices, acknowledges that the effect of the Catholic religion amongst its population, is to diffuse universal cheerfulness throughout the whole of Bavaria; indeed, he does not hesitate to admit, that notwithstanding the admitted piety of the people, " human nature is there a very pleasant and good-natured thing."—p. 73.

The German dilletanti do not appear to be at all ashamed of exhibiting their enthusiasm for the art. Having some business with an ambassador at Munich, our visitor was ushered into the chamber of audience by a domestic.—

> 'Where,' he continues, 'I found the secretary of that accomplished diplomatist, having thrown aside his papers and documents, standing in his shirt over a violin concerto of Mayseder, and labouring hard at its passages. It was evident he did not expect visitors. Having therefore apologized for receiving me in that airy dress, which I presume he had selected during the warm weather for a greater freedom of his bow-arm, he laid down his instrument, and retiring into an inner chamber, came forth in a morning-gown, and settled my business with perfect coolness and composure. A rencontre of this kind is so completely opposed to the formality and cermony which is naturally expected in official people, that it upsets one's gravity for the instant, but upon maturer reflection it should produce admiration at that indifference to vulgar prejudices and decorum, which does not sacrifice a tasteful employment, or a buoyant costume, for the risk of being surprised in a lapse of dignity.'—p. 74.

Some specimens of our English composers are now beginning to make their appearance in Germany. They come out in numbers, but as yet the selection has been so ignorantly conducted, as to do little more than confirm the impression in that country, that we cannot get beyond a ditty.

Our traveller proceeded to the city of Vienna, down the Danube, and the description of that expedition is exceedingly lively and interesting: characters and manners are touched off with equal force and facility. The state of the opera in this capital demanded the author's immediate attention, and the result of his experience and inquiries is summed up in the following sketch.

> 'The three stars of the opera at present in Vienna, are Mademoiselle Lalande, Signor David, and Signor Lablache. The young lady was born in France, but was removed into Italy whilst very young, for her musical education, and she now holds the rank of member of the Philharmonic Society in Bologna. As a prima donna, Mademoiselle Lalande reminds me of Madame Ronzi di Begnis, in the force and energy of her style; but, with an equality of talent as a musician and a charming person, as an actress she falls far short in the comparison. David, the first tenor, may be reckoned old for a singer; his voice is tremulous, his face effeminate, and his person thin and attenuated. In former days there was doubtless some foundation for the praise which has been lavished upon this singer by those who have visited Italy, but at present he discovers

little to warrant his great fame, unless we perceive it in a style full of that *frippery* for which Crivelli and Garcia have made themselves remarkable. David has the appearance of an antiquated beauty; his throat is whitened, his features look enamelled, and, except when exerting himself in his *falsetto* to reach F. (at which time they are moulded into a shape something between smiling and weeping) they are immovable. He, too, like some singers of the day, has a favourite note in his voice, which he throws out with great fervour, and once or twice I could not help thinking, that had he just been shipwrecked, and was clinging to a plank in the bay of Biscay, he could not have made more noise to hail a ship that was passing, than he did on a dry stage for the sake of Pacini's opera. David does not want feeling, if he would but in some degree sacrifice the graces, instead of sacrificing to them: but there is in the Italian opera such a temptation to the singer to supply the melody of a song, on account of the sketchy nature of the original, that if he overshoot the mark, some frailty may be pardoned. The bass singer Lablache is a tall, stout, handsome, and good-natured-looking Neapolitan. He appeared in Amazilia as a cacique of Indians, and strode about the stage, brandishing a massive club, and burlesquing with the most extravagant action a part which would have been as contemptible as absurd, if attempted to be played *seriously*. He is a good singer, but on this occasion his angry voice was like the bellowing of an enraged bull, and the assumed violence was in keeping with his gestures, and a relief to the feelings of the audience. Lablache is a great favourite with the ladies of Vienna: the guerdon of his services has less of noisy applause in it, and more of "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," than that of others. The price of admittance into the opera-house here is four times that of the theatre at Munich, and the band and chorus are far inferior. The director of the music is Weigl; this composer takes his place in the orchestra in so plain a costume, that his jean coat appears as though it had been doing good service in his study five minutes before; and it is thus proved (a fact hardly to be believed in England) that music may be conducted although its conductor be not invested with the dignity of full dress.'—pp. 119—121.

Next follow accounts of the state of sacred music, and the manner of conducting public concerts in Vienna, which include many curious details connected with the history of several modern composers of Germany, and their works. Amongst the passages of greatest interest in this part of the volume, those which embrace a very graphic account of the latter years of Mozart, will not fail to fix the attention of the reader. The description is derived from the Abbé Stadler, the early friend of the great master, and was communicated to our author by the venerable ecclesiastic himself. The whole of what relates to the celebrated composer, would be inconveniently long to transcribe. We must content ourselves therefore with the following paragraph.

'Talk with the kind abbé of Mozart, and he warms into rapture, tells of an inspired being, who within a short space put forth more exquisite works than have been ever devised in the longest life, of a being full of affection, sensibility, and sociality, who was once his intimate and associate; and as he lingers fondly over old scenes, he may say, as he did to me, "All these things have long passed away, but I am here still." In the Abbé Stadler I saw the *real* tomb of Mozart; and few of those who have lived in marble for two hundred years may boast such honour as to have their remembrance last fresh and ardent in the warm bosom of a human being for forty. The acquaintance of the Abbé Stadler with Mozart, commenced when the latter was nine years old. The score of the original MSS. was produced, or rather part of it, from the *Dies Iræ* to the *Sanctus* (the rest being in the custody of Eybler, the Hof capell-meister): its appearance, and the melancholy history connected with its composition, which I believe every one knows took place while the author was hurrying to the grave, filled me with a crowd of emotions. One of them was like that which a devotee would experience on seeing an undoubted relic of his favourite saint—the thin, sickly fingers that had pressed that paper, the pale anxious face that had been bending over it—how must Mozart have looked, and how felt, when penning the *Lachrymosa* and the *Rex tremendæ*—his being sublimating to an essence, to his fingers' ends and in his feet must he have felt the intense pleasure of creating, his mortality all the time wrestling with the deity within. No one of sensibility could have written the Requiem without a great shock to his physical strength; he must have lived in a fever of thought, have trodden the air unclogged by "this vile body;" nay, I think that even if a ruddy Devonshire farmer could have produced it, *knowing* what he was doing, it would have made a ghost of him. The notes are small and clear, but there is a hurry and dash in the strokes by which they are joined together, which show the ardour and completeness of the author's design. There are no alterations, and it is the first transcript of Mozart's mind. In some of the passages I thought I could discern a tremulousness in the marks, which seemed as if he apprehended life would be gone before he could make his thoughts eternal; or did he tremble from contact with their extreme beauty, as the bee seems to do when he grapples with a flower? The *Recordare* appears most carefully written; the score is not full; wherever there is a duplicate part, it is filled up by an assistant, but the figures are carefully marked in Mozart's own hand. Two observations are suggested by the sight of this work: first, how by a few strokes a great genius goes farther in the result than the most painful elaboration of thought will arrive at, and also how certain habits of thinking allow a man in the hastiest composition to defy with safety the sternest and most unrelenting criticism to find a fault, and to which indeed, were it the subject of a lecture, the professor's exordium might be, "This is perfection of its kind." The Abbé Stadler also possesses the desk at which Mozart *stood* when engaged in composition: it is a deal one, painted, but its coat is the worse for wear.' —pp. 130—133.

Our author visited the then recent grave of the unhappy Beethoven, which is situated in the cemetery of the quiet village of Wahringe, the prettiest outlet of Vienna. His reflections upon the fate of that ill-starred son of genius, are natural and striking, and the comparison instituted between him and Mozart, as the great supporters of the German school of music, is characterized by a profound knowledge of the merits of those two masters.

The tourist pleasantly conducts us through Prague and Dresden, to Berlin, rapidly sketching the existing state of music in each city, and noticing the pretensions of the composers and performers most in vogue amongst the inhabitants of these places. At one of the theatres in Berlin, (not the German Opera-house), the author had the good fortune to see *the* Sontag who is now witching our metropolis with the combined charms of music and beauty; by the testimony of our author, this lady had been the object of as much enthusiasm in Berlin as she is now in London, but if his judgment is allowed to prevail, the measure of her popularity very much exceeds her genuine deserts.

'At the König Städtisches Theater (there are three here in constant play), Mademoiselle Sontag is the presiding deity—the goddess of the students, and the Vestris of Berlin: and few there are whose hearts are fenced with such impenetrable stuff as to rebel against her sovereignty, or refuse to adore. When the lady plays, the doors and lobby of the theatre are beset by all the wild youths of the city, each of whom would consider himself a traitor to the cause of beauty, if he did not contribute all that in him lay to make the entrance as much like a bear-garden as possible: there is no such thing as attaining to a song here but at the expense of *mobbing*, rib-squeezing, and considerable condensation of the person. Those who expect to find in Mademoiselle Sontag a musical genius, will be disappointed: nor do I think her fame would have reached England, had it not been for certain circumstances of gossip unconnected with her profession. The lady is of middling height, well formed, with fair hair, and a set of little features which have a kind expression in them. To venture upon elaborate praise of the complexion and shape of an actress, as it may involve an eulogium on the perfumer or staymaker, which is not intended for those worthies, would be imprudent as well as presumptuous. Mademoiselle Sontag has a pleasant quality of voice, with a small quantity of tone in it, but with plenty of flexibility; an endowment which she displays so frequently, that if one could but check the fluttering, unstable, whimsical little creature, a long breathing clear note would be invaluable. Her highest praise is said to be, that she sings Rossini's music perfectly, and joins to this great *naiveté* in her acting, and that such qualifications for a performer are seldom found in company.

'In a French opera by Auber, of which the German version is called Der Schnee (The Snow), Mademoiselle Sontag turns the heads of the whole town: in this piece the audience is charmed with every flourish, enraptured with every look, movement, or gesture; and as to her playfulness, it is seen with ecstacy. The fact is, that Mademoiselle Sontag is not tried at the severe tribunal of the German opera in Berlin, but sings at a theatre where three parts of the people come to see her alone, and among her admirers are certainly not to be reckoned those whose judgment in musical matters is of the clearest. The dispassionate unprejudiced listener discovers little more to admire in her roulades than he has heard hundreds of times in those of other singers. Mademoiselle Sontag has a distinct articulation, and deals in all the minutiæ of refinement; but in a sustained *cantabile,* that sort of movement in which the soul of the singer looks out, she is lamentably deficient. It is the leaven of Catalani's bad style which has deteriorated the taste of the present day, and directly opposes it to a simple and natural mode of expression.'—pp. 225—227.

From the remaining portion of this 'Ramble,' which embraces most of the chief towns of Germany, we might extract passages that, for novel and curious information, for neat and scientific criticism, and attractive gaiety of manner, would stand a comparison with those which have already been recommended to the reader's attention.

When it is remembered that this writer had but one solitary topic of inquiry to engage his cares throughout his pilgrimage, it is no questionable proof of his ability, that he has succeeded in maintaining its interest to the close. It is only fair, at the same time, to observe, that the musical discussions are interspersed with observations on life, scenery and manners, which are not the less valuable because they are introduced in a subordinate relation to the main subject of the book.

We confess that this work has revealed to us a state of society in Germany, of which before we had very little conception; for we had thought that, to a great extent, the cultivation of music in that part of the world was more a matter of ordinance than we find it is of instinct. Italy does not, as we were wont to think, enjoy a monopoly of the smiles of Apollo.

It would be injustice not to add, that the volume before us is a beautiful specimen of the typographical art.

ART. III.—*On the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Public Opinion in Great Britain, and other parts of the World.* [2d edit.] By William Alexander Mackinnon, F.R.S. 8vo. pp. 343. London: Saunders & Otley. 1828.

PUBLIC Opinion, in the more enlarged sense, is, in truth, the reflected wisdom of ages, operating on, and controlling, the follies of the present time. In other words, it is the aggregate of individual knowledge and experience, gleaned from the causes of the rise and fall of by-gone empires; the misfortunes and successes of princes and ministers, and the philosophy of universal history applied to the events and occurrences of the age in which we live. It is the making the errors of past times subservient to present improvement, and extracting a "soul of goodness" from "things evil." It is separating the links of the great chain of causes, and seeing after what fashion they became united, and how they may be dissolved. But in this process, we may often deceive ourselves, for there are events, the causes of which may elude our inquiry, and which no industry of ours may be enabled to unravel. In going, therefore, beyond the sensible qualities of things, we too often go beyond our depth, and find ourselves in an element unsuited to our observation, because beyond our ken. Therefore, the more circumscribed our inquiries regarding so mysterious a power as public opinion, the greater the chance of our discovering its progress.

The author of the volume before us, appears to be possessed with the salutary caution we would enforce. In a sensible and modest preface prefixed to his work, he states, that it is his intention to attempt to ascertain what is public opinion; to show that, of late, its influence has increased, and that that influence depends on certain requisites to its formation.

> 'Public Opinion, he observes, may be said to be that sentiment on any given subject, which is entertained by the best informed, most intelligent, and most moral persons in the community—which is gradually spread and adopted by nearly all persons of any education or proper feeling in a civilised state. It may be also said, that this feeling exists in a community, and becomes powerful in proportion, as information, moral principle, intelligence, and facility of communication are to be found. As most of these requisites are to be found in the middle class of society, as well as the upper, it follows, that the power of public opinion depends in a great measure on the proportion that the upper and middle class of society bear to the lower, or on the quantity of intelligence and wealth that exists in the community. The best opinion on any subject, if made public in any community, where little civilization or information exists, (although these are very different terms, yet with people, one seldom exists without the other), may, by chance or through caprice, be adopted by the people; but unless the necessary requisites of civilization and moral principle actually exist, such an impression cannot be adopted from conviction, and has therefore little power.'—pp. 15. 16.

Having defined public opinion, and ascertained what are its requisites, the author proceeds to distinguish it from popular clamor.

> 'Popular clamor may be said to be that sort of feeling arising from the passions of a multitude acting without consideration, or an excitement created amongst the uneducated, or amongst those who do not reflect, or do not exercise their judgment on the point in question.
>
> 'It has been already stated, that public opinion augments in proportion as a community becomes civilized and enlightened. Now, popular clamor rests on ignorance and prejudice, consequently the prevalence of one cannot well exist with the power of the other.'—p. 18.

Among other requisites to public opinion, intercommunication is necessary, which we find thus stated.

> 'Facility of communication, one of the other requisites for Public Opinion, is the ease and celerity with which people of the same or different countries may have communication with each other, either by roads or by canals, steam boats at sea, &c. &c.;' in short, by any method that renders the intercourse cheap, easy, and expeditious. The advantage of this facility of communication to the formation and strength of public opinion, arises from these causes: it enlightens the people, destroys prejudices, local customs and habits, promotes intelligence, assists in spreading general information, and facilitates considerably the interchange of commodities

and commerce; this facility of communication, like the other requisites for public opinion, increases the wealth of the community and the middle class of society, and is in its turn extended by their increase.'—pp. 21, 22.

The author proceeds to contend, that in order to establish the existence of public opinion in any other state, there must be certain pre-existing attributes which are necessary to its production.

'It does not appear that public opinion can exist in any community without the requisites that have been enumerated; and to render its power complete, they must all exist to a certain degree. Civilization alone, in a people without a proper religious feeling or moral principle, would not constitute public opinion. If facility of communication were wanting in a community, it would be difficult to find public opinion powerful; which, although it might, and naturally would, on any subject be felt by the community as strongly, if they possessed all the requisites for it and facility of communication; yet, if this last were wanting, public opinion would lose one of its most powerful attributes, which is the knowledge that such a sentiment was general throughout the community. Not to be further tedious on this subject, it will suffice to mention, that if any of the requisites already mentioned as necessary to the formation of public opinion, are thought by any one not essentially requisite, let him only reflect on the state of a country where public opinion was in existence without such a requisite; and it will be found, that in such a case, public opinion could scarcely have any influence.'—pp. 27, 28.

The author now narrows his views, and proceeds to explain the rise and progress of public opinion in England, during the following eras:

1. From the Conquest, to the Restoration in 1660.
2. From the Restoration, to the Revolution in 1688.
3. From the last mentioned period, to the accession of Geo. I.
4. From the accession of Geo. I., to the death of Geo. II.
5. From the commencement of the reign of Geo. III., to the present time.

After taking a rapid view of all the principal events, from the restoration to the present period, the author comes to the conclusion, that it is the middle classes chiefly who influence public opinion, and that opinion in its turn affects the form of government, instead of government influencing public opinion. The following explanation of the course of the power of the middle class appears just.

'What renders the middle class at present so powerful in England is, more than any other circumstance, the mass of property of which in the aggregate they are possessed, superior in a great proportion to all the other property in the community: when to the influence belonging to property is added, the activity of information now so general in England, the extraordinary power of public opinion and its influence will cease to be a subject of surprise.'—p. 40.

The writer proceeds to account for the retardment of popular opinion in England, and attributes its delay for some centuries to the Norman Conquest, by William.

The intermediate reigns, therefore, till that of Henry VIII., afford no indication of the rise of public opinion. Of this era the author thus speaks.

'It was not until the reign of Henry VIII. that a perceptible change took place, and the state of the public became ameliorated.

'This change arose from the long and profound peace which the nation enjoyed under Henry VII., and from the permission granted by that politic prince to the great landholders to alienate their estates. The long period of peace encouraged habits of industry and commercial activity amongst all classes, which occasioned the creation of capital; and the activity of the people by producing the objects of comfort or luxury, which augmented the inclination of the landed proprietors to increase their expenditure, and consequently encouraged them to part with their property by sale, and thereby tended to create a middle class of society. It must also be remembered, that the suppression of the monasteries and the abbey lands, and the spoliation of the church, by Henry VIII., in the course of his reign, occasioned a distribution of land, which had a similar tendency.'—pp. 48, 49.

The author describes in the following strain, the influence of Public Opinion on the Reformation.

'The dawn of public opinion in England, though at its commencement weak and indistinct in the former reigns, yet began to be perceptible in that of Queen Elizabeth. It was probably a similar feeling that favoured the Reformation, and brought about the secession of this country from the see of Rome.

'Had the tenets and doctrine of Luther been promulgated at an early period in England, say a century before, in the reign of Henry IV. or V., it seems the people at that time would not have been more sufficiently enlightened to receive and comprehend them, and still less so had they been made known at any period of an earlier date; but these doctrines were made public at a time when there existed just sufficient information in the country, to enable the several classes, such as they then were, to understand them, and the consequence was, they were eagerly adopted throughout the community. On taking a cursory view of the events that occurred during the reigns of Henry VIII., of Mary and Elizabeth, it may at first sight appear as if some vacillation existed in public opinion, (if such an application can be given to the feeling which then existed) concerning the Reformation. The people seemed to change opinions with their sovereigns: and by foreigners the English have been reproached with being at that time either too indifferent about their religious creed, or with being too subservient to the sovereign of the day, by adopting his sentiments. This reflection, however, can only arise from inattention to the state of the public mind. The fact was, that public opinion was, at the commencement of the Reformation, nearly equally balanced for and against the Reformation, so great was the ignorance that prevailed throughout the country: the consequence was, that at which ever side the nifluence of the crown was placed—an influence at that period much more powerful than we can have an idea of at present—on that side did sentiment for or against popery, preponderate.'—p. 53.

A great and unpardonable fault was committed, according to the opinion of the author of the work before us, in not making the restoration of Charles II. dependant on certain conditions and grants favourable to liberty, which were obtained thirty years later from William. At the same time it is admitted, that many acts were performed by the court of Charles II., which would not have been tolerated under James II., and this is adduced as an instance of the progress of public opinion within a very short period.

From the chapter which treats of that period of history, from the accession of Geo. III. to that of his present Majesty, we extract the following observations on the French Revolution.

> 'At the commencement of the French Revolution, it cannot be denied that it was much favoured by public opinion in Great Britain. Many circumstances created this feeling; a great nation enjoying happiness and freedom, naturally desires that others should possess the same advantages; perhaps also more selfish motives might operate. It must be admitted that for a considerable length of time, a feeling had existed in England, of dread of the power of France, arising from the power and warlike spirit of that people, and the ambition and unprincipled spirit of her rulers; it might be supposed and with some sort of probability, that if France were possessed of a free and representative government, the ambition of her rulers might be kept within bounds, the nation would turn its attention to domestic concerns, and acquire habits of peace and industry: these and such like considerations, probably influenced public opinion here. Besides, the English Constitution afforded so admirable a model, and the example of America, in assisting whose emancipation France had taken some part, was so powerful, that many amongst the most enlightened persons in this country imagined the French Revolution would proceed in a quiet manner, and that after a few bubbles, the government would settle either in a republican form, or in a monarchy with a limited power.—pp. 124, 125.

In treating of the influence of property, on public opinion, the author recurs to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and concludes that they are both sanctioned by public opinion. We are free to admit that the fact is so, if the author refers to the mere existence of these bodies, but if he alludes to their acts, we deny his premises, and dispute his conclusions,—but we will quote his words.

> 'The House of Lords possesses scarcely any rights or privileges beyond those appertaining to every member of parliament. It seems, therefore, but reasonable to conclude, that the House of Lords in this country, is sanctioned by public opinion. From the admission into that assembly, of individuals qualified as before stated, it appears open to the competition and good fortunes of individuals of the other classes, who constantly gain admittance into it; consequently, all sentiments of jealousy, which might otherwise exist, were it an exclusive body, are at an end. This forms a very marked difference between the aristocracy of Great Britain, where public opinion predominates, and that sort of nobility yet remaining in those countries where liberty, civilization, and the requisites for public opinion, have not as yet spread themselves through the people. In a free

community, where public opinion is all powerful, the aristocracy consists in an assembly forming, like ours, a constituent part of the legislature, the individuals of which it is composed being selected for their property, their talents, their respectability, or from other causes for which every citizen is eligible, no matter how mean or low his birth or family may be, provided he is possessed of all or some of these requisites. In those nations where public opinion as yet is not powerful, the aristocracy is a separate class in the state, between which and the other classes there is a barrier as insuperable as between the Castes of India.

'To those who think the House of Commons, to represent public opinion, ought to be elected entirely by the people, the assertion will appear strange, that it does, as at present constituted, represent the public opinion of the community; but such, beyond doubt, is the case. It is equally certain, that it does so more effectually at present, than if elected by universal suffrage and election by ballot. It represents what it ought to do, the property of the country,—that is, the upper and middle classes of society. If universal suffrage were substituted in the mode of election, none of the property, or two former classes of the community, would be represented, but the lower classes alone, and instead of being the principal organ of public opinion, and of the middle class, it would be that of the lower class, and of popular clamor.

'Before the time that the middle class acquired importance in this country, even after it had raised itself, but before it acquired any power, or, in other words, in the dawn of public opinion, the House of Commons had no influence in the State, and could not act in opposition to the will and caprice of the monarch. Let the proceedings of that assembly, under Henry VIII. be considered with attention, or those of the Commons' House under Elizabeth, or at any subsequent time before the Revolution, and they will be found of no moment whatever.'—pp. 180—185.

Having given this (as we think) erroneous account of what parliaments were, the author proceeds to give a summary of what they are at this moment. One thing appears clear in his conclusion, and that is, that "whatever is, is right." Hence our present parliament is the best of all possible parliaments, in this best of all possible worlds. It is the mirror of the public mind, and infinitely better than if it were elected by universal suffrage. Rotten boroughs too are discovered to be a most valuable appendage, and quite consonant to public opinion! But this is not all. All classes in Great Britain enjoy equal rights, equal liberty, equal security of person and property. While inditing this sentence we wonder, that the words "Catholic," "Dissenter," and "Jew," never rung in the writer's ears. But no, these are a fraction, compared with the whole, and popery, Judaism, and dissent, are abominations in the eyes of the orthodox.

After expatiating on the present state of public opinion in England, the author examines the progress of that mysterious power on the Continent, and contends, that Great Britain preceded all other nations in the formation of that power, in consequence of her liberty, her laws, and other advantages.

'These benefits were early obtained in England, partly in consequence of its insular position, which, whilst it kept off the apprehension of foreign invasion, enabled the people to turn their activity to commerce and manufactures, and consequently to augment the capital of the country. The former kings of England could not succeed in persuading their people, that they were in danger of invasion, and by that means answer the two-fold purpose of raising an army, and of obtaining supplies; and also of diverting the attention of the people from the redress of grievances on the conduct of the government. The English, losing sight of foreign invasion, had time and means to attend to their domestic polity, and by their activity and commercial enterprises, to create capital. On the continent, however, the case was different; the king or emperor of any state, who desired to divert his people from scrutinizing too closely the limits of his authority, had a certain resource in undertaking a war; it was only to take offence, real or imaginary, at the conduct of some neighbouring despot, equally anxious to promote a quarrel, to war went the two nations. The kings gained an increase of power, if not on their neighbours, at least on their own people, and obtained besides, subsidies and supplies; the superior officers pay, or promotion; the others came in for their share of the spoil, either gained on the enemy, or squeezed out of the nation; and the enslaved, ignorant, and brutal people, bore all the privations and sufferings, and expences, the usual concomitants of war. The kings on the continent (no particular allusion to any state is intended) found this game so profitable, that few, if any, had sufficient virtue or love of their people implanted in their breasts, not to promote it by all the means in their power; such a system strengthened the executive government, by the supplies obtained from the nation, and by the influence of the army dependent on the will of the king.'—pp. 208, 209.

Speaking of Greece and Rome, the author contends, that there was no such thing as public opinion in either of these states, because proper religious feeling, or moral principle, was unknown to them. In this opinion we do not hesitate to differ from the author. There is abundant evidence, not only of the existence of public opinion, but of a high and honourable moral principle, in both the states referred to.

The observations of the author on the state of public opinion in Spain, Portugal, Italy, Naples, Sicily, Germany, Turkey, and Russia, are all well worthy attention, but we regret that we have not space for further extracts. We cannot conclude without admitting, that we have perused this work with pleasure, though we do not agree in all the author's conclusions. His attempt is a novel, and perhaps a daring one, for the ground had hitherto been untrodden.

Now that it has been explored, and that the inequalities of surface, and local advantages have been pointed out by a guiding and informed hand, we hope that it will attract other adventurers. We regret to find that, on the score of religion particularly, the author of the book before us, has many prejudices to overcome: his political prepossessions, are more than one would have expected from him, writing as he has written, of all parties, and addressing himself to none. The notes display considerable learning, and much historical research. They are, however, too numerous, and we wish that some of them had been drafted into the body of the book. This would render the narrative less interrupted, and more compact.

Mr. Mackinnon has sat in parliament. It is pleasant to find a gentleman of so much good sense, and of ample fortune, still dedicating his leisure to the service of the public.

ART. IV. *Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq., Member in the Parliaments of Oliver and Richard Cromwell, from* 1656 *to* 1659: *now first published from the original autograph Manuscript. With an Introduction, containing an Account of the Parliament of* 1654; *from the Journal of Guibon Goddard, Esq. M.P. also now first printed. Edited and Illustrated with Notes, Historical and Biographical.* By John Towill Rutt. 4 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

THE discovery of these private journals of the parliamentary debates under the Protector, is another valuable addition to the large store of materials, which has of late years been so fortunately rescued from oblivion, to illustrate one of the most interesting ages of our national history. The Diaries of Goddard and Burton, will henceforth rank among the standard political memoirs of that momentous period, which is emphatically to be distinguished as the "settlement of the British Constitution"—a period extending from the reign of Charles I., to the consummation of the Revolution of 1688; and embracing in its troubled and perilous vicissitudes, whatever is memorable or glorious in the contest which finally established our own civil liberties.

Of this great epoch, the Protectorate, in the transactions of its domestic administration, is far from being the least remarkable portion. The efforts of Cromwell to legalise and consolidate the anomalous system of his government, form the most curious features in his vigorous dictatorship; and it is no little acquisition to our knowledge on the subject, to possess such detailed and authentic reports as are here before us, of the debates of the successive parliaments, which were held under himself, and the feeble inheritor of his usurpation. The meagre entries on the formal journals of these three parliaments, of the Protectorate, record only the resolutions of majorities; and thus afford no more than a general insight into the views of the prevailing factions of the day. But these diaries lay open to us, further, the spirit by which the leading members were animated, the arguments by which they evinced and supported their designs, and all that developement of political tactics, which, in our own times, renders the wordy conflict of parliament so much more interesting, and even important, than its mere ultimate decision. In short, we have here the debates themselves, almost as fully reported as in a modern newspaper, where we had only the dry catalogue of resolutions and bills. To go back but fifteen years earlier, who can refrain from wishing, that some Goddard or Burton had sat in the Long Parliament—or that, if haply, some such faithful and industrious reporter did sit among the patriots of 1640, his diary may still be preserved and recovered—to familiarise us with the substance, as with the result, of those vehement and audacious harangues, which roused and ushered in the furious storm of civil war?

That earlier parliamentary diaries than those now before us may be in existence, and yet remain for discovery, is indeed probable enough, when we consider how unexpectedly the present papers have been brought to light. The account given by Mr. Rutt, of the manuscripts which have been edited by his care, is brief but sufficient. It appears that the original note-books in which Burton's diary was contained, came into the possession of Mr. Upcot, of the London Institution, on the same occasion with the original letters of the lately published correspondence of the second Earl of Clarendon:—of which we some months ago gave an account in our pages. Burton's diary, however, albeit so voluminous, from its minuteness in noticing the tenor of every insignificant speech, as to fill seven-eighths of the work before us, relates the proceedings of the two Parliaments of 1656-8 and 1659 only; and it was not until Mr. Rutt had conducted part of the diary through the press, that he discovered in the British Museum, during some researches incidental to his work, a MS. volume (presented to that collection by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of Chaucer), containing the journal of Mr. Goddard, another member of the Protectoral Parliament. This, though much more limited in its details than Mr. Burton's record, had the advantage, which the other did not offer, of embracing the proceedings of Oliver's first Parliament—first, at least, as deserving the name—of 1654. Mr. Rutt accordingly has very properly opened his publication with the insertion, verbatim, of Goddard's summary report of the debates of the parliament of 1654; and the proceedings of the subsequent assemblies of 1656-8 and 1659, he has of course printed from the text of Burton; which, however, 'Mr. Goddard's MS. has also enabled him to correct and complete in numerous instances.' Mr. Rutt's praiseworthy industry has also searched out from the British Museum several speeches of Oliver Cromwell to the Parliaments, which we think he is correct in supposing have never been printed before; and these, with a few other parliamentary papers of the period, he has interwoven in his publication.

Altogether, therefore, it may safely be pronounced that the present work has thus been made to constitute a most desirable accession to our records of the Protectorate. It presents us, in fact, with nearly as complete and unbroken a parliamentary history of the epoch to which it relates, as could be wished of any age, even with all our modern facilities for reporting. The laborious zeal which the editor has bestowed on the preparation of the work, cannot be too highly commended. If we may judge from the engraved fac-simile of a page of Mr. Burton's Diary, which is prefixed to the second volume, the simple task of deciphering the almost illegible writing and abbreviations of the MS., must have been in itself one of no ordinary difficulty; and Mr. Rutt has evidently spared no exertion in the higher office of illustrating the text of the speeches, and the connexion of the debates.

But while we recognise the historical value of the diaries, and the editorial care with which they have been arranged and elucidated, we should be only deceiving our readers, if we left the impression that the contents of these volumes are in a suitable form, or present many attractions for regular perusal. From the very nature of the diaries, that part of the matter which is possessed of real importance and enduring interest, is necessarily interspersed and to be sought amidst a mass of details relating only to affairs of temporary and local concernment; such as private bills, and petitions purely of a personal nature, discussions growing out of the common-place routine of daily business, and reports of the ordinary committees on elections and claims. Such things may have some curiosity for those who are fond of studying parliamentary forms of procedure in different ages; but they are otherwise entirely without amusement; and their constant recurrence makes the attempt to wade through the volumes, for the sake of the strictly historical portion, exceedingly tiresome. The book, in a word, can never be a popular one. The truth is, that its contents are in themselves only the raw materials for history; and as such they will be consulted with advantage by the professed historian, and moulded into the history of the period to which they refer. But the general reader will never have the patience to toil through them.

We have offered our tribute of praise, where it appears to us well merited, to the industry with which Mr. Rutt has executed his undertaking: we cannot equally applaud the spirit which he manifests as a political commentator on the text of the diaries. When we characterize him as a "fierce republican," he will probably be satisfied to receive the designation as a compliment! It is a sufficient test of his principles that he belongs to that small party among us, who are prepared, at this day, to defend the legality of the sentence, and to applaud the execution itself, of Charles I., and to reverence the memory of the 'magnanimous judges' of that erring and ill-fated monarch. The decision of that famous question of political justice rests, after all, however, on a matter of opinion, for the holding of which no man is fairly to be arraigned. With the free declaration of Mr. Rutt's tenets on this or any other point of politics, we have, of course, neither the right nor the disposition to quarrel: all that we must take leave to protest against is, the bad taste in which his opinions are exhibited.

He seems to have thought it decorous, to prove his republican zeal and sincerity, by giving vent to rancorous spleen against royalty and all its adherents and concomitants; his good sense should rather have taught him that the display of ill-humour and irritability on such subjects, is at best only very silly and ludicrous.

To show the absurdities into which this jaundiced temper has betrayed Mr. Rutt, we shall be contented to select an example or two out of a hundred. In one place (vol. i. p. cxxxv.), after noticing 'the severities by which Cromwell's usurpation was too often sustained,' he cannot resist the temptation—and goes strangely out of his way to indulge it—of relating, in a long note, a ridiculous piece of cruelty perpetrated by a contemporary German prince, 'no usurper,' he complacently reminds us, but 'an acknowledged legitimate.' In the same humour (vol. ii. p. 475), in commenting on executions for treason under our kings, he observes, that 'the modern history of Africa exhibits similar royal amusements,' and introduces the cruelty of his majesty of Dahomey, with the remark, that 'thus symbolized the royal houses of Europe and Africa in their barbarous retaliations on vanquished enemies.'

What, in the name of wonder, these things have to do with parliamentary diaries, Mr. Rutt's readers may vainly inquire! The very idea of a favourer of monarchy is odious to him: he cannot mention the political apostacy of Waller, the poet, without the remark, that he was 'too accomplished a flatterer to continue long any thing but a royalist;' and he notices Sir Henry Vane's conduct in giving up a sinecure only to echo Mrs. Macauley's comment on it, as a 'generous instance of disinterested virtue, not to be met with in the history of monarchy, from the time of the Conquest to this day.' Nor can Mr. Rutt himself, emulating the charitable judgment of that lady, forbear to doubt whether the half century which has elapsed since she wrote, supplies the 'instance of a disinterested royalist to match the patriotic republican.' Yet the similar conduct of the present Marquess of Camden, a few years ago, in the resignation of his lucrative sinecure—a munificent act of patriotism, which seems scarcely to have retained the grateful recollection that it merits from the public—might have furnished our candid satirist with at least one parallel for the disinterestedness of his republican hero, even in our own degenerate days. How unworthy are such peevish ebullitions as these of party spleen in a historical commentator, it is needless to say; and thus it is that Mr. Rutt, in a task which called for no expression of feeling, and required only the calm and dispassionate illustration of the text of the debates, has chosen to shew the sour prejudices of a partisan, and to vie in outrageous bitterness with the Oldmixons, the Macauleys, and the Godwins, of his faction.

Throughout the debates of all the three Parliaments, reported in these diaries, the most interesting circumstance, for general observation, is the undaunted spirit of opposition manifested towards the Protectoral usurpation, though that tyranny was armed with the avowed power of the sword. Mr. Goddard's journal of the first of these assemblies—that of 1654, is the least curious, because, as he gives a summary only of the arguments of the contending parties on each question, and not the particular speeches of individuals, his reports do not present the animation and heat of personal debate, and fail to possess us with any specimens of the characteristic manner and sentiments of the different speakers. Yet his journal gives us a sufficient insight into the conduct of the majority of the House, and conveys a lively idea of the intractable temper with which they encountered the supremacy of Cromwell. Though, it will be remembered, that they sat only by summons under the "Instrument of Government," prepared by the self-constituted authority of the council of officers who had proclaimed Cromwell Protector, their first act was justly to question the validity of that Protectoral Constitution, and of the powers which it assigned to him. In opposition to its settlement of the government in "a single person and a parliament," the republican majority insisted that the supreme power was naturally vested in Parliament alone, as the representatives of the people. The arguments between them and "the soldiery and court party," as Goddard calls the Protector's adherents, in the language of the times, ran, he tells us, "high and hot"; and after a few days he declares that "it began to be visible the interest of the single person did plainly lose ground." The "soldiery and courtiers," did not scruple to tell their opponents openly, that it could not be expected that the Protector would lay down his sword and subject himself to a Parliament. They also contended more in the fanatical style of the day, that "Divine Providence had set a stamp and a seal upon Oliver's government; the sword and present power, all being of God:" but to this the other side pithily rejoined in the same strain, "that the Providences of God are like a two-edged sword, which may be used both ways; that *a thief may make as good a title to every purse which he takes by the highways*; and that if titles be measured by the sword, the Grand Turk may make a better right than any Christian princes."

From these debates it is very evident, that this Parliament would have voted the supremacy of the Protector an usurpation, if he had not adopted the impudent and clumsy expedient of locking the doors of the House, and excluding the members by a guard of his soldiery, until they individually signed a recognition of his authority. For subscribing to this paper, Goddard is careful to give us his reasons, which were the same, doubtless, that actuated the unwilling majority; namely, that "the subscription was in effect no more than they were restrained unto by the indentures of their summons; that the thing would be done without them, and they had fairly contended for it; that they were told plainly it must be so; and that they were bound to submit to the necessity, rather than endanger the public peace." Perhaps they might feel, as he says, "acquitted to God and their country in so doing, rather than to put the nation into another combustion and confusion;" but such (how bitter must have been their reflections), were for the time, at least the only fruits of all the blood which had been shed for the popular rights, and to such subjection had these men been reduced by the sword, which they had drawn against the lesser encroachments of royal tyranny! A melancholy and memorable caution, if the experience of all history in civil dissensions, did not furnish a hundred similar, against the last and desperate appeal to arms, even for the assertion of the most indubitable rights!

Though Cromwell had thus secured a formal recognition of his authority from the members individually, he must soon have had reason to discover, that very little change to his advantage had been wrought in the collective spirit of the House. This is shewn throughout the subsequent debates, in the obstinacy with which every article of his instrument of government was contested, and in the opposition pertinaciously carried against every point connected with the Protector's personal functions. No one who reads this journal will wonder that Cromwell, with his arbitrary and impatient humour, hastened to extinguish so refractory a legislature as soon as he possibly could with any decency; the only matter of surprise, considering his character, is, that he kept with them any measure of constitutional form. The Instrument of Government had declared, that no Parliament should be dissolved until it had sitten 'five months:' so anxious was the Protector to be rid of the present one, that for the sake of gaining but a few days, he pretended that lunar months only were designed by the act, and on this quibble he suddenly dismissed them, with an angry harangue, at the close of the twentieth week of their session.

There is a commonly received opinion, which historians have copied after one another—and which was first derived probably from an assertion in Bates's Elenchus—that Cromwell was driven to dissolve this Parliament before the full time, by intelligence of a conspiracy between the republican members, and a large number of malcontent officers of the same party in the army, who designed to bring the Protector as a criminal before the Parliament, and actually held frequent meetings at Somerset House, and elsewhere, to arrange that measure. But there appears to us no evidence to corroborate this story; and there is quite enough on the face of the debates to account without it for Cromwell's precipitation in putting an end to them. Mr. Rutt has not observed how much the facts in this diary of Goddard contradicts the assertion in Ludlow's Memoirs, that the Parliament "differed not in any material point from that form of government which Oliver had himself set up, unless it were in reserving the nomination of his successor to Parliament."

This alone, doubtless, was a heavy blow to the darling project which Cromwell is believed to have cherished, of founding a new hereditary line of sovereignty in his family: but besides this, the house were proceeding vigorously to restrain him in the exercise of a far more vital part of his authority, than the right of its transmission. This was the control over the maintenance and numbers of the standing army, or the "power of the militia," as it is termed.

A few days only before Cromwell dissolved the house, a motion of the court party, that "in the intervals of parliament, the Protector and his council should have the ordering and disposing of the militia," was rejected; and, on the very last day of sitting which was suffered, it was voted by a considerable majority, that "the militia of this commonwealth, ought not to be raised, formed, or made use of, but by common consent of the people assembled in parliament," and that the "said militia shall be settled as the Lord Protector and the Parliament shall hereafter agree, &c., and *not otherwise*." After this, the Protector probably thought it high time, unless he desired to see the power of the sword voted out of his hands, to dismiss the parliament before they could confirm their resolutions in the enactment of a really republican constitution, and place him in the embarrassing alternative of solemnly assenting to its restrictions upon his authority, or openly refusing its acceptance.

The hopes, or the necessity which moved Cromwell, after encountering the refractory spirit of this parliament, to try the experiment of a new one in the following year, have never, we think, been very clearly defined by historians. Whether he trusted, as Hume conjectures, that the splendour of his administration abroad, and its tranquillity at home, had meanwhile cemented his authority, and promised a better compliance with its exercise; or, whether the pecuniary difficulties of his government, as other writers, and Mr. Rutt among them, have assumed, left him in his opinion, no other safe resource, than to obtain supplies legally through the representatives of the people, seems equally problematical. In a curious account (now first printed by Mr. Rutt, from a MS. volume in the British Museum), of 'passages between the Protector and the hundred officers of the army, touching kingship,' against which they had petitioned, he is made to reproach them, that it was they who had been 'impatient till a parliament was called;' that he had 'given his vote against it, but they were confident of their own strength and interest, to get men chosen to their hearts' desire;' and that 'how they had failed therein, and how much the country had been disobliged, was well known.'

But whatever had occasioned Cromwell to call this parliament of 1656–8, he took more timely and effectual, though no less tyrannical measures to secure a majority in it, than he had done with the former house. Besides sparing no previous art to influence the elections in favour of his own adherents, he further resolved, in the most barefaced manner, to exclude all those persons actually chosen, who were likely to prove hostile to him. His guards at the doors permitted no member to enter who did not produce a certificate of approval from his council. This was refused to almost one hundred, among whom were Scot the regicide, Hazelrigge, and some other of the most violent men of the republican party. It was in vain that these excluded men petitioned their brethren who had gained admittance, for redress. Their ejection had left a majority for Cromwell's party; and it is very evident that, to that measure alone, contemptuously violating as it did every principle of a free constitution, was the Protector indebted for the compliant temper shewn by this parliament, as long as the exclusion was enforced.

It was on assurance of this favourable feeling in the house, that Cromwell desired the Protectorate party to offer a new model of a constitution, for the solemn deliberation and enactment of parliament, to supersede the 'instrument of government;' and that at the same time he prompted or permitted his personal creatures to venture a step farther, in proposing for a part of this "Humble Petition and Advice," of the house, as the bill was designated, that he should be requested to assume the title and office of king. It is very amusing to trace in the progress of Mr. Burton's Diary, the mode in which the first hint of this scheme of 'kingship' was at length cunningly thrown out, to sound the inclination of the house, as well as the ebullition of feeling which it produced in the republican party. We shall give the passage, both for its curiosity, and as a specimen of the style in which the debates are rendered in the Diary. The occasion adroitly chosen, was after a motion "that this house do wait on his Highness the Lord Protector, to congratulate with his Highness, upon this great mercy and deliverance;"—that is, his escape from Sindercomb's plot to assassinate him.

'*Mr. Ashe, the elder.* That which the gentleman has moved, will do very well for your directions, as to the first part of your speech. I would have something else added, which, in my opinion, would tend very much to the preservation of himself and us, and to the quieting of all the designs of our enemies;—that his Highness would be pleased to take upon him the government according to the ancient constitution; so that the hopes of our enemies' plot would be at an end. Both our liberties and peace, and the preservation and privilege of his Highness, would be founded upon an old and secure foundation.'

Sir William Strickland.—It is very late to enter upon such a debate as this. I desire you would adjourn, and take up the debate which should have come on this morning, to-morrow morning. I would not have any thing added that might clog the business. I doubt not but you will be able to express the sense of the House, when we shall wait upon his Highness.'

'*Major-General Disbrowe.*—I know not what that gentleman means by his expedient for his Highness's preservation. I doubt that will be a slender prop, without taking care to secure his enemies. That, in my thoughts, is the best fortification for all honest men. I desire you would adjourn till to-morrow, and then take up the debate upon the Bill before you.'

'*Mr. Robinson.*—I understand not what that gentleman's motion means, who talks of an old constitution, so I cannot tell how we shall debate upon it. The old constitution is Charles Stewart's interest. I hope we are not calling him in again. I know not what it means. The gentleman would have his Highness to be Charles Stewart's viceroy, or some such thing. You have a Bill before you, I would have you go on with that as the best expedient for your preservation.'

'*Mr. Downing.*—I believe that motion is of more concernment to you than the Bill before you. Government is the foundation of security. I am sorry I was not at your debate in the morning. Government is not to be made by six men. Those governments are best which are upon proof, and long experience of our ancestors, (and not such as are only in notion), such whereby the people may understand their liberty, and the Lord Protector his privileges. The people must not be fitted to the government, but the government to the people. There was a passage in the narrative, that our enemies took advantage of our unsettlement. Men go away, but constitutions never fall. This is no merriment. It is a matter which ought seriously to be weighed. When men pull down their houses that are ruinous, they try awhile by setting up shrouds, but finding them drop in, they build their houses again. I cannot propound a better expedient for the preservation, both of his Highness and the people, than by establishing the government upon the old and tried foundation, as was moved to you by a grave and well-experienced person. I shall not enter into the merits of the business, but desire that this may be seriously debated, and a day appointed.'

'*Mr. Highland.*—That gentleman that moved this was one of those that was for the pulling down of what he would now set up again. This was King, Lords, and Commons; a constitution which we have pulled down with our blood and treasure. Will you make the Lord Protector the greatest hypocrite in the world, to make him sit in that place, whereby corruption, and idolatry, and superstition,—which God has borne testimony sufficiently against, before the Protector and many of you within these walls. Can he beget a fit governor? A Parliament, a Council can chose such an one. Are you now going to set up kingly government, which, for these thousand years, has persecuted the people of God? Do you expect a better consequence? I beseech you consider of it! What a crime it is to offer such a motion as this! Do you expect a thanksgiving day upon this? I desire that this motion may die, as abominable. This will set all the honest people of this nation weeping and mourning. I beseech you, that such a thing as this may never receive footing here. I hope we have gotten from our former bondage, blindness, and superstition, that great persecution we and our ancestors groaned under.'

'*Captain Hatsell.*—I desire that you would not enter upon such a debate as this, at this time a day. It is late. Adjourn, and take it up to-morrow morning, that every one may speak his mind to it, and if it be found for the safety of the nation, if it were fit it should be determined with all solemnity.'

'*Mr. Waller.*—Appoint to-morrow morning for a further debate upon this business. I hope that it may be a good expedient to procure our preservation.'

'*Mr. Bodurda.*—It is the opinion of those that do contrive the ruin of this commonwealth. They go upon good and rational ground, to consider what probability there is of their designs prevailing, upon the removing of his Highness's person. It is a matter that you ought to take into consideration. If it can be found for the safety of the nation, the alteration of the government, you ought not to admit it, in order to the deliverance which you have appointed to give thanks for. If either a natural or an accidental death should happen to his Highness, as who can tell how soon, who can tell the consequence? I think it is very well worth a serious debate, and ought to precede the other. I therefore desire, that we may take this debate up to-morrow morning.

'*Sir Thomas Wroth.*—I conceived the government was so well settled before, that it needed not to admit of a debate to alter it. Yet, seeing it is so pressed upon the account of preservation and safety of the nation, let it have a full and serious debate. I doubt not but weighty arguments may be brought, as well against as for, hereditary government. I know not what else can be meant by the motion; but I think to-morrow is too short a time. I desire you would appoint a longer day, that every man may be prepared to speak to this business with judgment, and according to his conscience; and that, in the mean time, you would go on to the business before you.'

'Divers stood up to speak to this business, others to adjourn this debate, others cried to appoint to-morrow for the decimation bill. The debate fell asleep, I know not how, but I believe it was by consent, (as I heard Mr. Nathaniel Bacon and others say, as they came out), and only started by way of probation. I have not seen so hot a debate vanish so strangely, like an *ignis fatuus.*'—vol. i. pp. 362—366.

Mr. Burton's authentic report of the debates serves, by the way, to correct in this place a little error which historians have received through Ludlow's Memoirs,—that it was Colonel Jephson who first tried the feeling of the House, by a motion that the crown should be offered to Cromwell. Every reader will remember the story in Hume. According to it, the Protector asked Jephson how he could think of making such a proposition. "As long as I have the honour," answered Jephson, "to sit in parliament, I must follow the dictates of my own conscience, whatever offence I may be so unfortunate as to give you." "Get thee gone," said Cromwell, giving him a gentle blow on the shoulder, "get thee gone, for a mad fellow as thou art." But it soon appeared, adds Ludlow, "with what madness he was possessed; for he immediately obtained a foot company for his son, then a scholar at Oxford, and a troop of horse for himself." It here seems, however, that "Mr.

Ashe, who, and not Jephson, gave the first hint of making Cromwell king; nor do we find the colonel offering any motion on the subject; though, after the failure of the design, his leaning to the project is shown by his sarcastic remark in the debates, "that there are some so out of love with those four letters (king), that we must, I think, have an act to expunge them out of the alphabet."

It is provoking, that just before the grand debate on the "Advice and Petition," in which the crown was formally tendered to Cromwell, there is a considerable hiatus in Burton's Diary, by which we lose perhaps the most interesting part of this parliament's proceedings. It was Sir Christopher Pack, an alderman of London, who brought in the bill, "to gain honour," observes Whitlock, who had himself declined the delicate office of introducing it. "Those," said Ludlow, "who still retained some affection for the Commonwealth, fell so furiously upon Pack for his great presumption, that they bore him down from the Speaker's chair to the bar of the House." The number, however, of these staunch republicans, who had yet been suffered to take their seats, must have been comparatively small, for the motion to receive Pack's bill was carried by a large majority of 144 to 54. And the express question, that "his Highness should be pleased to assume the name, style, title, dignity, and office of King of England," &c., was afterwards carried by 123 against 62.

There can be no doubt that it was only the bold remonstrances and menacing attitude of the republican and fanatical party, among the officers of the army out of the House, that deterred Cromwell from accepting the Parliament's offer. It appears remarkable in this diary, that no prominent part against the proposal was taken in his place, as a member, by Lambert; though it is well known that that general was instigated by his own ambitious hopes of succeeding Cromwell in the Protectorship, to rouse the opposition of the army: and for fomenting which, indeed, Cromwell afterwards deprived him of his commissions. Whatever measures Lambert took, must have been carried on by the underhand intrigue for which he was famous: for though we here find him continuing to engage actively in the other business of the House, his name scarcely appears in the debates on the 'Advice and Petition.'

With the settlement of the government after the failure of the project of kingship, in a Protector and two Houses of Parliament, the members of the upper one to be nominated by himself, ended all Cromwell's satisfaction in his compliant legislature. In acceding to the "Advice and Petition," he was compelled by one of its provisions, which he could not reject with any grace, to leave the doors of the Commons' House open to the hitherto excluded members; and these men had no sooner taken their seats, than there appeared a decided majority against him. From that hour, it is striking, in Burton's report, to observe how totally different is the character which the debates assume. The turbulent Hesilrigge and the bold regicide Scot, having obtained admission, are foremost in every question of opposition to the government. It does not appear that the republican party openly proceeded to the attempt of invalidating the legality of the late settlement, as has been asserted by Hume and others: but they took occasion of a message from Cromwell's new upper house, to refuse them the title of "Lords;" and the majority would doubtless have proceeded to deny them any real participation of the legislative functions, if Cromwell had not cut the matter short by an angry dismissal of the parliament. On this question between the Houses, there is one speech of Scot very characteristic of the man who desired no other epitaph than "*Here lies Thomas Scot, who adjudged the king to death.*" The harangue breathes the same daring spirit which he afterwards carried to the scaffold; and it is easy to discover, through the *disjecta membra*, as Mr. Ratt justly terms them, of Burton's notes, that it must have been a speech of great vehemence and power, though not unmixed with the fanatical cant and absurd style of the day.

'The Lords would not join in the trial of the king. We must lay things bare and naked. We were either to lay all that blood of ten years' war upon ourselves, or upon some other object. We called the king of England to our bar, and arraigned him. He was, for his obstinacy and guilt, condemned and executed; and so let all the enemies of God perish. The House of Commons had a good conscience in it. Upon this the Lords adjourned, and never met, and hereby came a farewell of all those peers, and it was hoped the people of England should never have a negative upon them.

'You are now moved to have both titles. There is neither House of Lords nor King yet; so that your clerk might well have taken that oath which Mr. Schobell took.

'I shall now say why they are not, why they ought not to be, a House of Lords.

'1. You have not called them so. In all your Petition and Advice you have not said a word of it. Oh, but you intended it, said he. It appears to me you never intended it, because you never said it, and it is reason enough for me to say it.

'Once this House said King, and yet you never said Lords; and if ever you had said it, it would have been then. He refused it upon a pious account, and I hope he will still do so.

'Shall I, that sat in a Parliament, that brought a King to the bar, and to the block, not speak my mind freely here?

'Could you ever so seasonably express yourselves, when it came so regularly and roundly as "King, Lords, and Commons;" though I trust you will not do it so handsomely?

'2. Those that now sit in that House that would be Lords, did they, or not, advise you to make them Lords?

'Let me argue in a dilemma.

'Did they think to be Lords? Then it was their modesty. Did they not think to be Lords? Then they voted like Englishmen; just, entire, like choosing the Roman General.

If you mean to put a negative upon the people of England, I suppose you would not call them Lords, for tenderness of the consciences of the people of England. They are under an engagement, and I hope you will be as tender as you were to the point of a King; and you will not come under the crime of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, which caused Israel to sin.

'I come to show why you now should not make a House; I should say, a House of Lords, I cry you mercy! If there be a House of Lords, it is more reason to call the old peerage; and there is not one of them there, as I am informed. But you cannot call them for impossibility. You have not a *quorum*, not half a *quorum* of persons qualified. Those that be, fail in the very *formalis causa*, estates and interest. Anciently the Bishops, Abbots, and Lords, their tenants, and relations, could engage half England. The Providence of God has so ordered it, that England is turned a Commonwealth, and do what you can, you cannot make it otherwise; and if you join any with them in the legislature, it will not do your work.

'The administration of God's dealings are against you. Is not God staining the glory and pride of the world? Is there any thing but a Commonwealth that flourishes? Venice against the pride of the Ottoman family. All their mountains are pulled down. God governs the world as he governs his church, by plain things and low things. It was this that led your Long Parliament; the Providence of God, that virtue and honesty should govern the world: not that I am for fifth monarchy.

'II. Why not this House to be Peers?

'1. Because they are but Commoners, and were yesterday here. It is not agreeable to the qualification of Commoners. For ought appears to you, they sit as a part of the Commons, in another place. They have not the reason of the quality of Lords. They have not interest, nor the forty thousandth part of England.

'2. Have they an interest; had they an interest; why not sit here? The interest follows the persons. As they have none by sitting there, they lose interests by it. The old nobility will not, do not, sit there. They lose that interest. You lose the people of England by it.

'They were, by the providence of God, set free from any negative. Will they thank you, if you bring such a negative upon them; the people that have bled for you, that have not gained by you, but you by them. What was fought for, but to arrive at that capacity to make your own laws.

* * * * * * *

'The people of Israel were governed by themselves; by the people. The people met, saith the text, and went to Hebron. The people have power of all these things. God submits all his administrations to the people, with reverence may I say it. God left to Adam to name all creatures. God did not say this is a lion, this is a bear; but Adam gave names to every creature. So he did to the woman, because a rib out of his side gave her a name. This house is a rib out of your side—you have given it a name. My motion is, that you would not alter it.'—vol. ii. pp. 387—392.

Upon this question of the title of the other House were the

Commons still engaged, when Oliver suddenly dissolved this, his last experiment of a Parliament, concluding a passionate harangue with the malediction that "God would judge between them and him"—at which many of the Commons cried, *Amen.*"

Upon the debates of Richard Cromwell's Parliament of 1659, which are here given from the collated diaries of Burton and Goddard, we can only regret that our limits will not permit us to dwell. Though that Parliament sat only three months, its proceedings fill two of these volumes, and a great portion of them are of a highly interesting character. The value of the reports, however, consists less in the historical importance of this Parliament's ephemeral measures, which were so shortly quashed by the dictation of the military "cabal of Wallingford House," than in the retrospect which the debates afford to the famous transactions in the Long Parliament. The old members who had sat in that memorable assembly, seem to have now felt themselves called upon, in a spirit of which we have seen frequent instances in our own times, to justify their personal conduct on former occasions; and we have thus several relations which may be considered as the manifestos of the various parties in the Long Parliament. One elaborate speech of Hazelrigge (vol. iii. pp. 87—105), reviewing the principal transactions between Charles I. and the Parliament, and the subsequent usurpation of Cromwell, forms in itself a historical apology for the republican party, and as proceeding from one of its leaders, is a document, of its kind, highly worthy of attention.

But, altogether, these debates will rather disappoint those who might be disposed to believe that the turbulent school in which the speakers had been educated, was favourable to the excitement and cultivation of popular eloquence. The parliamentary oratory of that age seems never to have reached any remarkable elevation of sentiment, or to have aimed at any great power of expression. Its language was vigorous and bold; but coarse, homely, unpolished, and vulgarly colloquial. It has earnestness of manner and fulness of matter, but with an utter disregard and absence of all care, art, or elegance in the delivery.

Art. V.—*Saldthiel. A Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future.* 3 vols. 12mo. London: Colburn. 1828.

The hero of this singular book is neither more nor less than the imaginary being, known in vulgar tradition and common parlance, as "The Wandering Jew." The reputed author of the volumes is the Rev. George Croly.

To define with exactness the class of composition to which "Salathiel" appertains, would be no easy task. It is something between an ethical declamation and a poetical rhapsody: between a political dissertation and a historical romance. Considered as a tale of fiction, the story is ill constructed, and extravagant to the last degree: the human adventures, not merely marvellous and supernatural, but generally devoid of all probable concatenation of fortune or fate, perpetually disjointed without cause or effect, and not unfrequently contradictory and inconsistent in themselves. In its more ambitious pretension, as a historical picture of the fearful fulfilment of divine prophecy—of the last war of the Jews, and the destruction of Jerusalem—the narrative is not only a decided failure in clearness, regularity, and sustained fidelity of delineation, but a failure of the most objectionable kind. Truth is everywhere mingled with fable; the order and occurrence of real events are altogether confounded and violated; and the most momentous transactions are unscrupulously distorted to suit the mere idle purpose of a novelist's invention.

In the same spirit we encounter, in the very preface, an asseveration of the authenticity of the story, which is not a little startling. 'Other narratives,' of the life of the anathematized Jew, we are told, 'may be more specious or eloquent; but this narrative has *the supreme merit of truth;* it is the most true—it is the only true.' This is really going too far. Considering the nature of some of the events which are wrought into the story, no plea of the poetical licence can possibly excuse the earnestness of this false and gratuitous pledge. The eternal cause of truth is too important to be thus seriously prostituted to the vain desire of lending the semblance of reality to the shadows of fiction. But the attempt is characteristic of the whole work: its only result must be to confuse and mislead the ignorant and unwary in the reception of facts which, by the solemnity of their import, should assuredly belong to the most impressive pages of sacred history!

Upon one point, while we unfeignedly disclaim every doubt of the excellence of the author's intentions, we are here bound to speak plainly. The awful story of human redemption is no subject to be lightly interwoven into a tale of fiction. They who have observed the principles upon which this journal is conducted, will be the last to suspect us of being actuated by any fanatical spirit; but we are precise and sober enough in our ideas to shrink with some horror from the profanation of introducing the scene of the Crucifixion, and the miraculous darkness of the Passion, into the machinery of a novel. It is true (and we are careful to record the apology) that the author has manifestly touched upon the "nameless crime," which is imagined to have produced the terrific fiat, "Tarry thou till I come," with a misgiving sense of the unbecoming character of his theme: that he has alluded to the supposed commission of the horrible sacrilege as rapidly as possible for his purpose; that he has endeavoured to clothe his description (though even this is unnatural in the mouth of his still unconverted Jew), in the language of conscious guilt and deepened remorse—of pious reverence for the Divine Victim, and implied acknowledgment of the truth of His mission. All this disproves the intention of blasphemy; but it does not abstract one iota from the revolting peculiarity of the design, or the indecency of the effect. It is also true, that there is a powerful effort to clothe the picture of the miraculous darkness and earthquake of the Crucifixion, in magnificent and appalling imagery: but we are here again offensively reminded of the sacred source from which the description has been borrowed, and of the unhallowed use to which it is applied. The simple sublimity of the Evangelist's record has nothing to gain from florid elaboration; nor, if it had, would mere beauty of language reconcile us to this wanton transportation of holy writ from the temple of God and the closet, to the circulating library and the club-room.

We perceive, indeed, throughout these volumes, a strong disposition to sanctify the levity of purpose, which has used such materials at all in such a place, by a religious fervour and passionate unction of the sentiments with which their introduction is commingled. With minds of a certain cast, this ardent display of a warmth of temperament, half pious, half poetical, may perhaps be received in extenuation for the inherent impropriety of the subject: but to us it seems only an aggravation of its bad taste. We have often and sufficiently declared, that we are no admirers of the "religious novel;" and we hold it to be, at best, but an unseemly trifling with sacred subjects, to render the tales of imagination the hackneied vehicle for ethical or doctrinal discourses. But we know there is a class of readers who, by a strange contradiction in their over scrupulous rejection of all mere amusement, delight in such medicated sweetmeats; and to the favour of these goodly persons it should seem that 'Salathiel' is meant to be particularly addressed. For in one of those undesigning paragraphs, which so accidentally find their way through the round of the daily press, it is gently whispered that "the tone of religious enthusiasm which pervades the extraordinary narrative of Salathiel, has made it popular, not only with romance readers, but *among more serious classes!*"

But setting aside the objectionable tendency of the story, we do not think the author's plan by any means well chosen. If it were only his purpose to narrate the destruction of Jerusalem, the adventures and sufferings of any imaginary Jewish Family of the period, might have afforded him (as it has done for Mr. Milman), a sufficient theme for introducing a description of the general desolation of that age of horror, from the pages of Josephus. And this it would have effected, without the necessity for any fiction so unnatural and indecent. Or if, on the other hand, he essayed to paint the unspeakable misery of the curse of an immortality upon earth, he might far better, avoiding all questionable ground, have selected some later epoch in the existence of his hero, when he had survived all the sweet relations of humanity, and stood alone in the frightful solitude of a heart, cut away from the affections, the aspirations, and the sympathies of its human nature, yet doomed to feel the aching void and weariness of a hopeless existence, from which no earthly power could shake off this mortal evil.

But we very much doubt whether the history of such a being is capable of being converted by any means into an agreeable fiction. The attempt has been made before and has failed. The subject seems to admit only of the brief single portraiture of fearful and monotonous wretchedness, which can be described only once, because, however it be attempted to vary the details, the general expression is for ever the same. Or, at most, the idea can be expanded only into a bitter satire upon the transitory vanities of that shifting scene, which the accursed immortals would be doomed to witness in the successive and fleeting career of countless generations. But how are we to link such a being with the working of passions, which for him must be worn out in the loathing and weariness of his fate;—how associate him with hopes, in which the present could offer no excitement, and the future could present no attraction? How mingle *him* through the ties of society, in the ordinary career of love, of ambition, of wealth—for whom all these things had turned upon experience to satiety and mockery? The story of such a being could be invested with no human interest in his person, and with no conceivable relation to the fortunes of others.

The attempt to trace the course of existence of such a being, the author before us (so far as he has gone), has in fact *not* made. His Salathiel, as he here appears, is *not* the immortal. He is an ordinary man, filling only the usual span of existence; bearing a "charmed life" it is true, like other heroes of romance, but not yet surviving the loving and the beloved; a husband and a father, a priest of the temple, and a prince among the tribes of Israel, a patriot burning for their deliverance from the Roman yoke, and a warriot leading them to the onset and the victory. Throughout the tale he is thus exhibited to us, as any other favourite character of fiction, with ardent passions and lofty attributes of mind, intensely devoted in his affections, noble and generous in his pursuits, throwing his whole soul into reciprocal love and friendship, and toiling even to self-sacrifice and ruin, for the welfare, the honour, and the happiness of others. This is not yet the mysterious and unhappy wanderer who, in the solitude for him of a crowded world, has dragged on his millenium of exhausted sorrow, enduring misanthropy and eternal weariness, isolated from the feelings, the sympathies, and even the agonizing emotions of his kind. This is not yet the wretch who has really *felt* the curse of immortality in the loneliness of his own heart, and the separation of his lot from that of all humanity. Salathiel is here, but the actor in a single generation;—and the author has hastened to dismiss him, before he survives his fellows in the piece.

This, then, is one of the incongruities of the work. The author has professed to bring before us the earthly sojourner through eighteen centuries, and he has shewn us only an existence under the prescribed limits of "three-score years and ten." This discrepancy between the project and its execution, meets us in the very title page. Salathiel is there a 'Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future.' It must be confessed this catching announcement savours marvellously of the spirit of advertising quackery.—Every tale we opine is a story of "the Past"—but what has the Salathiel of our author to do with "the Present;" or who, except in that figure of speech which is supposed to be peculiar to the Emerald Isle, ever heard of a *story* of the Future?

Through all the extravagance of the tale, we really have not the courage to labour, for the mere useless purpose of pointing out the utter incoherence and defiance of probability, which every where mark its domestic incidents, or the utter confusion and distortion in which circumstances purely historical, are every where misrepresented. Suffice it to observe, in this latter respect, which alone is worth noticing, that the reader who is familiar with the story of the last Jewish war, and the destruction of Jerusalem, in the intensely interesting narrative of Josephus, will with difficulty recognise the features of that authentic story, in their vague transformation through this fiction. The most memorable events of the war are here transposed, and supplanted by fictitious details, interpolated and omitted, assigned to wrong actors, and imputed to motives the most opposite from the real, just according, as it would seem, to the caprice of the author, and without any conceivable advantage to his relation. To mention but one gratuitous perversion of history, the fall of the fortress of Massada, which was the very last event of the war, is here made to precede that of Jerusalem; and the memorable and dreadful act of the garrison of that fortress, who, when the Romans fired it, preferred in the fierceness of their despair, to slay first their wives and children, and then each other, rather than fall alive into the hands of the victors—all this shocking catastrophe, which might have afforded such a subject of appalling description for a powerful pencil, is entirely changed into some common-place and imaginary details of no interest whatever.

Nor, though the author has devoted the whole of his third volume to depict the last horrors of the siege of Jerusalem, has he presented us with any definite ideas of their progress; and instead of the genuine historical record, the terrors of which no fiction can surpass, we have only occasional pictures—thrown off, no doubt, with tremendous vividness of delineation—of scenes of guilt, and anguish, and wrath, but nothing like a regular narration; intelligible in its particulars, and still deepening in its agonizing course to the final extremity of human woe.

In short, Salathiel, considered as a "Story," and as a connected whole, is, we must repeat, a decided failure. It would, we are persuaded, be scarcely possible to find a single chapter in it without some gross absurdity, some monstrous improbability or inconsistency, some contradiction or disagreement, either with what has gone before, or what is to follow. And yet it is no less true that, open it where we will, we shall be sure to discover, mingled with all this, some touches of real and extraordinary merit, some evidence of talent equally original, vigorous, and imaginative. If we were required to cite the most remarkable features in this production, we should adduce its splendid descriptions, its bright and many coloured imagery—a wonderful strength and power of language which we have seldom seen equalled. This burning and impetuous flood of poetical eloquence, is diffused and overspread through almost every page. It matters little to what portion of the volumes we turn for the exemplification of a style which universally pervades them. We may take as well as any other, the passage which depicts the last night of the devoted city.

'On this night, this fatal night, no man laid his head upon his pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned above us; the ground shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far into desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our side, swelled by a new deluge. The lakes and rivers roared, and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire. Showers of blood fell. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heaven. Lightning in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests on flame, and the shattered summits of the hills.

'Defence was unthought of; for the mortal enemy had past from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear. But it was, to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and the spear, and crouched before the descending judgment. We were conscience-smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to the caverns to hide us; we plunged into the sepulchres, to escape the wrath that consumed the living; we would have buried ourselves under the mountains.

'I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause; and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came round me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly, that they were to die; and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the Temple. They followed; and I led them, through streets encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of Mount Moriah. But beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of cloud, whose darkness was palpable even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by any thing that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept downward by a gust, that tore the rocks in a flinty shower round me.

'Now came the last and most wondrous sign, that marked the fate of rejected Israel.

'While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill, and the vapours began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on their edges; and the clouds rose, and rapidly shaped themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distant, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement. In awe that held us mute, we knelt and gazed upon this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moon-beam was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven the colossal image of the first Temple, of the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated by the visible glory. All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout that in the midst of their despair ascended from its thousands and tens of thousands, told what proud remembrances were there. But a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ear, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing; so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur and command. The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never but once see again; the guardian angels of the city of David!—they came forth glorious; but with woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim; their robes stained; tears flowing down their celestial beauty. "Let us go hence," was their song of sorrow.—"Let us go hence," was answered by the sad echoes of the moutains.—"Let us go hence," swelled upon the night, to the farthest limits of the land. The procession lingered long on the summit of the hill. The thunder pealed; and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. Their chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendour was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again; the cloudy temple was scattered on the winds; and darkness, the omen of her grave, settled upon Jerusalem.'—vol. i. pp. 396—400.

It is the misfortune of a power of diction, so rich and magniloquent as that of our author, that it is not suitable alike to all subjects. On minor occasions, he knows not how to subdue his tone, and restrain his exuberance to the level and the capacity of the matter before him; and like the auctioneer of accomplished memory, he cannot help being equally eloquent on "a Raphael and a ribbon." The effect of this unrelieved brilliancy of colouring, sustained throughout the whole work, and expended with the same profusion on every topic, is, that it at last palls upon the sense. The reader is fatigued with perpetual splendour, and dazzled with excess of light. Chasteness of expression, moreover, is a quality incapable of preservation in such overwrought diction;

and the writer before us is often hurried, in the ill regulated fervour of his style, to the verge of the bombastic and the ridiculous: to the use of such epithets, for example, as 'rich thunder,' the 'bitter sweet of memory,' 'superb sorrow,' and a thousand of the like.

From among the numerous descriptions of combats, with which the author delights in a very militant taste to present us, we shall select, as another specimen of his manner, his animated picture of a night attack of pirates on a squadron of Roman galleys:

'The Roman squadron, with that precaution which was the essential principle of their matchless discipline, were drawn up in order of battle, though they could have had no expectation of being attacked on such a night. But the roar of the wind buried every other sound, and we stole round the promontory unheard.

'The short period of this silent navigation was one of the keenest anxiety. All but those necessary for the working of the vessel were lying on their faces; we feared lest the very drawing of our breath might give the alarm; not a limb was moved, and, like a galley of the dead, we floated on, filled with destruction. We were yet at some distance from the twinkling lights that showed the prefect's trireme; when, on glancing round, I perceived a dark object on the water, and pointed it out to the captain. He looked, but looked in vain.

'"Some lurking spy," said he, "that was born to pay for his knowledge." With a sailor's promptitude, he caught up a lamp, and swung it overboard. It fell beside the object, a small boat as black as the waves themselves.

'"Now for the sentinel," were his words, as he plunged into the sea. The act was as rapid as thought. I heard a struggle, a groan, and a boat floated empty beside me on the next billow.

'But there was no time for search. We were within an oar's length of the anchorage. To communicate the loss of their captain (and what could human struggle do among the mountain waves of that sea?) might be to dispirit the crew, and ruin the enterprise. I took the command upon myself, and gave the word to fall on.

'A storm of fire, as strange to the enemy as if it had risen from the bottom of the sea, was instantly poured on the advanced ships. The surprise was total. The crews, exhausted by the night, were chiefly asleep. The troops on board were helpless, on decks covered with the spray, and among shrouds and sails falling down in burning fragments on their heads. Our shouts gave them the idea of being attacked by overwhelming numbers; and, after a short dispute, we cleared the whole outer line of every sailor and soldier. The whole was soon a pile of flame, a sea volcano that lighted sky, sea, and shore.

'Yet only half our work was done. The enemy were now fully awake, and no man could despise Roman preparation. I ordered a fire galley to be run in between the leading ships; but she was caught half-way by a chain, and turned round, scattering flame among ourselves. The boats were then lowered, and our most desperate fellows sent to cut out, or board. But the crowded decks drove them back, and the Roman pike was an over-match for our short falchions. For a while we were forced to content ourselves with the distant exchange of lances and arrows. The affair became critical; the enemy were still three times our force; they were unmooring; and our only chance of destroying them was at anchor. I called the crew forward, and proposed that we should run the galley close on the prefect's ship, set them both on fire, and, in the confusion, carry the remaining vessels. But sailors, if as bold, are as capricious as their element. Our partial repulse had already disheartened them. I was met by murmurs and clamours for the captain. The clamours rose into open charges that I had, to get the command, thrown him overboard.

'I was alone. Jubal, worn out with fatigue and illness, was lying at my feet; more requiring defence than able to afford it. The crowd were growing furious against the stranger. I felt that all depended on the moment, and leaped from the poop into the midst of the mutineers.

'"Fools," I exclaimed, "what could I get by making away with your captain? I have no wish for your command. I have no want of your help. I disdain you:—bold as lions, over the table; tame as sheep, on the deck; I leave you to be butchered by the Romans. Let the brave follow me, if such there be among you."

'A shallop that had returned with defeated boarders, lay by the galley's side. I seized a torch. Eight or ten, roused by my taunts, followed me into the boat. We pulled right for the Roman centre. Every man had a torch in one hand, and an oar in the other. We shot along the waters, a flying mass of flame; and while both fleets were gazing on us in astonishment, rushed under the poop of the commander's trireme. The fire soon rolled up her tarry sides, and ran along the cordage. But the defence was desperate, and lances rained upon us. Half of us were disabled in the first discharge; the shallop was battered with huge stones; and I felt that she was sinking.

'"One trial more, brave comrades, one glorious attempt more! The boat must go down; and unless we would go along with it, we must board."

'I leaped forward, and clung to the chains. My example was followed. The boat went down; and this sight, which was just discoverable by the livid flame of the vessel, raised a roar of triumph among the enemy. But to climb up the tall sides of the trireme was beyond our skill, and we remained dashed by the heavy waves as she rose and fell. Our only alternatives now were to be piked down, drowned, or burned. The flame was already rapidly advancing. Showers of sparkles fell upon our heads; the clamps and iron-works were growing hot to the touch; the smoke was rolling over us in suffocating volumes. I gave up all for lost; when a mountainous billow swept the vessel's stern round, and I saw a blaze burst out from the shore. The Roman tents were on flame!

'Consternation seized the crews thus attacked on all sides, and uncertain of the number of the assailants, they began to desert the ships, and, by boats or swimming, make for various points of land. The sight re-animated me. I climbed up the sides of the trireme, torch in hand, and with my haggard countenance, made still wilder by the wild work of the night, looked a formidable apparition to men already harassed out of all courage. They plunged overboard, and I was monarch of the finest war galley on the coast of Syria.

'But my kingdom was without subjects. None of my own crew had followed me. I saw the pirate vessels bearing down to complete the destruction of the fleet; and hailed them, but they all swept far wide of the trireme. The fire had taken too fast hold of her to make approach safe. I now began to feel my situation. The first triumph was past, and I found myself deserted. The deed of devastation was in the mean while rapidly going on. I saw the Roman ships successively boarded, almost without resistance, and in a blaze. The conflagration rose in sheets and spires to the heavens, and covered the waters to an immeasurable extent with the deepest dye of gore.

'I heard the victorious shouts, and mine arose spontaneously along with them. In every vessel burned, in every torch flung, I rejoiced in a new blow to the tyrants of Judea. But my thoughts were soon fearfully brought home. The fire reached the cables; the trireme, plunging and tossing like a living creature in its last agony, burst away from her anchors: the wind was off the shore; a gust, strong as the blow of a battering-ram, struck her; and, on the back of a huge refluent wave, she shot out to sea, a flying pyramid of fire.'—vol. ii., pp. 288—295.

But verbal eloquence of narration, be it said in justice, is far from being the only sign of unusual power in these volumes. They display very considerable learning, both classical and Judaical; and a thorough acquaintance with the policy, the manners and customs, and the general state of society of that age of antiquity, in which the story is laid. It is the accuracy of this knowledge, and the pictorial skill with which it is exhibited, that constitutes whatever real value the work possesses. The following just and spirited sketch of the nature of the Roman dominion in the different stages of the empire, would do no discredit to the pen of our best historians.

'But among the evils of the Roman conquest, was mingled this good, that it suffered no subordinate tyranny. Its sword cut away at a blow all those minor oppressions which make the misery of provincial life. If the mountain robber invaded the plain, as was his custom of old, the Roman cavalry were instantly on him with the spear, until he took refuge in the mountains—if he resisted in his native fastnesses, the Legionaries pursued him with torch and sword, stifled him if he remained in his cave, or stabbed him at its mouth.

'If quarrels arose between two villages, the cohorts burned both to the ground:—and the execution was done with promptitude and completeness that less resembled the ordinary operations of war, than the work of superhuman power. The Roman knowledge of our disturbances was instantaneous. Signals established on the hills conveyed intelligence with the speed of light, from the remotest corners of the land to the principal stations. Even in our subsequent conspiracies, the first knowledge that they had broken out was often conveyed to their partisans in the next district, by the movement of the Roman troops. Well had they chosen the eagle for their ensign. They rushed with the eagle's rapidity on their victim; and when it was stretched in blood, they left the spot of vengeance, as if they had left it on the wing. Their march had the rapidity of the most hurried retreat, and the steadiness of the most secure triumph. They left nothing behind, but the marks of their irresistible power.

‘All the armies of the earth have since passed before me. I have seen the equals of the legions in courage and discipline; and their superiors in those arms by which human life is at the caprice of ambition. But their equals I have never seen in the individual fitness of the soldier for war; in his fleetness, muscular vigour, and expertness in the use of his weapons; in his quick adaptation to all the multiplied purposes of the ancient campaign,—from the digging of a trench, or the management of a catapult, to the assault of a citadel; in his iron endurance of the vicissitudes of climate; in the length and regularity of his marches; or in the rapidity, boldness and dexterity of his manœuvre in the field. Yet, it is but a melancholy tribute to the valour of my countrymen, to record the Roman acknowledgment, that of all the nations conquered by Rome, Judea bore the chain with the haughtiest dignity, and most frequently and fiercely contested the supremacy of the sword.

‘Under that stern supremacy the Samaritan had long shrunk, and Canaan enjoyed an exemption from the harassing cruelty of petty war. We now passed with our long caravan unguarded, and moving at will through fields rich with the luxuriance of an eastern summer, where our fathers would have scarcely ventured but with an army.’—pp. 47—50.

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‘The general principles of Rome, in the government of her conquests, were manly and wise. When the soldier had done his work; and it was done vigorously, yet with but little violence beyond that which was essential for complete subjugation; the sword slept as an instrument of evil, and awoke only as an instrument of justice.

‘The Roman supremacy extinguished the innumerable and harassing mischiefs of minor hostility. If neighbour kingdoms quarrelled, a legion marched across the border, and brought the belligerents to sudden reason; dismissed the armies to their hearths and altars, and sent the angry chiefs to reconcile their claims in an Italian dungeon. If a disputed succession threatened to embroil the general peace, the proconsul ordered the royal competitors to embark for Rome, and there settle the right before the senate.

‘The barbaric invasions, which had periodically ravaged the Eastern empires, even in their day of power, were repelled with a terrible vigour. The legions left the desert covered with the tribe, for the food of the vulture; and showed to Europe the haughty leaders of the Tartar, Gothic, and Arab myriads, in fetters, dragging wains, digging in mines, or sweeping the highways.

‘If peace could be an equivalent for freedom, the equivalent was never so amply secured. The world within this iron boundary flourished; the activity and talent of man were urged to the highest pitch; the conquered countries were turned from wastes and forests into fertility; ports were dug upon naked shores; cities swelled from villages; population spread over the soil once pestilential and breeding only the poisonous weed and the serpent. The sea was covered with trade; the pirate and the murderer were unheard of, or hunted down. Commercial enterprise shot its lines and communications over the map of the earth; and regions were then familiar, which even the activity of the revived ages of Europe has scarcely made known.

‘Those were the wonders of great power steadily directed to a great purpose. General coercion was the simple principle; and the only talisman of a Roman Emperor was the chain, but where it was casually com-wasted for the sword; yet the universality of the compression atoned for half its evil. The natural impulse of man is to improvement; he requires only security from rapine. The Roman supremacy raised round him an impregnable wall. It was the true government for an era when the habits of reason had not penetrated the general human mind. Its chief evil was the restraints of those nobler and loftier aspirations of genius and the heart, which from time to time raise the general scale of mankind. Nothing is more observable than the decay of original literature, of the finer architecture, and of philosophical invention, under the empire. Even military genius, the natural product of a system that lived but on military fame, disappeared: the brilliant diversity of warlike talent, that shone on the very verge of the succession of the Cæsars, sank, like falling stars, to rise no more. No captain was again to display the splendid conceptions of Pompey's boundless campaigns; the lavish heroism and inexhaustible resource of Antony; or the mixture of undaunted personal enterprise and profound tactics, the statesman-like thought, irrestrainable ambition, and high-minded forgiveness, that made Cæsar the very emblem of Rome. But the Imperial power had the operation of one of those great laws of nature, which through partial evil, sustain the earth—a gravitating principle, which, if it checked the ascent of some gifted beings beyond the dull level of life, yet kept the multitude of men and things from flying loose beyond all utility and all control.

'Yet it was only for a time. The empire was but the ripening of the republic, a richer, more luxuriant, and more transitory object for the eye of the world; and the storm was already gathering that was to shake it to the ground. The corruptions of the palace first opened the Imperial ruin. They soon extended through every department of the state. If the habitual fears of the tyrant, in the midst of a headlong populace who had so often aided and exulted in the slaughter of his predecessors, could scarcely restrain him in Rome; what must be the excesses of his minions, where no fear was felt! where complaint was stifled by the dagger! and where the government was bought by bribes, to be replaced only by licenced and encouraged rapine!

'The East was the chief victim. The vast northern and western provinces of the empire pressed too closely on Rome; were too poor, and were too warlike, to be the favourite objects of Italian rapacity. There a new tax raised an insurrection; the proconsular demand of a loan was answered by a flight, which stripped the land; or by the march of some unheard-of tribe, pouring down from the desert to avenge their countrymen. The character too of the people influenced the choice of their governors. Brave and experienced soldiers, not empty and vicious courtiers, must command the armies that were thus liable to be hourly in battle, and on whose discipline depended the slumbers of every pillow in Italy. Stern as is the life of camps, it has its virtues; and men are taught consideration for the feelings, rights, and resentments of man, by a teacher that makes its voice heard through the tumult of battle, and the pride of victory. But all was reversed in Asia, remote, rich, habituated to despotism, divided in language, religion and blood; with nothing of that fierce, yet generous clanship, which made the Gaul of the Belgian marshes listen to the trumpet of the Gaul of Narbonne, and the German of the Vistula burn with the wrongs of the German of the Rhine.'—vol. i., pp. 222—227.

In his lighter sketches of manners, the author shows a great deal of dramatic ability and correct "keeping." His Roman, his Greek, and his Jew, all speak and act in their true individual character; and some of his scenes and dialogues are extremely spirited and national. In the general fidelity of these representations of the private life of the age, we can readily forgive his occasional anachronisms: as when, for instance, he introduces two Roman soldiers, of the age of Nero, (vol. ii. p. 59), as having fought under the standard of Marc Antony, who had been dead full ninety years! We regret that none of these sketches of manners stand out so distinctly from the business of the narrative, that we can exhibit them to advantage within our limits: but they have been sufficient to convince us that the author would succeed in a department of amusing literature, which has been very little attempted. No one has given us a good novel of ancient life. The author of Salathiel has a turn for sarcastic as well as tragic delineation, which reminds us a good deal of the manner of the author of Anastasius. Will he be tempted to exhibit to us the adventures of a Greek of the age of Augustus, or of Juvenal?

ART. VI.—*Die Deutsche Literature.* Von Wolfang Menzel. Zwei Theile. Stuttgart: Franckh. 1828.

German Literature. By Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart: Franckh. 1828.

MANKIND are generally desirous of making amends for injustice committed by superabundant kindness; and something of this feeling may, we think, be traced in the opinions entertained of the German nation. Little more than half a century ago, they were considered the Bœotians of modern Europe, nay, their very capability of attaining knowledge was doubted; now they are exalted to the very highest pinnacle of intellectual excellence. The usual effects of reaction have here displayed themselves; unjustly decried, the Germans have been indiscriminately extolled. Our readers need not fear that we are now going to lead them, step by step, from the commencement of the memorable struggle for the emancipation of the German mind from French thraldom; that task has been already performed by others. We do not know, however, of any work that can yet supersede that of Madame de Staël, notwithstanding some mistakes which she has committed, from the peculiarity of her own opinions, and the relation in which she stood towards the German literati. We avail ourselves of the work before us, to give a somewhat more detailed account of the *later* tendency and direction of German literature, although, from the longevity of several of the distinguished men who first asserted the right of the Germans to think for themselves, the two periods are in some measure closely connected with each other. The idea which Mr. Menzel has always kept in view throughout his work, which is on many accounts deserving of attention, is the close and intimate relation (alternately influencing and influenced by each other) that exists between the state of society and the literature of a nation. This idea, although not altogether new, as the guiding idea in tracing literature through all its different directions, is here applied more extensively than by any other writer on similar subjects. The attention which the Germans bestow on the literature of other nations is well known; Jean Paul had already observed, that his countrymen were able to do justice to all people except themselves. The following observations, though rather quaintly expressed, will show the consequences of this tendency in German literature:—

> Constantly employed in exploring every thing else, it has not yet studied itself. It is a head with many thousand tongues, all of which contradict one another: a vast tree, that overshadows the human race; but the eyes of all the blossoms turn outward, and its widely spread branches stand apart from each other. We every where behold sciences and arts excluding each other, although they are nourished by the same soil and ripened by the same sun. . . . . . The mind is contented with the little, because it knows not what is really great; with a partial view, because it does not behold the other side of things: and as the number of books* renders a complete mastery of the subject more difficult, parties perplex the judgment, and generate not only ignorance, but that contempt for the Unknown or Half-understood, which exercises so baneful an influence on the present times. . . . . Thus our literature presents a strange confusion of minds and opinions. It descends from the sunny heights of Genius to the slimy pools of Common-place; sometimes wise, even to the depths of mysticism, sometimes senseless, to the extremity of folly. Every view, every nature, every talent, asserts its rights, careless about the judge, for there is no law, and minds revel in wild anarchy. The wonderful concert of literature is unceasingly played on all instruments and in all tones, and it is not possible for those who are in the midst of the vibrations, to enjoy the harmony. If, however, we ascend above the time, and take a higher position, we shall discern that in half centuries the fugues change, and the discords find their resolution.

The author then proceeds to develope the plan by which he intends to conduct his inquiry, and the manner in which the pervading idea is connected with the different branches of literature and art.

> Difficult as a comprehensive examination and impartial discrimination undoubtedly is, it is the only means by which we can be preserved from *one-sided* perplexity, and secure to ourselves the full enjoyment of so magnificent a work of art as the literature of any country presents. Comparison gives solutions, to which the *partial* prosecution of a literary subject never can attain. One science, art, or action, explains another; men and life are best understood in the whole extent of all their bearings. A comprehensive examination necessarily supposes impartiality; we can

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* The reader must recollect the peculiar state of the book trade in Germany.—*Rev.*

hardly observe minds in all their different directions, without ascribing to each a certain necessity; we cannot rise impartially above the influence of parties, without beholding the contest from an epic point of sight, and obtaining a full view of the grand picture. . . . . . . Life includes us among its creations—the mass includes us among its component members; we cannot separate ourselves from society, locality, or time; but, waves in the living stream, bearing and borne along by it, we must share the lot of mortality. In the interior of the mind there is, however, a free place, in which all strife can be appeased, all contradiction reconciled; and literature immortalizes, in an intellectual universe, this fixed star in the human breast."

In this, though expressed in affected and exaggerated language, there is much truth and sound sense, joined with a very unnecessary striving after originality; but in the applicability of his leading idea we fully concur. To attempt any connected survey, however succinct, of German literature, from its origin, would lead us astray from our present purpose; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with giving a slight sketch of two of the German writers who contributed to form and establish that intimate connexion between the tone of national life and literature, which is productive of such beneficial results—we mean Lessing and Wieland. Both pursued the same object, but by different paths. Lessing perceived the degraded state to which the mind of his country was reduced; and, conscious of his own powers, resolved to free it from its thraldom. With the boldness of an independent spirit, he struck out a career for himself, for he saw none else on whom he could rely. The feeble efforts and limited powers of the Swiss school fell far short of the object he desired to accomplish, or rather of the views which gradually opened upon him as he advanced. Bodmer had, indeed, made a previous attempt against the paltry affectation of French literature; but, as one of the soundest English critics has observed, there was in Bodmer, and his *immediate* party, a radical want of original power. It is the prerogative of genius that its wishes are frequently only the anticipations of its capabilities—the harbingers of what it can really accomplish by the devoted single-heartedness of its application. Of this, Lessing was a remarkable instance. He wished to give a tone to German literature—a rallying point to which it might always revert; in short, to make it the mirror of reality. Impressed with this truth, he studied life in all its bearings. He did not, like Gleim and Klopstock, confine himself within one particular sphere; he explored every thing within his reach. He dispensed occasionally with personal dignity, because he relied upon himself, that he could resume it at pleasure; or he might have sought the varied scenes of active life as a relief and counterpoise to the workings of his ever active mind, and Minna of Barnhelm was the triumphant result of his labours.

"This piece," says Goethe, in his Autobiography, "successfully led the way from the literary and civil life in which poetry had hitherto moved, into a higher and more important world." We shall not now follow Lessing through his long and honourable career; we shall merely record our conviction, that to him, more, perhaps, than to any other *individual*, do we consider German literature indebted, for he it was, who, alone and unsupported, nay, even opposed to some of the most eminent of those writers who professed to follow in the same path, calmly and unvaryingly continued his course, deterred by no difficulties, seduced by no temptations. We know not, even among the distinguished writers who have succeeded him, any author whom we should more strongly recommend, for the manly independence of his thoughts, and the unaffected ease and elegance with which he expresses them. That he was sceptical, will be forgiven by those who consider the times in which he lived. The influence of the French writers was unbounded; and it would have required superhuman powers to have fathomed, without a guide, the depths of the profound and varied subjects to which his attention was directed. His scepticism was not the offensive rancour of a man who attempts to overturn established institutions; and, whilst he claims for himself the right of unlimited toleration, behaves with bigoted intolerance towards others: it was the constant striving of an upright mind after the Eternal and the Infinite. Those who have penetrated far enough into the regions of knowledge, to discover the comparative nullity of the human powers, when exploring the mighty fabric of creation, will pause before they condemn such a man as Lessing. We do not address ourselves to those who do not doubt, because they never think; for, as their approbation could confer no honour, their condemnation can imply no discredit. We have made these observations, because we do not conceive that Lessing has received a due share of the attention which our countrymen have bestowed on the German classics.

Wieland, known principally in England, by the poem of Oberon, in the excellent translation of Mr. Sotheby, presents in many respects a remarkable contrast with Lessing. The latter, unencumbered about others, pursued only what he himself considered to be right; the former had no fixed ideas of his own, but received his thoughts from others, and fancied himself original. From his earliest to his latest works, the persons and writings can be named that gave the tinge which pervades them; alternately mystic, freethinker and bigot, he ended his days without any settled thoughts on those important subjects which had at one time engaged his attention. But Wieland was always in extremes; imitating the shallow sophistry of the French *philosophers*, or viewing life through the gloomy medium that denounces even the most innocent enjoyments, it was no wonder he never recovered the equipoise which he lost in early life, as might have been foretold from the partial nature of his early education. Endowed with wonderful versatility, he wanted that firm independence which the instinctive consciousness of genius alone can give; hence that constant aiming after originality, that obvious striving at superior acuteness and effect, which we meet with so often in the prose works of Wieland.

His poetical works are far superior to his prose writings, for in them we find a terseness and propriety of language, that contrasts strongly with the forced and frequently tame aspirations after humour in his novels. Wieland had viewed many parts of external nature with the eye and feelings of a poet, and his command of words enabled him to express beautifully what he felt powerfully; and, as his descriptions frequently verge to the utmost limits of sensual feelings, although we by no means impute an immoral tendency to the whole scope of his works, he was enabled from himself to convey his own impressions to his readers. But when he attempted to pourtray real life in novels, although his power of talent cannot be controverted, yet, not having had sufficient experience in his own person, he was obliged to draw upon others for his resources, and hence his writings are frequently but imitations of Voltaire, Sterne, or the Socratic manner served up in the piquant style in which Wieland certainly excelled.

With every disposition to do justice to him, we cannot, however, rank him among the arch spirits of his country. But to Wieland the literature of Germany is greatly indebted; the active part which he took in the distinguished periodicals of the time, the rapidity of his publications, the attention which they deservedly attracted, (for to Wieland, must undoubtedly the merit be assigned of unfolding the beauties of general German poetry, to an extent of which the language was not considered capable), and above all, the controversies to which they gave rise, contributed to extend still more widely a taste for literature, and to direct that taste to its proper channel.

In contemplating the literature, (to which these two celebrated writers so essentially contributed), in its connection with life,

> "We distinguish, (observes our author), in a threefold manner, the influence which nature, history, and intellectual culture exercise upon literature. Nature imprints upon it a local, national, and individual peculiarity; it affects character as well as language, and calls forth the various tones by which a nation modifies the original tone (*Urlaut*) of the race, and the individual, that of a people. But as nature exercises a deep influence on the creators of literature, so does history on external objects and intercourse. The interests of active life, come likewise into contact with it. Every new mind is carried along with the stream of parties, which it must either stem or form. Lastly, although we allow the searching force which history, nature, and mind, collectively exert, we must distinguish from the influence of the national and individual character, and of the prevailing spirit of the age, the peculiar

development of every particular art and science, and its connection with literature.

It is manifest to the most casual observer, that an investigation carried on in this spirit, and branching off into the various departments of literature, must be an arduous undertaking, and the first writer who ventures upon such a gigantic system, is entitled to indulgence, to which his successors will have no claim. But although it cannot be imputed as a fault, that the first explorer has not exhausted his subject, yet by directing attention to those parts of the work that appear inaccurate or incomplete, we shall benefit both the author and reader. Mr Menzel considers principally the *Æsthetic* literature of Germany, as that which embodies most of the mind of the people. Science, strictly so called, is exhausted, except inasmuch as it bears upon the national life and literature. Yet, even in this popular view, there is room for alteration; indeed, we think that this part might be remodelled with advantage. The author then proceeds to a detailed analysis of many of the peculiarities of German character and literature, to which we regret that want of room will not allow us to allude more particularly. A diligent perusal of these will lead to a satisfactory conclusion upon many points, which, on first view, appear contradictory, and, if the author has occasionally descended to minutiæ on subjects that are somewhat beneath the dignity of his work, we, on this side of the channel, can hardly object to the introduction of topics that convey much information, and exercise an influence on German literature, not the less considerable, because it is indirect. In the sixth section, the author treats of religion. We do not imagine that he is here very successful, and we can hardly hope for a work that will satisfy all parties in the present conflicting state of Germany on this point. We have already, incidentally, and directly, treated of the modern religious opinions in that country; we do not, therefore, think it necessary now to resume the subject. Our author fails not so much in what he has done, as in what he has omitted, although it is possible, even on the narrow basis that he has assumed, to discuss it more advantageously. In the department of philosophy, Mr. Menzel gives a succinct account of the development of German philosophy, from Leibnitz and Wolf, down to Hegel, the last new theorist on this intricate theme. He has treated this part of his subject with clearness and ability, but he has manifestly overrated the influence of Kant's philosophy. Even from his own expressions, it was not less the offspring than the parent of the opinions that prevailed in the latter part of the last century. The great merit of Kant, was the clearness with which he traced the principles from which he proceeded. These are incontrovertible, and refuted alike the rhapsodizing and mathematical philosophers. With the superstructure which the philosopher of Konigsberg erected on his premises, we have nothing to do; we merely assert that, if

Kant had proceeded with the same caution and circumspection through the whole of his doctrine, he would have avoided much in his system that is repulsive. But, like almost all metaphysicians, he committed the error, almost unavoidable from the imperfection of language, and the powers of the mind, of applying in his later works, when reflection and experience had expanded his views, the same expressions that he had adopted at an earlier period, unconscious that he no longer used them with the same shade of meaning. The opinions of other writers are given judiciously: we would instance those of Schelling. We wish, however, that our author had qualified more strongly the epithets in which he speaks of Schiller, as, without intending it, the manner in which he introduces the great poet might mislead his readers.

The departments of history, education, and nature, as far as they partake of the mutual relations between life and literature, are discussed in separate chapters. The first subject, considering the abundance of materials, the author has hardly treated with sufficient attention. In politics we should not expect much; the view of the different parties, or rather opinions, that agitate Germany; is well given, but we must enter our protest against the doctrine, that absolute monarchy at all implies any connection with the fear of God; or that republicanism, in its highest extent, is irreconcileable with it. This doctrine may, perhaps, find defenders in literature as in life, but they must have lost all sense of their own independence, and all regard for the deductions of universal history and experience. We do not mean to assert that Mr. Menzel absolutely supports this detestable opinion; passages, indeed, of a different tendency, may be selected from his work, but his remarks in this section would certainly lead to such a conclusion. We would recommend him, in the event of a second edition being called for, to express his meaning in a manner that will not admit of a doubt.

The part of his work on which the author has bestowed most attention, is that in which he treats of æsthetic literature. In order to reduce so difficult and comprehensive a subject within definite rules, he not only distinguishes the different species of poetry, and divides them into schools and periods, but he explains both the former and the latter, by some characterizing principle. We are not sure, however, that the advantages of this method are not more apparent than real, for the productions of the mind do not always admit of a classification so exact as the works of art, and the inquirer is apt, in his fondness for system, to overlook many points that are deserving of notice. It cannot, however, be denied, that this method, if cautiously adopted and developed, gives greater unity of form, and bestows upon the whole that attention and importance, which is frequently lost in the contemplation of single parts. The division which our author has adopted, consists in an extension of the idea, by which Schlegel conveyed the difference between the ancient and the romantic, when he called the former *the plastic*, and the latter the *picturesque*. Mr. Menzel considers æsthetic literature as capable of five principal divisions, which he names after the five principal arts; architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and the dramatic art. The reasoning by which he supports this somewhat quaint classification is ingenious; but, as was to be anticipated, it fails to include the finer shades and distinctions of the same feeling. In the observations on poetry, or rather on the creative power, we find the same complaints that are become so general throughout Germany, and are but the natural consequences of the craving spirit of the literature of the present day.

> 'Poetry is no longer connected with life, its fairest blossom, but opposed to it as dreaming is to waking. It is no longer the effusion of a holy spirit, that comes from within, no longer the creation of an overpowering, unconscious, involuntary, natural impulse. . . . . It is rather an expertness that is applied at pleasure, a mere tool of amusement. . . . In poetry, the inward holy inspiration is no longer necessary, some knowledge of what is pleasing to the people, and some talent, are sufficient. . . . The same talent that formerly arose of itself, when the poet was in creative animation, belongs now to the anxious precepts of the understanding. . . . . Poets now strive after effect, and are guided, not only by inward genius, but by external applause; they are anxious to acquire a reputation, and walk on stilts, that they may surpass each other.'

There is, undoubtedly, exaggeration in all this, but there is likewise much truth; the mistake appears to have originated in supposing, that Germany was always to be favoured with a succession of poetic minds that should command the admiration of the world, like the great men of the last generation, the greatest of whom yet survives. It was to be expected that the public mind, so strongly excited, would run into extremes, and in the love of imitation, which forms so striking a feature in the national character, would lose, in some measure, the vigour that always springs from the exercise of original power. The very principle too, on which the modern school proceeded, viz. that of making literature alternately the guide and creature of life, would, if carried to excess, produce the evils which the author, in the following observations, describes with equal justice and truth.

> 'Universality is the character of the present age. We must be all in all. We transport ourselves into all times, and all countries; we imitate every thing. The images of the remotest antiquity, of the most contrary natures, mingle daily with the images of the present. . . . . The old poets never stepped out of the circle of their nationality: Shakspeare charmed the whole world with his productions; yet they bore the stamp of his own, and of English individuality. But our modern poets, with a foreign subject, pretend likewise to a foreign view of it. . . . . If desire impels them to old Hellas, they wish to be wholly Grecian, that they may stand before Plato, and may not fear the lash of Aristophanes. . .

Modern poetry is in close connexion with modern science. 'It receives its character from it; as the poetry of the middle ages took its tone from religion. Then feeling predominated, now the understanding. Then all light and life were concentrated in one full glowing sun; here it flies off sparkling in innumerable stars, to pervade and people infinity.'

The author then proceeds to mention the different divisions of poetry, and distinguishes the principal German authors according to the class to which they belong. We cannot, however, follow him in detail, as our object in the present article, is to give some general idea of the tendency of the more modern German literature. We shall, however, take an opportunity of enabling our readers to judge of the comparative merits of the principal living German writers, in the several departments in which they have distinguished themselves. The opinion of the author respecting Goethe, is so different from that generally entertained of him, that we may be excused if we deviate on this occasion from our course, and consider the observations advanced somewhat more narrowly. Goethe is not allowed the distinguished honour of prince of modern poets, which has been often conferred upon him, but his praise is limited to the personification of modern universal poetizing, which in him has attained its highest completion. That Goethe has applied his talents and genius in more directions, than perhaps any other poet, ancient or modern, will be allowed by all; to borrow a German expression, he *besings* every thing. But perhaps no man ever appeared, who united in such extent, such wonderful and various powers. There may be some who surpass him in particular branches; but he is undoubtedly the first of living minds. No man has mingled more in life than Goethe, and there is no writer, in whose works the mutual influences of life and literature are so strongly traced. That there is much in his productions that can only be understood after long and minute attention—much that will remain incomprehensible after all our exertions, will not surprise those who know how difficult it is to follow the thoughts of another; to trace the turns and windings of the mind, when under the influence of great excitement and poetical enthusiasm. Nay, there is much in his works that he himself does not clearly understand, or that has passed away with the moment of inspiration. He comprehends human nature admirably, and his representations of the varied and complicated feelings that actuate the mind of man, are among the most powerful and faithful productions that genius has conferred upon the literature of any age or nation. His style, although occasionally exhibiting marks of imperfection and carelessness, adapts itself with equal ease to the simple narrative, the deepest pathos, the sneering satire, the dark and involved expressions of mysticism, and the light and airy gracefulness of cheerfulness and vivacity.

His later works do not, indeed, always exhibit the correctness and perfection of his earlier writings; this, however, is not to be attributed to any senile falling off in power, so much as to the peculiar situation in which he has now lived for many years. Had Goethe resided in a capital, where he would have constantly associated with men who approached him more nearly in intellect, he might, perhaps, have written with more respect for mankind; but residing in a small town, where he was the object of an enthusiasm almost approaching idolatry, he seems occasionally to have caught the tone of his admirers, or to have inserted remarks which appear to have been put forth as the test of their credulity. We should not perform our duty, as faithful critics, were we to conclude these remarks without observing that there is much in Goethe that requires to be read with caution; that even his warmest admirers wish he had never written, and which may be the more dangerous to our countrymen, as proceeding from a different position from that in which they are accustomed to contemplate nature. In nature and in life, we find the good and the bad, the beautiful and its opposite, in perpetual contact. The poet, as the interpreter of nature, and holding up the mirror of life, considers himself at liberty to follow the same arrangement, leaving it to his readers to correct, by the tendency of the whole, whatever appeared injurious in single parts. We do not mean to insinuate that the poet should be held responsible for the morality of his dramatis personæ, or that in literature, the principle which the Germans have introduced from the Greeks into art with so much advantage, should be strictly followed: the tendency of a work will always depend on the view of life which the author takes; but to us, believing, as we do, that there is more of the good and beautiful than of the hateful and the bad, we should wish to see in poetry, which is but the ideal of life, a correspondent sentiment prevailing. For it ought never to be forgotten, that in a *complete* work of fiction, the author takes the thread of destiny into his own hand, and cuts it as he pleases.

These observations do not, of course, apply to such productions as pourtray life, not only in its reality, but likewise in its incompleteness, as fragments in the great sum of existence: such must be considered simply in the light of history, which attempts not to beautify, but to represent facts as they happened; with this single exception, that, if truly conceived, the possible is substituted for the real.

Our readers will see from what we have advanced, that there is much in Mr. Menzel's work that requires alteration—much, as was to be expected in a work of such magnitude, from which we differ; but we recommend it as conveying an impartial statement and account of German literature, affected, indeed, by the author's own opinions and love of system. He is under considerable obligations to the Schlegels, for some of the leading ideas; but he is entitled to the merit of extensive development.

The style is occasionally warped by a love of images and an affectation of originality, which are unworthy of a writer who can express himself with the ease and neatness that distinguish many parts of this work. When the author trusts to himself, he writes with elegance and purity; when, as is but too often the case, he strives after effect, his diction is harsh and constrained. He takes, like many of his countrymen, too desponding a view of German literature. Germany can no longer boast, it is true, of so splendid a phalanx of poets as formerly: the drama, although a few good plays occasionally appear on the stage and in print, is fallen from its high estate; yet the literature of a country, like its constitution, must undergo revolutions; and there is in Germany an intensity of feeling in searching after truth, that frequently leads its votaries astray, but is unquestionably productive of good results. The avidity with which productions of all kinds are seized in Germany, shows the general diffusion of knowledge; if the inquiry be directed to too many branches, it is also conducted on principles which, where certainty is attainable, will undoubtedly lead to it. Comparing the literature of Germany with that of the other countries of the civilized world, the only just standard by which it can be appreciated, we know of none that can boast of superiority over it. If, in the course of these remarks, we have introduced observations that may seem at variance with this opinion, we would merely reply,—that a nation frequently suffers more from indiscriminate eulogy than from unjust blame, and that those are the sincerest friends to German literature, who do not conceal its faults, but point out the means by which they may be corrected.

Art. VII.—*The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan, in England.* 2 vols. 12mo. London: Murray. 1828.

Most of our readers are already acquainted, we presume, with the amusing pictures of oriental life, which were exhibited in the three first volumes of Hajji Baba's adventures in Persia. We have now the same hero on the varied stage of England, and we are happy to acknowledge that the Barber's son, of Ispahan, turns out to be quite as pleasant a fellow beneath our clouds and fogs, as he was under his own bright skies. It is a great happiness to find, that he did not die amongst us of the measles, like the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands. As his visit took place some twenty years ago, he had not the supreme felicity, indeed, of beholding night turned into day in our streets, by the gas companies; but so much the better for him, as he thus escaped in good time from the danger of being poisoned by the water companies. Had the Persians continued here until they could read the reports of the proceedings which have been going on amongst these gentry, and of the combinations entered into between them, for the purpose of corrupting the Thames, and thereby putting in peril the health of divers of his majesty's liege subjects—

soon would their clothes be packed up, speedily would their places be taken in a Plymouth coach, out side or in, and most exemplary would be their expedition in departing from our shores, particularly if they discovered that even the tenants of the sea were flying from us on all sides—that the fresh water fish had long since abandoned their father Thames, and that the occupation of the poor fishermen of Wapping was entirely gone. Had the Persians witnessed the experiment of the Dutch eel—a fastidious gentleman, who upon being plunged into the Thames, thought proper to die instanter, the ambassador at least would have followed the example; and in giving one *tale* more to the newspapers, would have caused his Persian Majesty to rise some fine morning, with three *tails* less in the amount of those that proclaim the grandeur of his empire.

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether Hajji Baba would have gone down with his master. He would rather have gone off, terrified to think of such a mighty stream of poison flowing through the heart of the metropolis, and wondering that a parliament could sit, night after night, on its banks, without paying the slightest attention to its impurities. Here would be a copious subject for his sly satire, and his raillery. But it is not the only one that has risen into notice since his return to Persia. Had he seen some of our new streets, in which palaces are erected for milliners and haberdashers, many of whom spend all their capital in paying one quarter's rent; had he beheld some of our modern churches, in which it is curiously contrived that only a select few—as many as might constitute a snug vestry—shall hear the preacher; had he gone through our new law courts, the buildings in Whitehall and Downing Street, and the royal palace in St. James's Park; and observed that the first were little better than closets, that the second consisted of garrets, and the third of out-offices, with a dome in the centre, that makes it look exactly like the Bethelem Hospital—how he would have laughed in his sleeve at the most enlightened, the most opulent, and most happy nation under the sun!

Even as matters were twenty years ago, in England, Hajji Baba had, however, subjects in abundance to excite his merriment, and marvellously good use has he made of them, as his readers will see. Those who were formerly acquainted with him, and observed the progressive success with which he got on in the world, will not be surprised to hear, that after being appointed the Shah's deputy, he assumed airs, and was entrusted with duties of no slight importance. Being attached, as secretary, to the embassy which came to England about the time we have specified, he was now in the high road to that wealth which was ever the precious object of his ambition. He had a difficult card to play with the ambassador, Mirza Firouz, who was a testy, morose, ill-tempered minister enough, but he contrives, on all occasions, to bamboozle the old gentleman with his usual tact and roguery. The journey from Tehran to Smyrna, and the voyage thence to England, abound in drollery. Mirza could not think of embarking except at the fortunate hour, and no lucky conjunction of the planets was expected for a week to come. The wind was fair, the ship was ready, the sails were spread to the breeze, the captain was urgent—what was to be done? The question was soon solved; the ambassador sneezed twice, an omen which was confirmed by a similar operation on the part of one of his suite; and so, off they went. The sailors they took for rope dancers, and at the sound of the salute they were thrown into such consternation, that they scarcely knew whether they were in hell or heaven.

The first night of the ambassador's arrival at Plymouth, he was almost suffocated. The good folks at the inn, imagining that as the Persian had come from a warm climate, he could not have too much covering, placed a whole quire of sheets and blankets on his bed; and beneath their weight he would have been smothered, had he not determined to shake them off. Having survived this danger, his next step was to proceed onwards to town. The party were astonished at every thing they saw on their way thither, and after their arrival in the metropolis. But nothing perplexed them more than the constitution of the East India Company, whose directors waited upon the ambassador, in order to compliment him.

' "It is difficult to explain matters in so short a time," said the mehmandar; "they are not properly kings. One is called the chair, and the other deputy chair," first pointing to an arm-chair, and then to a stool, to explain what he meant, and he had scarcely done this when they walked in.

'It was difficult to know what etiquette to adopt with these personages; but they soon showed us that they required none. They were plain-spoken men, without any airs of greatness, looking more like substantial possessors of good shops and warehouses than the owners of kingdoms. The ambassador, after the first compliments were over, endeavoured to have his understanding enlightened upon the sort of government they exercised, so novel to Persians, and so little known in the East. It seems that they are the chiefs of twenty-four, all of whom sit upon chairs, and have the right of speech and of thought upon matters relating to India. After some attempts to clear up our ignorance, they invited the ambassador to visit their palace, where he would learn more of the nature of their government, by actual inspection, than by hours of explanation. It appeared, however, from the little we could comprehend, that although they possessed kingdoms, they were not in fact kings; that the revenues of these kingdoms did not belong to them, but to others who enjoyed the fruits of them; that they were partly concerned in occasionally sending out a king, or *firman firmai*,* to Calcutta; but they, their Indian king, their fleets, their armies, were subject to another greater personage still,

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'* A governor by firmans.'

who was one of the king of England's viziers, who lived in a distinct corner of the city, and that he again was the immediate servant of the real shah of England and of Hindostan.

'Bewildered with this complication of real kings, and little kings, viziers, sitters upon chairs, and sitters upon stools, we held the finger of suspense upon the lip of astonishment, and pondered over all we had heard, like men puzzling over a paradox. At length our visitors took their leave, and the ambassador promised me that he would shortly fix a day for getting better acquainted with "Coompani," of whom he and his countrymen had heard so much; and about whose existence it became quite necessary that Persia should, for the future, have clear and positive information.'—vol. i. pp. 264—266.

The opening of parliament afforded another subject of great wonderment to the Persians. The town, which had hitherto been empty, suddenly became populous; carriages were seen rolling in all directions. 'The women began to run about, and to knock at each other's doors in a manner quite strange to behold.' Mirza Firouz could not comprehend the cause of all this bustle. He could not conceive why the great council of the nation should meet to enact new laws, as they had already one thousand and one volumes full of legislation on every subject, from the income of the state to the treatment of a donkey. He was told, indeed, that one of the great objects of parliament in assembling, was to discuss a question upon which they had argued for the last hundred years,—upon which they had expended all their declamation in poetry and prose, without having as yet lost all their patience, though they had exhausted that of the public. What was this strange and difficult enigma, which some Œdipus was required to solve? "Whether seven millions of their population should continue to be discontented and rebellious, or the contrary!" The ambassador, in his simplicity, was puzzled; he could not believe that 'a nation so powerful, so prosperous, and so abounding in riches, as this, could lay itself open to such unheard of imputations.'

Now was the time for the display of the court, and its matchless beauties. Our Persian fell in love with them all. He was the "lion" of the day, and was overwhelmed with invitations to dinners and routs. The conversation on these occasions, though chiefly relating to the weather, was sometimes changed and enlivened by the wit of the ambassador. Most astonished was he to find, that 'so much merriment could exist among persons who usually lived in a fog.' At Almack's he was delighted with a display of more diamonds, rubies, emeralds and jewels, of every kind, than 'the Shah of Iran, or even the father of the great Mogul, had ever possessed.' As to the ladies, their skins were 'more resplendent than that of the angel Gabriel;' their necks would 'put a peacock's to shame;' their eyes 'would inflame, and their forms would enrapture the veriest dervish who lived in the mountains of

Cheheldir.' He could not, however, account for the difference in their demeanour in a quadrille and a waltz. In the former they were all serious, and almost demure; in the latter they whirled around in circles, apparently yielding to impulses of the wildest passion. He was told, that all this was to be imputed to a goddess that reigned supreme in England, ycleped fashion. The ambassador was more amazed than ever!

Hajji Baba was quite as much bewildered as his master. Nothing was more inexplicable to him, than that our princes, ministers, legislators, lawyers, soldiers, and even our clergy, should all mingle in the dance. Among the other wonders of the scene, he meets with an "exquisite."

'I perceived a strange looking *birish*[*], or 'no beard;' his clothes pasted tighter to his body than those of any other man present, as if he were in the deepest wo [†]; his head flattened at the top, and curled out behind; his neck stiff, and his deportment full of nothing but himself. Withal, he appeared to be a deceiver and a *cherb goo*, or an oily speaker, a sayer of fat things. "Who can that personage be?" said I to my companion; "in our country we should soon teach his mincing feet better manners, and he should limp for something."

'"That sort of person now-a-days we call an exquisite, a dandy; formerly he would have been called a 'd——d buck,' so much does fashion even change our forms of speech."

'"*Dambuk, Dambuk!*" said I, doubtingly, "this must then be a descendant of one of the old unknowns—of one before the flood—a *nímser*, or flat head. How odd it is that our languages should be so nearly allied."

'"How?" said my companion, not understanding me; "he is the modern of moderns; there is not a jot of antiquity about him."

'"Ha, then," said I, "you have not read our history. *Dambuk*, according to our *tarikhs*, or histories, was a flat-headed man, a descendant of a king of the ante-Adamites.[‡] Now, you have understood?"

'My friend laughed, and said, "a capital joke, by Heavens!" and soon left me to repeat it to his friends.'—vol. ii., pp. 36—38.

Our ambassador was of course persecuted by the trades'-people. One made him accept a coach-whip, in order that he might inscribe over his door, in large letters "coach-maker to the Shah of Persia." Another presented to his suite sundry pairs of leather-breeches, with the view of having the front of his shop decorated with the words, "leather breeches-maker, to the prophet Mahomed." His attendance at the theatres was worth at least a couple of hundred pounds a night to those establishments, and his patronage was solicited and boasted of in all quarters. One night he sent Hajji Babi to personate him at Astley's—the "horse

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'[*] Youths, particularly effeminate-looking youths, are so called.'

'[†] Among the Easterns, to say of a man that his vest became tight to his body, is a figurative mode of saying he put on mourning.

'[‡] See d'Herbelot and Richardson.'

opera" as he calls it; and our hero became acquainted with the family of the Hoggs—an incident that gives rise to some of the most amusing things in the work. The Hoggs consisted of an amazingly fat father, and of a very lean mother, with their son and three daughters. Let the reader imagine Hajji Baba acting the ambassador, pulling up his whiskers, and looking upon the audience with all the condescension of a patron.

'They (the Hoggs) were seated in a box next to mine, and my elbow occasionally touched one of the younger daughters. This brought on looks, smirks, and an indication of desire to get acquainted. At length the mother, leaning over to her daughter, said, "Present his excellency with an orange." Upon which, blushing through an amazing pair of red cheeks, she hesitatingly held out her hand with the fruit. A compliment so entirely Persian, and so indicative of good will and friendship, was received on my part with an immediate avowal of gratitude, and I used expressions similar to those which I would have used in Persia on such an occasion. Upon this the papa got up, with much formality. He was a complete *bajbaj*[*]; one who evidently had settled that paradise was situated in the middle of his own body; and that lambs stuffed with pistachio nuts were the only riches worth being prized in this world. He thanked me for my civility; and hoped that for the future the English and Persian nations would be united in the strictest bonds of friendship.

'Putting on an ambassadorial air, I said that it was evident he was a man of sense, a man of learning, one who knew the world, and a *dowlet kha*, a lover of his country; and that I should not fail letting the shah know what a faithful servant I had found in him.[†]

'He seemed to be rather confounded at this speech; but he soon recovered himself, and asked me a few questions, such as whether we had any thing like this in Persia (pointing to the theatre); whether we had horses like these; whether I talked French; and whether I was married and had children.

'Upon my answer that I was not married, I observed that the young ladies put on new looks, and adjusted each a bit of their dress.

'The mama's attentions to me were unceasing; and before the entertainment was over I was acquainted with the whole history of the family, as well as with all the excellencies and expectations of her daughters. By this I perceived that she was an accomplished old *taftaf*[‡]. The eldest, she assured me, was a very good girl; she was trying to convert Jews; was very fond of the poor, for whom she made stockings and petticoats, and taught their children herself. The second, who was the beauty of the family, was also the most accomplished; she danced and sung well, could draw flowers, and talk Italian. The youngest, she added, promised much, but was too young to be noticed yet; she was not out; she had not broken her shell, as the Turks say. She hinted that they would be very rich, because they had plenty of wealthy old aunts; and now for once I discovered a good reason why the English took such great

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'[*] A man whose flesh shakes with fat.'

'[†] The shah of Persia calls every man his *noker*, or servant.'

'[‡] A gossip.'

care of their old women. Then she talked of her husband, who was every thing that a good husband ought to be, very rich, and very generous; he was obliged, 'tis true, to provide for his sons, but still he had enough to be liberal to his daughters also.

'"*Mashallah!* praises to Allah!" said I, "he is also very fat;" and I added, "what may his fortunate name be?"

'"Hogg, at your excellency's service," said she. "It is an old Scotch family, and we flatter ourselves we come from some of the oldest of the stock."

'"*Penah be khoda!* refuge in Allah," exclaimed I to myself; "a family of the unclean beast! and old hogs into the bargain! My luck is on the rise to have fallen into such a set. And pray what may yours and the young ladies' names be?" said I.

'"We're all Hoggs too," said the mother, "as you know: this girl," presenting me to her eldest daughter, "her name is Mary; the second is Bessy, the third Jessy."

'Upon this the young maidens thought it right to talk to me; and little by little we all became one.

'I was overpowered with questions. The eldest inquired whether or no we were converting the Jews; the second was anxious to know if I went to Almack's; and the third inquired, with great humility, what was my opinion concerning *Iskender*, or Alexander; was he a great conqueror or not? To all this the mother listened with great complacency: and I was becoming interested in the conversation of the beauty, whose moon-like face and flowing ringlets had attracted my observation, when the curtain fell, and the company began to disperse. Upon this the papa Hogg presented me with a card, as is usual among the Franks, and requesting permission to wait upon me, we separated.'—vol. ii. pp. 80—84.

This scene is exquisite, and the whole of the episode is kept up in a similar spirit of mingled drollery and satire, ludicrous enough to give any man, however gay or sober, a pain in his side. 'Let Ispahani alone,' said Hajji Baba to himself, 'for making his own little fortunes.' He fell in love with the moon-faced Bessy, or rather with her wealth, and resolved to pay her his addresses. The Hoggs were delighted. He was at least a prince in their eyes, and they now persuaded him, that not only he himself was a Mirza, but all his fathers before him. The son of the barber of Ispahan accepted the title, nothing loath.

'This being established, it was quite amusing to observe the rate at which they started with the word "Prince," as if it had never crossed their lips before. Whatever they addressed to me was prefaced with that monosyllable, until at length, in my own defence, I was obliged myself to ask a few questions.

'"*Where is your papa?*" said I to the beautiful Bessy. The mama answered, "He is gone into the city; he attends to his business every day, and returns in the evening."

'"*Ah! then,*" said I, "*he is merchant—same in my country:—merchant sit in bazar all day, at night shut up shop, and come home—What he sell, ma'am?*"

'"Mr. Hogg," said the lady, with some dignity, "does not keep a shop, he is an East India merchant."

'"*Then perhaps he sell ham,*" said I, thinking that his name might be a designation of his trade, as it frequently is in Persia."*

'"Sells hams!" exclaimed the lady, whilst her daughters tittered. "why should he sell hams, prince?"

'"*Because he one Hogg, ma'am. In our country, merchant sometimes called after the thing he sells.*"

'"La, prince!" exclaimed the lady, "what an odd custom. Hogg is an old family name, and has nothing to do with the animal. There are Hoggs both in England and Scotland."

'"You might as well say, prince," remarked the young Jessy, "that Sir Francis Bacon, the famous Lord Verulam, was a pork butcher;" and that all our Smiths, Taylors, Coopers, Bakers, Cooks, and a thousand others, were representatives of their professions," added Bessy.

'"Well, I never heard any thing like it," summed up the mama. "Mr. Hogg a ham-seller, indeed! La, prince! what could you be thinking of?"'—vol. ii., pp. 93—95.

This was an unfortunate beginning, but Hajji Baba got himself out of the scrape with his usual address. He asked if Mr. Hogg were not an Indian king! "No, we do not call the directors kings; he will soon be in the *direction*, and I believe he is now canvassing."

The "Prince" was of course invited to renew his visits, and to dine with his new acquaintance. Matters went on as auspiciously as he could desire, until one morning he received a summons to attend the ambassador.

'I found him walking about the room like a Frank, with one of those large daily sheets in his hand common to England, which he had been reading with his master. As soon as I appeared, he roared out, "For the love of Allah! tell me, besides ourselves, are there any mad *Irânis* in this country?"

'"What know I, O Mirza?" was my answer. "Perhaps there may be."

'"Who is this," pointing to the paper, said he, "who is this dog's son who calls himself prince Hajji Baba? Read, by your soul, read, and see what a dish of filth this lie-speaking paper has been eating."

I looked at the paper, and there, to my dismay, I read, with the help of the master, in a large column, a long account of the dinner I had eaten at the father of Hoggs, in which I was designated, in large characters, as "his highness Prince Mirza Hajji Baba." Every body's name was there in the fullest detail. I copied it afterwards in my journal, in order to possess a specimen of that extraordinary custom peculiar to the English, of making a public register of their dinners, and of the people whom they feed. What would the Arab, in his tent, think of such sort of hospitality—he who kills the fatted lamb for his guests, and lives upon parched corn himself? The writing was thus:—

'"*Mr. and Mrs. Hogg's grand entertainment, Portland-place.—These distinguished fashionables gave a superb entertainment to his highness the Persian Prince, Mirza Hajji Baba. The table was ornamented*

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* 'As for instance, *Ali, bakal*—Ali, the chandler. *Mohamed Beg, hayat,*—Mahomed Beg, the tailor.'

with devices emblematical of the friendship that exists between England and Persia. The English lion and the Persian sun were seen shaking hands together in a beautiful transparency. It would be needless to describe the magnificence of the dinner; it is sufficient to say, that it consisted of all the luxuries of the season. His Highness was observed to eat much of some of the finest asparagus that ever was seen, provided by Messrs. Peas and Beans, of Bond-street, which cost five guineas the hundred. Among the company to meet his Highness, we remarked Lord Softly, Sir Henry and Lady Curry, the famous Chinese philosopher, Ho-Ho, besides a long list of the haut ton."

'"Well, have you read?" said the ambassador to me, whilst I was considering what answer to make.

'"Yes," said I, hesitating, "I have read. Strange customs have these English! Nobody can eat a mouthful in this country without its being proclaimed abroad, even more publicly than the profession of our faith, is proclaimed from the tops of our mosques."

'"In fine," said the ambassador, "you will not confess that you, and you only, are the prince who so worthily have been feeding with the Hoggs. Go, go, you have found friends worthy of you."

'"It is not my fault," said I, "if I am called a prince. If these blockheads, who write whatever comes into their heads, were to choose to call me the angel Michael, could I hinder them?"

'"Go," said the ambassador, as his anger rose, "go, speak no more. A person who makes friends under a false character, who gives himself out for a king's son, and who secretly lives and feeds with unclean beasts, such a person deserves to be blown from the mouth of a bomb." '—vol. ii. pp. 152—155.

The ambassador was so enraged at Hajji's impudence, that he dismissed him with two or three blows on his mouth with the heel of his shoe. Hajji, however, soon recovered from the effects of this indignity, and was restored to favour. He pursued his scheme of fortune-hunting with the most favourable hopes of success. He actually put the question to Bessy, who referred him to her papa. Unluckily, the papa treated the affair as a matter of business; he made inquiries into the prince's title and possessions, which Hajji could not very satisfactorily answer, and the faithless Bessy became the property of another. Hajji, moreover, attended her wedding, of which he gives a very exact account.

The life which he led in England soon became irksome to our ambassador, and he longed for the sun, the plains, and the harems of Iran. Having convinced himself that a tumult in the streets was the indication of an approaching rebellion, and that the finances of Great Britain were in a dangerous state, in consequence of the national debt, he thought it high time for him to return home; and Hajji found all his fine prospects of an English wife and fortune blown into the air.

There is a world of fun in this pair of volumes. The impositions of tradesmen, their long bills, the anomalies of our law, our actions for breaches of promise of marriage, the peculiarities of our social customs and manners, are all exposed in a very pleasant strain of irony, in which the author's great forte lies. Mr. Morier is fortunate in the possession of talents, which place him at once among the most skilful of our diplomatists, the most instructive of our travellers, and the most amusing of our novelists.

ART. VIII.—*Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen.* By Walter Savage Landor, Esq. The Third Volume. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

IT is four or five years, we believe, since the earlier volumes of this work were laid before the public, nor are we aware that the author has, during that interval, sought to keep his name in the recollection of his readers, by any other literary performance. He has not, however, we may safely say, been forgotten, notwithstanding his long silence. The impression, on the contrary, produced by the *imaginary conversations*, was not only of that decided and striking character for the moment, which attested the uncommon cleverness and brilliancy of the writer, but aiming, as it did, to make itself felt among the very sources of thought and opinion, promised from the first to leave an enduring remembrance on the national mind and literature. The book was evidently not one of the mere perishable novelties of the season. It addressed itself not so much to the reading, as to the thinking part of the public; or rather, while it displayed enough to attract and amuse the former, which is all that any author need do to acquire their favour and applause, it interested the latter at the same time, by a depth and originality of reflection, which would not permit it to be forgotten when its name was no longer new, but gave it at least a chance, after it should have done with popularity, of inheriting fame. It has taken its place accordingly, we may even already affirm, among the works that will make our age be known and honoured by those that are to follow it; and, although not perhaps destined to be made mention of in after times, as one of the classics of our tongue, will undoubtedly be both heard of, and read by, all who shall be familiar with the history of our literature and our philosophy.

Judging of Mr. Landor, by his present and his former publications we should imagine him to be a person who has conversed more with the world of books than of men, and more with the world of his own mind than with either. Not that he has not mixed with society, in the usual sense of that phrase. There is no evidence in any thing he has written, that he has lived a life of mere musing and seclusion, or that he has not given himself as others do, to the world's friendships and companionships. This, however, is not to take part in the occupations and concerns of the multitude, or to learn the ways and characters of those who mainly keep up the stir and hurry of human life, and put in motion the wheelwork out of which events arise. The study of what they feel, and what they are, can only be successively pursued by him, who in some sort makes himself one of them, by at least mingling frequently with their revelry, if he do not resign himself to its intoxication. Now this, we think, is what Mr. Landor has not done. He has learned a good deal of man, but not from observation of the living animal. The subjects on which he has chiefly experimented have been, as we have said—first, his own mind; and secondly, the minds of others, as shewn in their books. Invaluable fountains of philosophy, undoubtedly, and without resorting to which, no man can be truly wise: but yet not of themselves sufficient to teach all wisdom. For so wide, diversified, and ever-changing is humanity, that the mind of an individual is hardly a better sample of that of the species, than would be a single flower of a garden, filled with fragrance and beauty, or one little star of the glorious firmament "fretted with golden fires." Nor can even books, although the truest inspiration may have guided the pen, give forth more than as it were a few pictures or sketches of its more remarkable scenes—many of which glow with hues, that even the most cunning pencil may not catch.

It may seem somewhat strange, that with a mind thus deficient in the knowledge of real life, Mr. Landor should, of all forms of composition, have attempted the dialogistic or dramatic. In the first place, however, we ought to recollect, that a dialogue is not necessarily a drama, nor can we legitimately demand in the one, either the same animating story, or the same development of character, which we have a right to look for in the other. A dialogue or conversation may be a mere discussion, broken down into paragraphs, or varied by a more than usually regular interchange of question and answer, or enlivened, at most, by the variety of two or more voices in place of one. It may owe its spirit and effect rather to a sprinkling of wit and repartee, than to either display of character, or the interest of a well sustained action. And secondly, it is but fair to remark, that Mr. Landor does not appear to propose any other end to himself in these conversations, than just to throw that additional vivacity into the expression of his thoughts, which the mode of composition he has adopted, is fitted to impart. The sentiments he puts into the mouths of his imaginary talkers have in general, of course, that degree of appropriateness, which arises from their consistency with the recorded characters of those by whom they are uttered—but seldom any thing more. You feel that it is thus the person introduced *might* have spoken, not that it is thus he *would* have spoken. There is little of that exquisite adaptation of the thing said, to the mind and circumstances of him who says it, which brings him all before us, and makes us think we hear his living voice in it as we read. It is not the development of the characters of his *dramatis* *personæ* that is usually uppermost in the mind of the writer, but the development merely of the argument or speculation, about which he has engaged them in debate. These conversations, in short, are imitations of the dialogues of Plato or Cicero—not of those of Sophocles or Aristophanes. They are intended not to call up before us a shew of examples, but to read to us a series of lessons;—not to lap us in poetry, but to teach us philosophy.

One of Mr. Landor's chief inducements to throw his thoughts into the form of dialogue, may probably be found in the peculiar character and tendencies of his mind. He is a person made up of strong convictions, and stronger doubts; a devoted lover and worshipper of truth, he receives her into his inmost heart, whenever he thinks he has found her, but is, in a corresponding degree, afraid of being imposed upon by the guise of the object of his idolatry, and scrupulous in demanding proof, that that which would win his love, is really that which ought to possess it. The most enthusiastic of believers upon certain subjects, accordingly, he is yet the most tremulous of sceptics upon others. An Imaginary Conversation is exactly the contrivance whereby a person so constituted may most conveniently and effectively give utterance to his sentiments. For the warm expression of what is warmly felt, it offers him the appropriate medium of a voice, roused by the circumstances in which it is supposed to speak, to an anination beyond what written eloquence may otherwise aspire to, and inflamed by the opposition of a present adversary, to something almost of dramatic energy and passion: while for that on the other hand, which is the subject only of equiponderating reasons and vehement doubts, there is the gladiatorship of keen and dexterous controversy, to the utmost extent that the conflict of his scruples may demand. Mr. Landor appears to us to have felt all this, and to have been thereby naturally led to address himself to us in the manner he has done. He has certainly been enabled, at all events, by this means, to throw out a good many thoughts for the consideration of his readers, which it would not have been easy for him to have interwoven into one tissue by any other mode of composition.

Our author's present publication is hardly, we think, equal in point of interest, to either of his former volumes. Among the persons who figure in it, however, are, besides Mr. Landor himself, Rousseau, Malesherbes, Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Perceval, Joseph Scaliger, Montaigne, the late Lord Coleraine, Pope Leo XII., Peter the Great, &c. If these individuals are not mixed up with the progress of great events, the subjects which they discuss, at least, are full of interest, and in discussing them, they seldom say any thing that is not worth hearing. And although, except in two or three instances, we have not much display of character in their debates, what we may call the intellectual costume of each is yet sufficiently well preserved upon the whole,—or, in other words, none of them ever says any thing decidedly out of character. Perhaps the most dramatic sketches in the volume, are the dialogue between Rousseau and Malesherbes, that between Joseph Scaliger and Montaigne, and that between Demosthenes and Eubulides. There are some others, such as that between Bossuet and the Duchess de Foulanges, that between Ines de Castro, Don Pedro, and Donna Blanca, &c., which may come still more properly perhaps under the denomination of *scenes*; but the author is not in these last by any means so wholly informed, as it were, by the spirits whose sentiments he would utter, as he is in those we first quoted. In the one case he sets before us men who speak as none but themselves ever spake, and whom we recognise at once to be the very persons he tells us they are; in the other he is merely a story-teller, or mimic, at best, who presents us with a comic or tragic shew, crowded with the usual assortment of bustling performers, whose parts are familiar to us, but not themselves, and every one of whom just does exactly what any body else would have done in similar circumstances. The difference between the one of these achievements and the other, is almost the same as that between the construction of an ingenious automaton, and the production of a real and living man. A mere mechanist can perform the one; it belongs only to a poet or creator to accomplish the other.

We wish we could have found room for the whole of the conversation between Joseph Scaliger and Montaigne. We must give, however, a part of it, even at the risk of injuring the picture of the lively and free-hearted old Gascon, which is given, we think, with great felicity and effect. The following is its commencement.

'*Montaigne.* What could have brought you, M. de l'Escalle, to visit the old man of the mountain, other than a good heart? O how delighted I am to hear you speak such excellent Gascon. You rise very early, I see; you must have risen with the sun, to be here at this hour. It is a good half hour's walk from the brook. I have excellent white wine, and the best cheese in Auvergne. You saw the goats and the two cows before the castle. Pierre, thou hast done well. Set it upon the table, and tell Master Mathew to split a couple of chickens, and broil them, and to pepper but one. Do you like pepper, M. de l'Escalle?

'*Scaliger.* Not much.

'*M.* Hold hard! let the pepper alone: I hate it. Tell him also to broil plenty of ham; only two slices at a time, upon his salvation.

'*S.* This, I perceive, is the antichamber to your library: here are your every-day books.

'*M.* Faith! I have no other: these are plenty, methinks. Is not that your opinion?

'*S.* You have great resources within yourself, and therefore can do with fewer.

'*M.* Why, how many now do you think there may be?

'*S.* I did not believe at first that there could be above fourscore.

'*M.* Well, are four score few? Are we talking of peas and beans?

'*S.* I and my father put together have written well nigh as many.

'*M.* Ah! to write them is quite another thing; but one reads books without a spur, or even a pat from our lady vanity. How do you like my wine? It comes from that little knoll. You cannot see the vines: those chesnut-trees are between.

'*S.* The wine is excellent; light, odoriferous, with a smartness like a sharp child's prattle.

'M. It never goes to the head, nor pulls the nerves, which many do, as if they were guitar strings. I promise you it is mighty passive: I drink a couple of bottles a day, winter and summer, and never am the worse for it. You gentlemen of the Agennois have better in your province, and indeed the very best under the sun. I do not wonder that the Parliament of Bordeaux should be jealous of their privileges, and call it Bordeaux wine. All privileges are unjust; this is as bad as any. Now, if you prefer your own country wine, only say it. I have several bottles in my cellar, with corks as long as rapiers, and as polished. I do not know, M. de l'Escalle, whether you are particular in these matters: not quite, I should imagine, so great a judge in them as in others.

'*S.* I know three things; wine, poetry, and the world.

'*M.* You know one too many, then. I hardly know whether I know any thing about poetry; for I like Clem Marôt better than Ronsard; Ronsard is so plaguily stiff and stately, where there is no occasion for it, I verily do think the man must have slept with his wife in a cuirass.—pp. 77—80.

The discussion which follows, on the character of Calvin and his theology, though highly characteristic, is rather too long for our space; and we must proceed to the conclusion of the dialogue:

'*Scaliger.* Upon my word, M. Montaigne, this gallery is an interesting one.

'*Montaigne.* I can shew you nothing but my house and my dairy. We have no chase in the month of May, you know. Unless you would like to bait the badger, that is in the stable. That is rare sport in rainy days.

'*S.* Are you in earnest, M. de Montaigne?

'*M.* No, no, no; I cannot afford to worry him outright: only a little for pastime—a morning's merriment for the dogs and wenches.

'*S.* You really are then of so happy a temperament, that, at your time of life, you can be amused by baiting a badger!

'*M.* Why not? Your father, a wiser, and graver, and older man than I am, was amused by baiting a professor or critic. I have not a dog in the kennel that would treat the badger worse than brave Julius treated Cardan, and Erasmus, and some dozens more. We are all childish, old as well as young; and our very last tooth would fain stick, M. de l'Escalle, in some tender place of a neighbour. Boys laugh at a person who falls in the dirt; men laugh rather when they make him fall; and most when the dirt is of their own laying. Is not the gallery rather cold after the kitchen? We must go through it to get into the court, where I keep my tame rabbits: the stable is hard by; come along, come along.

'*S.* Permit me to look a little at those banners. Some of them are old indeed.

'*M.* Upon my word, I blush to think that I never took notice how they are tattered. I have no fewer than three women in the house, and in a summer's evening, two hours long, the worst of these rags might have been darned across.

'*S.* You would not have done it, surely!

'*M.* I am not over thrifty—the women might have been better employed—it is as well as it is, then; aye?

'*S.* I think so.

'*M.* So be it.

'*S.* They remind me of my own family. We are descended, as you know, from the great Cane della Scala, Prince of Verona, and from the house of Hapsburg. This you must have heard already from my father.

'*M.* If all the princes of Italy had jumped out of their beds from beside their minions to beget him, would they have begotten one learneder and acuter? What signifies it to the world, whether the great Cane was tied to his grand-mother or not? As for the house of Hapsburg, if you would put together as many such houses as would make up a city larger than Cairo, they would not be worth his study, or a sheet of paper on the table of it.'—pp. 84—87.

Mr. Landor is no party-man in either politics or religion; but thinks for himself on both subjects with an independence and audacity which many, we dare say, will be inclined to regard as sufficiently headstrong. He is, in truth, perhaps, fond, to a slight degree, of peculiar opinions, for the sake of their peculiarity, or, at least, does not love them the worse that they belong to himself alone. There is in this something, undoubtedly, of the pride of being esteemed an original thinker; and something too, there may be, of wiser and more disinterested sentiment. There are so many people in the world who have no opinions of their own at all, and by whom truth itself is honoured merely because it is popular, that we are all the better for a rebellious spirit now and then making its appearance in the realm of philosophy, were it only to rouse us from that deep sleep of acquiescence, which is otherwise so apt to overpower us. Mr. Landor, we dare say, feels intensely the perils and mischiefs of this almost universal tendency, and looks, therefore, with corresponding charity upon the excesses both of others and of himself, in the opposite direction. If he be somewhat too guilty of dissenting from received dogmata, there are ten thousand others, he may be sure, who will greatly more than overbalance the evil of his deviations from the line of correct thinking, by the counteracting evil of theirs. Something else, therefore, and far more pardonable than the mere love of distinction, may easily be conceived, to attract a proud and gifted mind to the championship, on some occasions, of creeds and theories which have little else to recommend them, except that they are new, or rejected by the multitude. A general predisposition, at all events, in favour of such opinions as may be placed in this predicament, is, in no respect, more mischievous or more deserving of condemnation, than that affection of an opposite nature, which is usually treated with so much indulgence, and even respect.

We cannot afford, however, to enter into any minute examination, on the present occasion, of the merits either of Mr. Landor's politics, or of his theology. Indeed, from the mode of writing he has chosen, it is not always quite possible to ascertain what his notions upon these or other subjects really are, since even the sentiments he expresses with most energy, and the greatest shew of zeal, may not be intended, for all that, to be announced as his own, but may be merely given as the most appropriate to the characters from whose lips they are made to proceed. From the tone of some parts of the book, as well as from what we may gather to be the tendency of the author's mind, we should imagine he must have found this liberty of speaking on both sides of a question, occasionally, no small accommodation; since, as we have said, the prevailing disposition of his acute and refining intellect, is evidently towards an anxious and restless scepticism, and upon many subjects, at least, conflicting doubts and scruples make up all that he has to offer as his opinions. In only one of the conversations in the present volume, he presents himself to us in *propria persona*; and in this case we must acknowledge his bearing is such as to win for him our best sympathies, and altogether becoming a gentle and noble nature. The conversation takes place at Florence, on the morning of the death of Ferdinand, the late Grand Duke; and the principal speakers are, the author and an English friend. Mr. Landor is no great admirer of kings and potentates—but he does all justice to the character of the good Ferdinand. The following anecdote is exquisitely told—and it is impossible to read the passage without liking the writer.

“ *English Visitor*. Did you know the Grand Duke?

“ *Landor*. I am the only Englishman in Florence that has two coats (as I have, or lately had), that did not attend his court; and I am the only one whom he ever omitted to salute.

“ *V*. Upon my word you might have expected it; and yet I hear he received at his court the exiles of Naples; and when it was told him that his Neapolitan Majesty would not be present at it the few days he was here, if such rebels were admitted, he replied, “ It would be hard if kings had not as much liberty as their subjects.”

“ *L*. Equitable, humane, incomparable prince! Whatever you hear good and gracious of him, you may implicitly believe. I saw him first at Pisa, where he resided in winter, without pomp or state, and walked about the streets in the country, with his son, or any other friend. The Pisans, accustomed to meet him every day, noticed him only as they notice brother or father: he drew no crowd about him. At the extremity of the principal square is an antient church, and in this church there happened to be a festival. As I lose no opportunity of hearing music where people are silent, observing the red silk festoons float over the church door, I went in. There were very few present; within the rails I saw only officiating priests, the Grand Duke, and Savi, the professor of botany, who had entered with him, and was seated by him, and spoke to him from time to time. The service being finished, the Grand Duke bowed with peculiar courtesy, and only to one person: it was in the direction where I stood. Two or three days afterwards, a worthy priest, who had thrown aside his gown, and had taken a uniform in the time of Bonaparte, after some short conversation with me (for he visited me often), said gravely, "But really, my dear friend, we may extend too far our prejudices and dislikes; if you would be prevailed upon to go but once to court, you would find him the best soul in the world. Savi tells me, you did not return the salute of the Grand Duke."

'My heart sunk within me, deeper than ever any courtier's did at the charge of inattention; for it has more room to work, and takes it all. The Grand Duke still continued to notice with his usual condescension and affability, my wife and little boy, whom he met every day in some place or other; but always turned his eyes from me.

'Neither Bub Doddington, nor any other Bub, was ever half so solicitous in bowing as I was: in vain: nevertheless, I persevered in repairing my fault, in my own eyes at least. I elevated my hat above my head long before I met him, and passed without a look toward him.

'He soon forgave me, or forgot me: which answered the same purpose.

'Princes are more offended at a slight inattention, than all the very worst things you can do, or say, or write, against them. I feel at this hour as if I had been ungrateful. A dead thorn, or the smallest pebble, may hurt or molest a Wellington, for a moment, according to the part it acts upon; and I, who among the powerful of the earth am no better, may have pained in my ignorance a tenderer bosom than beats among the surviving masters of mankind.'—pp. 393—395.

Mr. Landor promises us, ere long, another volume of these Imaginary Conversations, which the public, we doubt not, will be happy to receive. But we wish he would throw a few fragments of his philosophy, at least, into the form of essays, or discourses delivered throughout in his own name—a mode of address which would introduce him more completely than that which he has hitherto adopted, to the acquaintanceship and confidence of his readers. He is a person, whose real opinions it would be interesting to know. In his former publication, if we rightly remember, he intimated his intention of devoting himself to the composition of a historical work, which he hoped at least to leave finished behind him. We do not know if it is the same undertaking to which, in the conversation at Florence, he makes his friend allude, in the following somewhat magnificent strain:—'And papa,' (that is Mr. Landor, who has been speaking of the indifference with which people in Italy thrust out of sight the dead bodies of their relations), 'though he could not alter the thing, has been collecting a rod in every walk of his, in high-road or by-road, for those whose negligences and inhumanities are greater in greater matters; which rod some years hence will scourge many backs, and be laid on by many hands, amid the shouts of nations!!' 'So be it,' responds the author, 'although he that tied the twigs be never thought of; although he be cast before his time into the cart-house.'

Art. IX.—1. *Allessio, o gli ultimi giorni di Psara, romanzo Storico.* Di Angelica Palli. 12s. Livorno. 1827.

2. *Cabrino Fondulo, frammento della storia Lombarda Opera.* Di Vincenzo Lancetti Cremonese. 2 vols. 16mo. Milano. 1827.

3. *Novelle Storiche Corse.* Di F. O. Renucci. 8vo. Bastia. 1827.

The want of novels has been often noticed as a remarkable peculiarity in the literature of Italy, the more so, as for the very name of this favourite branch of prose writing, we are indebted to that country. The novelle, however, of the early Italians, are very different compositions from our present novels. They are short narratives or episodes of life; tales either exotic, humorous, or satirical. Boccacio and Bandello, Grazzini and Giraldi, Firenzuola and Parabosco, these and others, chiefly Tuscan writers, produced a copious collection of amusing tales; many of them, however, are objectionable for their licentiousness. These stories were originally intended for the pastime of merry circles, to beguile an idle hour; they consisted of anecdotes, strange adventures, descriptions of manners, festivals and pageants, witty repartees—of much, in short, that can amuse, but of little that can interest or instruct.

Many causes have been assigned for the deficiency of regular Italian novels; such as the classical sources of their literature, the preference given to poetry over prose, the neglect of female education; we think we might add, neglect of early habits of observation, and of practical studies, for it is impossible to describe what we have not previously attentively examined.

Foscolo, a man of great powers, marred at times by a capricious and wayward judgment, produced the first modern Italian novel. His Jacopo Ortis is well known in this country. The story is extremely meagre, it is an imitation of Werter, with much of its objectionable sentimentality, and ending at last in suicide. But Foscolo, unlike the German author, has mixed a strong national feeling with the melancholy of his hero, and this redeems, in some measure, the failings of his work.

Ortis had no imitators; it had been the first, and it remained for a long time the only novel in Italy. After the peace, several attempts were made to produce a *romanzo in prosa,* as the Italians style it, but with indifferent success. "Romeo da Provenza," and "Teodoro Callimachi,"* are works descriptive of the state of society in Europe, and especially in Italy, during the middle ages, under the names of two supposed travellers—one in the 13th, and the other in the 15th centuries. Ingenious and useful as such publications may be, in a historical point of view, they cannot be classed within the range of novels. They are productions of erudition, rather than of the imagination.

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* Peregrinazioni ed avventure del nobile Romeo da Provenza, 2 vols. 12mo. Teodoro Callimachi, Greco in Italia, 2 vols. 12mo. Torino. 1825.

Bertolotti, the author of several pleasant little works of light literature, has written some short novels, or rather tales. One of them, "Amore Infelice," is an affecting story of a Piedmontese conscript, who, after many adventures, found, on his return home, that his betrothed had died the day before of a malady, brought on by the belief of his death.

Bertolotti's next tale was "l'Isoletta Dei Cipressi," a very sad love story, ending in suicide. It is a curious coincidence, that a contemporary writer, Sacchi, published at the same time another novel, "Oriele," exactly on the same plan, and ending with the same catastrophe, as Bertolotti's. In each a young stranger falls in love with an amiable girl, and obtains her hand; but at the moment of the nuptials, it is discovered that they are brother and sister. In "Oriele," however, the disclosure turns out to be false; but the young lady is already far gone in illness, and soon after dies; and the lover, becomes insane, and drowns himself. In the "Isoletta," the fact of the relationship is not contradicted; but here it is the young lady who drowns herself, her brother sets off for America, where he takes the yellow fever and dies! Bertolotti has adopted the narrative style; Sacchi, the epistolary. Both are inferior imitations of Ortis and the German school. The style of Bertolotti is more natural and pleasing than that of Sacchi, which is ambitious and turgid, being a strained imitation of the weaker specimens of Boccacio's composition, with his redundant epithets and elaborate periods. The Italian public, however, are weary of sentimental and gloomy stories, and a taste for historical novels has lately shown itself among them. We have already noticed Manzoni's "Bethrothed,"* which is the most successful attempt yet made; we have now before us three works of a similar nature, which we will briefly notice in the order in which they appear at the head of this article.

Alessio is partly a historical and partly a sentimental novel—it is written by a young Greek lady, resident in Italy, and already known in that country for some beautiful odes,† and also for a Greek elegy on the death of Byron, which, we believe, was noticed in the English journals. Angelica Palli's genius is naturally poetic, and this is visible in the management of her novel. The scene is in the island of Psara, in June, 1824. The Ottoman admiral is threatening the island with his fleet, and troops on board. Alessio, a young Psariote Captain, is just returned from a cruise, in which he has made some captures: among the prisoners on board, is one of the women, (wives we can hardly call them), of the Turkish Aga of Scalanova, on the coast of Asia.—

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* M. R. vol. vi. p. 461.

† Poesie di Angelica Palli, 8vo. Livorno. 1824.

Amina, accustomed to Oriental seclusion, and to the life of the Harem, but now finding herself on board the Greek vessel, treated with kindness by the young infidel, falls in love with him. Alessio, however, is affianced to his young countrywoman Evanzia, and Amina soon learns to feel all the torments of unrequited love. Alessio is faithful to his betrothed, although he cannot but feel compassion—a dangerous sentiment—for his beautiful captive. He at last resolves on sending her back to her own shores; but at this moment a report is heard, that the Turks have landed on the island. Alessio conceals both Evanzia and the captive in a cavern, and runs to the defence of his native country. The Ottomans have spread all over the island with an immense force. At last, separated from his countrymen, Alessio hies himself, with a few followers, to the cavern. A crowd of Turks are in close pursuit. Alessio drives them back to the coast, but a chief of gigantic stature lands at that moment, and forces the Ottomans, sabre in hand, to face about, and renew the attack. Alessio is already wounded by the ferocious Aga, and ready to drop, but Amina, rushing out of her retirement, stabs the chief, and is herself killed in the affray. That chief was—her husband, or master. The Turks are then defeated, and Alessio, seizing a small vessel, escapes to Hydra with his betrothed, having first buried the unfortunate Amina on the spot where she had saved his life, by a double—a fearful sacrifice.

Amina reminds us too much of Gulnare, in the Corsair, and we rather suspect that the fair authoress was not unacquainted with that splendid prototype of her high-spirited and wilful captive. However, some of the situations are very affecting, and the dialogue is often dramatic. The account Alessio gives of his first interview with Amina, is striking: 'When she was brought before me, she walked silently in the midst of her guards, her large eyes bent to the ground, her face was unveiled. She looked up to me with a mixed expression of grief and haughtiness. . . . I offered her my protection, we were heaving our anchors at that moment; she turned pale, gazed with emotion on her native shore; *it is beautiful,* sighed she, *but the land of my lord must be more beautiful still.*—Wilt thou remain on shore? I asked her. Throw me into the sea, replied she, and thou shalt endeavour to swim back to thy ship.' And this idea prevailed with poor Amina to the last. When I wished to send her back from Psara, she answered; 'I have bid adieu for ever to the roses of Asia, I shall never return to inhale their perfume, but if thou drivest me away, thy sea shall receive me in its bosom. But thou belongest to Selim, said I, and I am Evanzia's. Thou art Evanzia's, but I am thine. I will not deceive Selim; if I return to him, I must tell him that I love Alessio; he then will put me to death, and afterwards will be himself wretched.'

With her knowledge of Oriental feelings, of the flame which, once lighted, burns unrestrained in the breast of the recluse of the Harem, the authoress has painted Amina in the glowing, but true, colours of those climates. The characters in this little novel are few, and, with the exception of Amina, not interesting.

Cabrino Fondulo, the second work on our list, can hardly be considered as a novel; it is the history of the chief of that name, who made himself master of Cremona, at the beginning of the 15th century, and after a reign of nearly twenty years, was obliged to yield his sovereignty to a worse, but more powerful tyrant, Philip Maria Visconte, of odious memory, who shortly after, under some treacherous pretence, put Cabrino to death. The author, a native of Cremona, has carefully examined all the old chronicles and records illustrative of that period, and followed the guide of history wherever he could trace it, filling up the chasms by descriptions, speeches, and minor incidents; all, however, subservient to the historical narrative. His work is, in fact, as he styles it, 'a fragment of the history of Lombardy,' and a very interesting one. The author has described the warriors and politicians of the middle ages, but he has left too much in the shade the other classes of the people. The episode of Onorata Rodiani, is perhaps the only distinct sketch of female character which these two volumes afford. This young person was a favourite maid of honour to Pomina, Cabrino's wife, after Cabrino had retired to the Marquisate of Castelleone, in consequence of his cession of Cremona to the Duke of Milan. Cabrino had, at the same time, appointed a young squire to serve as *bracciére*, or gentleman usher to the marchioness. This young man being thus brought into constant intercourse with Onorata, was smitten with her charms. The maid was not, or pretended not to be, conscious of his passion, which he had never disclosed in an open and honourable manner. Meantime it happened that as the Marchioness's apartments in the castle were undergoing repair, Onorata, who was an artist, offered her services to paint the vault of Pomina's chamber, which being accepted, she had a scaffolding placed in the apartment, where she sat the greater part of the day busy at her work, and remote from the rest of the family, having only a boy with her to grind her colours. The amorous squire thought of taking advantage of this circumstance, and one day, having first reconnoitred the place, he went to the outer rooms where the masons were at work, and desired the master to send the boy out on an errand. This being done, the squire went softly to the apartment where Onorata was busy at that moment painting a Cupid on the ceiling. The astonishment of Onorata, when she turned round and saw him on the scaffolding by her side, soon gave place to indignation, when he explained to her the object of his intrusion. Her entreaties that he would remove himself, being disregarded, she called loudly for assistance, but was informed that no one was near enough to interfere. She then collected all her strength, and struggled to get away, but the villain throwing off the mask, proceeded to open violence. Onorata perceiving near her the compasses she had used for drawing, snatched them up as a last desperate resource, and thrusting them into the squire's neck, perforated his throat. He instantly fell weltering in his blood, and Onorata hurrying down the steps of the scaffolding, terrified at what she had done, left the fatal apartments, and went straight to her nurse, to whom she related the whole occurrence; then assuming a man's dress, and mounting a horse, she immediately escaped out of Cabrino's territory. The squire being found dead, an inquest was instituted by Cabrino, but the truth appearing, Onorata was declared innocent, and invited to return to her home. She was, however, already far away, and for a long time gave no tidings of herself, until after thirty years time, she returned to her native country in warlike attire, and found her death in the field of battle. The particulars of this event are related by Fiammeni, in his History of Castelleone.

Many interesting details of the politics and statistics of the Lombard cities, are found in this work. The existence of a party called *I Maltraversi*, which appears to have been really popular, and hostile to both Guelphs and Guibelins, watching for the opportunity of restoring the liberties of the country; the assistance which the Guelphs of Cremona, by Cabrino's advice, drew from this third party, by flattering their hopes of freedom, and encouraging their hatred of the Visconti; the disappointment which the Maltraversi, and their chief Ponzone, felt at Cabrino's usurpation of the sovereignty of Verona, all these give rise to many various reflections.—vol. i, pp. 96—102.

The last work now before us, consists of a series of short tales, illustrative of the habits and manners of the inhabitants of Corsica. The author, himself a native of that island, has addressed this work to his young countrymen, 'that they may behold in it a true representation of the character of their ancestors, faithfully and impartially pourtrayed.' It is well known that Corsica was for a long time under the oppressive rule of the republic of Genoa, under whose weak and mercenary government, the islanders became accustomed to a life of lawless anarchy; that incessant rebellions broke out, and were put down by the assistance of mercenary troops; that at last, Genoa gave up Corsica to the French, who succeeded in conquering, but not in pacifying, the country; that bloodshed and murders were matters of common occurrence; that the *hatred of blood*, or rancour between families, was perpetuated in the children and grandchildren, and led to innumerable acts of violence, which now and then produced some bursts of magnanimity. Such was the state of society which our author has purposed to depict.

An old feud existed between the families of Dezi and Venturini, who inhabited two neighbouring villages. The Genoese government, and its worse delegates, excited dissensions in the island, and encouraged crime by impunity. About eight hundred murders occurred yearly in Corsica. The social pact was broken; every family formed a separate community, often at war with its neighbours. The notables or influential men of the various districts, however, interfered often to prevent further mischief, and brought the hostile parties to agree to a peace, or at least a truce, under certain conditions: whoever broke such agreements, drew upon himself the wrath of the *Parolanti*, or mediators. Thus, out of anarchy and confusion, a sort of public right had sprung up from necessity, although unsupported by law or magistrate.

The two families above mentioned, had entered into one of those truces. But one day, in a municipal meeting of the district, old Venturini broke forth in bitter imprecations against young Dezi. The latter retorted, and from words they proceeded to blows. At first they used no weapons, young Dezi having, from a honourable feeling, a few paces behind, grounded his firelock and other weapons which Corsicans generally carried with them. Venturini was a strong, hale old man, and had the advantage over his young antagonist, whose blood began to stream profusely from his mouth and nostrils. This enraged Dezi, who, forgetting all principle of honour, slid himself in an instant from the arms of his adversary, and retreating a few steps, seized his musket, already loaded, and fired. Venturini fell dead on the spot. The murderer escaped: the *Parolanti* immediately took revenge for the deed. Dezi's house was burnt; his chesnut and olive trees were stripped of their bark; and his relatives, ashamed and dismayed, offered no resistance.

Luigione, Venturini's son, a brave young man, pursued Dezi closely from haunt to haunt. At last, despairing of safety, the latter embarked for Genoa, and there took to service, a common resource in such cases, and which was encouraged by the Genoese rulers. After several years' absence from Corsica, Dezi again thought of home. He obtained his leave and a *saufconduit*, by which he was safe from criminal prosecution before the courts of Corsica. He arrived in the night at his native village, and saw no one but his wife. But dreading the revenge of Luigione, he went about wandering in the wilds with which Corsica abounds, and led thus for some time a wretched existence. One day Luigione chasing a hare, followed it into a thick forest, and there espied a man asleep under a tree: a firelock lay by his side, and a pistol and dagger hung to his waist. Luigione thought he knew those features; he drew nearer, gazed attentively—it was Dezi, the murderer of his father! 'I have thee at last,' half cried he, and lowering his musket, he presented it to the breast of his unconscious victim. But a feeling of remorse struck him. 'Is it right, is it honourable, that I should murder a man unable to defend himself? Dezi, awake Dezi, rise and defend thyself!' Startled at the voice, the latter rose, snatched his firelock, and wildly gazed at his disturber. Amazed and horrified at recognising him, he stood like a statue. 'I could have taken thy life,' cried out Luigione, 'but my father will not have a treacherous avenger; defend thyself, one of us must now fall on this spot.' 'No,' says Dezi, 'thou art a generous enemy; I have led a wretched existence for years past, since that fatal day; but since my long suffering and bitter repentance are not sufficient expiation for my guilt, thou art welcome to take my miserable life,—thou wilt free me of a burthen, become unbearable. Ours is truly a fatal country, where those who ought to defend it, know only how to lift their arms against one other.' Venturini was struck with these words, and still more by the squalid and care-worn appearance of his enemy; he hesitated a moment, but the struggle between revenge and generosity was brief; throwing down his arms, he ran to Dezi, embraced him, and swore to him eternal friendship.

The news of this happy reconciliation spread through the country, and filled with joy the relatives of both families; and to seal the happy event, Luigione stood godfather to Dezi's child, a pledge of friendship highly valued among Corsicans. Afterwards, Luigione, weary of the world, entered the ecclesiastical state, and became vicar of the parish. He lived to a long age, blessed by the poor of the district, where, to this day, his name is repeated in the following category:—Luigione, Layman—Luigione, Soldier—Luigione, Priest—Luigione, Vicar—Luigione, Saint.

Such are the tales of Corsica,—tales of lawless bravery, of rude magnanimity, of wasted energy, of sullen perseverance in one sad object—personal enmity and revenge. Even their ideas of virtue are distorted by their savage principles of honour. Witness the following tale, which the author relates as *a splendid instance* of the hatred of his ancestors against informers. Two soldiers, in the Genoese service, deserted from the garrison of Ajaccio, and escaped to the mountains. The colonel of the regiment going about shooting, obtained, by threats, from a shepherd, information of the place where the deserters lay concealed. They were seized, and brought back to town. The shepherd was rewarded with four *louis d'or*. The young man, overjoyed at the sight of gold, related to his father and brothers the circumstance of his gaining the reward. Corsican honour was wounded in its most susceptible point. Where government is oppressive and weak, and society unhinged and anarchical, all those who assist in the execution of the law, are considered as common enemies by every individual.

The father of the young shepherd assembled immediately all his male relatives, to pass sentence upon his wretched child, who had disgraced his race and his country,—who had, like another Judas, sold the blood of his fellow creature for vile money. The young man was declared by all as having deserved death. He was dragged, by his fanatical relatives, to a sequestered spot not far from the walls of Ajaccio; his father, before the execution of the sentence, went to the colonel of the regiment, and, throwing himself at his feet, begged the lives of the two deserters. Military law was inexorable; a court-martial had decided their fate. The old man then returned to his son, who was resigned and waiting for the execution of his illegal sentence. A monk was sought for, and he confessed the penitent; and whilst, within the town, the two deserters were undergoing their sentence, the unwilling informer was shot by his own cousins, under his parents' eyes, in sight of those very walls! The deed done, the father gave the confessor the fatal gold, to be returned to the Colonel, for, said he, no Corsican would dare to touch it.—p. 56.

At the epoch of the occupation of Corsica by the English, towards the end of the last century, an old man, in a dispute which occurred at a public festival, killed Felice Pozzo di Borgo, a youth of a noble family. The mother of the latter determined to revenge her son's death. She dressed herself in man's clothes, and followed by several of her relatives, hunted the murderer. She at last spied him one day in his own cottage, and her party immediately invested the house. Romanetti defended himself, by firing on the aggressors, but having exhausted his ammunition, he surrendered, under condition that he should be allowed time to confess before he died. This was granted, and the prisoner was taken to the house of a neighbouring priest. The latter, hearing of the fate that awaited his penitent, endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain mercy for him. Romanetti confessed his sins, whilst Marianna stood waiting at the door. At last the culprit was tied to a tree, and Marianna's relatives had already taken the fatal aim, when the Amazon cried out halt! and rushing towards her enemy, 'I forgive thee,' said she, 'as our Lord has forgiven his persecutors, and although thou hast rendered me the most desolate of mothers, yet I forgive thee; and you my friends,' turning to her relatives, 'forgive him also for the sake of Him who died on the cross.' Such is the power of the Christian religion, even on the most obdurate and ulcerated hearts.

In another instance, Sampiero d'Ornano killed his own wife, because she had secretly agreed with the Genoese commissioners to give up her two sons as hostages to the republic, whose enemy Sampiero was. The latter fell at last himself a victim to the domestic treason of his attendant Vittolo, and the name of Vittolo was afterwards given to all those who betrayed the cause of their country, and favoured Genoese and French usurpation.

The laws of hospitality were sacred in Corsica, as among other primitive and semi-barbarous nations. One of Renucci's tales gives a striking instance of this generous feeling. Polo da Foja being on a journey, received information that his enemies were waiting for him in a wood, on the way to his village. It was night, the weather was stormy, and Polo had no choice of roads. He all at once took the determination of asking the hospitality of his declared enemy, Rocco d'Arbeltara, whose house was not far off. He did so, and hospitality was granted him for that night. The two rivals, who had long been seeking each other's life, sat that evening at table together; they talked of the wrongs of their common country, and at last, Rocco showed his enemy his room, where, said he, 'you know you may rest quietly under the guard of our native honour.' Next morning Rocco accompanied his guest some distance, and, arrived at the bank of a stream, told him he had no more ambush to fear; 'here the rights of hospitality cease, and our ancient hatred resumes all its force; thou hast bitterly offended me, and must therefore avoid my resentment, adieu.' Saying thus, Rocco disappeared among the trees, and Polo reached his village in safety.

ART. X.—1. *Narrative of the Peninsular War, from* 1808 *to* 1813. By Lieut. General C. W. Vane, Marquess of Londonderry. 4to. pp. 648. London: Colburn. 1828.

2. *History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the Year* 1807 *to* 1814. By W. J. P. Napier, C. B. 8vo. pp. 530. London: Murray. 1828.

To the future historians of modern Europe, no period in the late continental revolutions will be more interesting, than that which the above works are intended to describe. It is fraught with instruction for the diplomatist, and with animating example for the soldier. In no part of his policy did Napoleon evince more skill than in his original management of Spanish affairs. With a mixture of deep and refined political wisdom, and bold contempt of national honour, he opened his way to the very heart of Spain and annihilated her freedom by the one, and trampled on them by the other. He felt that the success of his most ambitious designs depended on his right conduct with regard to the Peninsula. He knew that should it remain unshaken by his sceptre, or as the ally of his enemies, it would be one of the most formidable barriers that could be opposed to his encroaching despotism, and he employed both his Machiavellian craft, and the resources of his power to reduce it to his purpose. Had he failed in his attempts, the best blood and the richest treasures of England and her confederates might have been spared. But modern politicians would have wanted one of the most useful lessons that were ever read to them. Bonaparte's possession of Spain was the consequence of the vacillating councils of his opponents. An experiment had been tried by France, how far her interference with the internal policy of a foreign court might avail in giving her the command of the kingdom. It had succeeded as far as such an experiment ever can; but it was soon found that it was easier to persuade a monarch to abdicate, than a people to submit to a foreign master; and the insurrection of the Spanish people, the war which soon desolated their country from one end to the other, and the different events to which it by turns gave birth, formed a series of fearful spectacles, which, wild as they sometimes were, and more fitted for romance than history, taught the whole of

Europe in what their interests consist, and by what means they can be best defended. Spain itself, at the commencement of the contest, presented a sight as noble as any depicted in the annals of history. It deceived, it is true, her best friends by the fallacious hopes it inspired; but it was one with which those who took up her cause, had a right to feel animated. A people who had been long sunk in apathy, rising to resist aggression, were in themselves worthy objects of admiration. But the people of Spain were remembered for their old nobility of heroism and honour; they were regarded as the possessors of a soil which their ancestors had rendered sacred by their chivalrous renown, and when they were seen gathering among their mountain-fastnesses, and assembling from every town and village to oppose their invaders, they seemed worthy of being respected as the descendants of noble forefathers. The discoveries which were soon afterwards made, of the weakness and want of union or discipline which pervaded every band of native soldiers, of their being animated by a wild spirit of revenge and hate, rather than the fervour of patriotism, did not diminish the eager curiosity with which the inhabitants of other countries looked on the commencing struggle. It increased the necessity of caution and vigour on the part of their confederates, and, by degrees, the cause of Spain became regarded with a deeper and more home-felt interest than at first, and was considered as the cause of European freedom itself. But, from first to last, the contest excited feelings which the sanguinary details of no other war ever awakened. It was watched by men of all parties, and of every disposition, as if each had some personal concern in the fortunes of the different combatants, and never, perhaps, did soldiers themselves feel so powerfully the interesting and romantic situation in which they were frequently placed. There is ample evidence of this in the works before us, and in others which have been before the public. The accounts they contain are filled with exploits that rival the most celebrated of former wars. The sufferings endured, the difficulties surmounted, and the general enthusiasm manifested by the troops, were scarcely ever equalled; and every recital which has been made by those personally engaged in the war, has served for an additional proof, as well of the interesting circumstances which attended its progress, as of the momentous effects of its conclusion.

To persons not content with observing the mere immediate results of such a war as that of the Peninsula, a wide field is open of profitable speculation. Without, however, entering upon an inquiry of this kind, it is easy to perceive that England not only reaped a more abundant harvest of glory among the hills of Spain, than from any other field of war; but that she retains advantages derived from the contest, which increased her importance as a European state, and will long contribute to her safety. It is beyond doubt, that her military reputation is almost entirely owing to her successes in this quarter. But it is not reputation only that she gained. Her armies, before she engaged on this field, were, according to the declarations of the best military judges, inexperienced in the real duties and hardships of warfare; incapable of obtaining the confidence of either the government or the people, and universally considered as immeasurably inferior to the soldiery of republican France. At the conclusion of the war, they were hailed as the deliverers of Europe, and a conseqence and strength has thus been given to this country, as a military power, which she had long before enjoyed as the paramount mistress of the seas. Should she be ever called to engage in a struggle of equal importance, it is not likely that the station she has thus acquired would be forgotten, or that the discipline and fortitude, and all the other military virtues which her army has been taught in such a splendid school of war, would not continue to preserve both her national fame, and her national liberty entire. It may also be conjectured, that in the cabinet, as well as in the field, maturer councils would be found to be the consequence of the experience acquired by many circumstances of the Spanish war. The mistakes made by ministers at the commencement of that contest, had well nigh proved fatal to our national existence. Time, wealth, and vast multitudes of men, were sacrificed without gaining any advantage. Wretched as was the plan and organization of the native forces which opposed Bonaparte, the aid at first afforded by England lost its efficiency, by a management scarcely less miserable, and England never engaged in a contest in which originally she seemed so little likely to obtain either credit or profit. This memorable war, therefore, has throughout been fraught with important instruction to this country, and every page of its annals affords a valuable commentary on some principles of military science, or national policy. At a future period, when its brilliant story is not remembered as having formed the every day intelligence of newspapers, there is no chapter of universal history that is more fitted to employ the pen of the most philosophical, and, at the same time, the most imaginative of writers. Luckily, ample materials are accumulated to furnish the future annalist with information on every part of the subject. It has its details prepared by those most skilled in every branch of the art of war, and the minutest circumstances attending its progress. The skill or errors of those who had the management of it, have been laid open without restriction, and the description of its most splendid scenes, and its most exciting events, has been written by men who shared in their utmost dangers.

It is remarkable, indeed, how different are the views which have been taken of the details of the Peninsular war, by the different authors who have attempted to furnish an account of it to posterity. Not to go farther than the two works now before us, it is surprising to observe how smoothly Lord Londonderry glosses over the notorious errors of the ministry, of which his brother had been so prominent a member, and how careful he is to fix the attention of his readers, rather on the chances of the war, than on the instructions of the cabinet at home for its management. Never, assuredly, were more signal instances of incapacity, incompetency, confusion, vacillation, ignorance, and pretension, afforded in the councils of a government, than those which appeared in Lord Castlereagh's dispatches, drawn up for the regulation of the first military operations in Portugal and Spain. The Marquess of Londonderry could not be unacquainted with these dispatches, yet he thinks it consistent with his duty as a historian, to limit his narrative to the mere events which occurred in the Peninsula, and to pass over in silence, not only the many efforts which were made through mere want of talent and comprehension of mind by the ministers at home, in order to cripple the resources, and frustrate the bravery of the troops, but also the paltry intrigues, and the manœuvres of personal envy, by which more than one individual of that ministry, endeavoured to crush the opening genius of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and to place over him in command, officers who were scarcely worthy to hold the most subordinate station in his army.

Widely different from this mode of writing, is that which has been pursued by Colonel Napier. With a love of truth, and a degree of courage in unfolding and maintaining it, which reflect upon him infinite credit, he has produced before the public, the blunders of the ministry, and has not even spared the errors of the great leader of the war. Stern impartiality, and a caustic style of observation, that seem to have been formed in the school of Tacitus, give peculiar features of interest to his work, which will in vain be sought for in any other commentary on the Peninsular war. Not only has Colonel Napier raised his mind above the prejudices and feelings of political parties at home, but even above those more excusable prepossessions which belong to a nation. He has done equal justice to Sir Arthur Wellesley, and to his great antagonist in the Peninsula, Marshal Soult. To the honour of both be it added, that they have supplied him with manuscript documents of a very important character, which enable him to throw new light on many points that have been hitherto but imperfectly understood.

In order to demonstrate the different views with which Colonel Napier and the Marquess of Londonderry have performed their respective tasks, we shall extract from their works two or three passages, relating to the same events. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that Sir Arthur Wellesley was first appointed to proceed to the Peninsula with nine thousand men, who had been collected in the summer of 1808, at Cork, for the very different purpose of effecting conquests in South America. The Marquess of Londonderry cautiously avoids any detail as to the instructions which were given by the ministry to Sir Arthur Wellesley, and other officers who had been directed to join him. But Colonel Napier supplies this important hiatus.

'Sir Arthur Wellesley sailed on the 12th of July, to commence that long and bloody contest in the Peninsula, which he was destined to terminate in such a glorious manner. Two small divisions were soon after ordered to assemble for embarkation at Ramsgate and Harwich, under the command of generals Anstruther and Acland, but a considerable time elapsed before they were ready to sail; and a singular uncertainty in the views of the ministers at this period, subjected all the military operations to perpetual and mischievous changes. General Spencer, supposed to be at Gibraltar, was directed to repair to Cadiz, and wait for Sir Arthur's orders; and the latter was permitted to sail under the impression that Spencer was actually subject to his command; but other instructions empowered Spencer at his own discretion to commence operations in the south, without reference to Sir Arthur Wellesley's proceedings; and Admiral Purvis, who, after Lord Collingwood's arrival, had no separate command, was also authorised to undertake any enterprise in that quarter, and even to control the operations of Sir Arthur Wellesley, by calling for the aid of his troops, that general being enjoined to "pay all due obedience to any such requisition!" Yet Sir Arthur himself was informed, that "the accounts from Cadiz were bad;" that "no disposition to move either there or in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar was visible," and that "the cabinet were unwilling he should go far to the southward, whilst the spirit of exertion appeared to reside more to the northward." Again, the admiral, Sir Charles Cotton, was informed that Sir Arthur Wellesley was to co-operate with him in a descent at the mouth of the Tagus; but Sir Arthur himself had no definite object given for his own operations, although his instructions pointed to Portugal, and thus in fact no officer, naval or military, knew exactly what his powers were, with the exception of Admiral Purvis, who, being only second in command for his own service, was really authorised to control all the operations of the land forces, provided he directed them to that quarter which had been declared unfavourable for any operations at all.

'In recommending Portugal as the fittest field of action, the ministers were principally guided by the advice of the Asturian deputies; although having received Sir Hew Dalrymple's despatches to a late date, their own information must have been more recent and more extensive than any that they could obtain from the deputies, who had left Spain at the commencement of the insurrection, and were ill informed of what was passing in their own province, utterly ignorant of the state of the other part of the Peninsula, and under any circumstances were incapable of judging rightly in such momentous affairs.

'The inconsistent orders of the ministers were well calculated to introduce all manner of confusion, and to prevent all vigour of action, but more egregious conduct followed. In Sir Arthur Wellesley's instructions, although they were vague and undefined, as to immediate military operations, it was expressly stated that the intention of the government was to enable Portugal and Spain to throw off the French yoke, and ample directions were given to him as to his future political conduct in the Peninsula. He was informed how to demean himself in any disputes that might arise between the two insurrectional nations, how to act with relation to the settlement of the supreme authority during the interregnum; and directed to facilitate communications between the colonies and the mother country, and to offer his good offices to arrange any differences between them. The terms upon which Great Britain would acquiesce in any negociation between Spain and France were stated, and finally he was empowered to recommend the establishment of a paper system in the Peninsula, as a good mode of raising money, and attaching the holders of it to the national cause. The Spaniards were not, however, sufficiently civilized to adopt this recommendation, and barbarously preferred gold to credit, at a time when no man's life, or faith, or wealth, or power, was worth a week's purchase. Sir Hew Dalrymple was at this time also commanded to furnish Sir Arthur with every information that might be of use to the latter in his operations.

'When the tenor of these instructions, and the great Indian reputation enjoyed by Sir Arthur Wellesley are considered, it is not possible to doubt that he was first chosen as the fittest man to conduct the armies of England at this important conjuncture; yet scarcely had he sailed when he was superseded, not to make room for a man whose fame and experience might have justified such a change, but by an extraordinary arrangement, which can hardly be attributed to mere vacillation of purpose, he was reduced to the fourth rank in that army, for the future governance of which, he had fifteen days before received the most extended instructions.

'Sir Hew Dalrymple was appointed to the chief command, and Sir John Moore, who had suddenly and unexpectedly returned from the Baltic, (having by his firmness and address saved himself and his troops from the madness of the Swedish monarch), was, with marked disrespect, directed to place himself under the orders of Sir Harry Burrard, and proceed to Portugal. Thus two men, comparatively unknown and unused to the command of armies, superseded the only general in the British service whose talents and experience were indisputable. The secret springs of this proceeding are not so deep as to baffle investigation; but that task scarcely belongs to the general historian, who does enough when he exposes the effect of envy, treachery, and base cunning, without tracing those vices home to their possessors.

'Notwithstanding these changes in the command, the uncertainty of the minister's plans continued. The same day that Sir Hew Dalrymple was appointed to be commander-in-chief, a despatch, containing the following project of the campaign, was sent to Sir Arthur Wellesley: "The motives which have induced the sending so large a force to that quarter are, 1st, to provide effectually for an attack upon the Tagus; and, 2dly, to have such an additional force disposable beyond what may be indispensably requisite for that operation, as may admit of a detachment being made to the southward, either with a view to secure Cadiz, if it should be threatened by the French force under General Dupont, or to co-operate with the Spanish troops in reducing that corps, if circumstances should favour such an operation, or any other that may be concerted. His Majesty is pleased to direct that the *attack upon the Tagus should be considered as the first object to be attended to*. As the whole force, of which a statement is enclosed, when assembled, will amount to not less than thirty thousand, *it is considered that both services may be provided for amply*. The precise distribution, between Portugal and Andalusia,

> both as to time and proportion of force, must depend upon circumstances, to be judged of on the spot; and should it be deemed advisable to fulfil the assurance, which Lieutenant-General Sir Hew Dalrymple appears to have given to the Supreme Junta of Seville[*], under the authority of my despatch of (no date), that it was the intention of his majesty to employ a corps of 10,000 men to co-operate with the Spaniards in that quarter. A corps of this magnitude may, I should hope, be detached without prejudice to the main operation against the Tagus, and may be reinforced, according to circumstances, after the Tagus has been secured. But if, previous to the arrival of the force under orders from England, Cadiz should be seriously threatened, it must rest with the senior officer of the Tagus, at his discretion to detach, upon receiving a requisition to that effect, such an amount of force as may place that important place out of the reach of immediate danger, *even though it should for the time suspend operations against the Tagus.*'—Napier, pp. 180—185.

Of the same event, the following is Lord Londonderry's meagre narrative.

> 'The army in question having completed its arrangements, put to sea on the 12th of July. After continuing with the fleet only a few hours, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was embarked in a fast-sailing frigate, hastened on, and arrived at Corunna on the 20th. He lost no time in opening a correspondence with the Junta of Gallicia, from whom he received the distressing intelligence of the overthrow of their army; and by whom he was assured, that the enemy, being now in possession of the course of the Douro, all communication between that province, and those to the south and east, was cut off. There is reason to believe, that in this dilemma, and because they still persisted in believing, that Spain stood in no need of men, but of arms and money only, they recommended to him the propriety of effecting a debarkation somewhere in Portugal, and acting in conjunction with the insurgents there, against the corps of Marshal Junot; and as the advice accorded perfectly with the tenor of his instructions, as well perhaps as with his own views, Sir Arthur prepared to adopt it. Having supplied the Gallicians with 200,000*l.* in money, and assured them of the speedy arrival of a large quantity of military stores, he once more put to sea; and directing his own fleet to follow him thither, made at once for the harbour of Oporto.'—Londonderry, pp. 94, 95.

Look at this picture and at that. In one work we have the full information, the accurate and comprehensive view of a historian; in the other, we have a very imperfect outline, which says no more than the newspapers of the day. The reader cannot fail to have observed particularly the silence of Lord Londonderry, as to the inconsistent and conflicting instructions of the ministers.

One of the unfortunate events in the early part of the Spanish war, which gave rise to the greatest degree of discontent at home, was the retreat of Sir John Moore, from Salamanca. We shall give Lord Londonderry's account of the motives which, according to his view of the matter, operated on Sir John's mind, on that momentous occasion; and we shall next compare it with Colonel Napier's relation of the same transaction.

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[*] 'This is a remarkable instance of ministerial confusion; the despatch from Sir Hew Dalrymple referred to as giving this "assurance," not only made no mention of a promise to the Junta of Seville, but the Junta itself was not in existence at the time his despatch was written.'

'Having good reason to believe that the French were all moving upon Madrid, and that there was no probability of any attack being made upon our posts for some time to come, I set off at an early hour on the morning of the 4th, and reached Salamanca about noon on the day following. I was induced to take this step, not from mere curiosity alone, but in consequence of certain letters which I had received from Sir John Moore, concerning the contents of which I was desirous of personally consulting him. I entered the place full of doubts and apprehensions; and I certainly did not quit it with apprehensions allayed or doubts removed.

'Having waited upon the General, and the compliments usual on such occasions having passed, our conversation naturally took the turn into which the present situation of affairs, and the position of the army, were calculated to guide it. It was then that Sir John explicitly stated to me, that he had come to a final determination to retreat. He had called the general officers together, he added, for the purpose of acquainting them with his decision, as well as with the reasons which led to it; but he had neither requested their opinions, nor demanded their judgment. He next entered, at great length, into the motives which swayed him, reasoning, in conversation, as he reasoned in his letters, with a decided leaning to the gloomy side of the picture. He spoke warmly in condemnation of the Spanish government, and of the nation generally; and enlarged upon the absence of all right understanding among the generals, as well as upon the absurdity of their military movements, which had subjected them all to be beaten in detail. He expressed his sincere regret, that they had not marched, as they ought to have done, when he first began to enter the country, so as to unite themselves with him; and declared, that with a force as yet uncollected, and having nothing but the remains of defeated corps on his flanks, a choice of evils alone remained for him. The determination to which he had at last come, was not formed without extreme pain to himself; but the duty of preserving his army, situated as it now was, presented to his mind a consideration paramount to every other; he was, therefore, resolved to retreat.

'Though I could not but deeply feel at such a determination, I deemed it my respectful duty to say little in reply, further than by expressing my regret that so strong a necessity for the measure should exist, and my apprehension of its consequences to the cause. The slightest indication of a retrograde movement, exhibited at such a moment as this, would, I feared, produce fatal effects; for Spain would fall, Portugal would fall, and the whole of Europe be once more at the feet of the enemy. Then what would become of Madrid, whose inhabitants were enduring the severest privations, chiefly with the hope of receiving aid from us; and of Castannos, and Palafox, and Blake, all of whom, on the same explicit understanding, were labouring to reassemble their scattered troops. No doubt, I added, the General's information was more likely to be correct than mine; but I dreaded the heavy disappointment which his proposed step would occasion to the people of England, whose very hearts seemed set upon the success of his undertakings; and whose mortification at his failure would be bitter, in proportion to the degree of hope with which they saw him embark upon it. I then retired, with the painful conviction on my mind, that the army would begin its backward journey in the course of a day or two at the furthest.'—Londonderry, pp. 178—180.

On the other side, let us hear Colonel Napier.

'The situation in which he was placed on his arrival at Salamanca, gave rise to serious reflections in the mind of Sir John Moore. He had been sent forward without a plan of operations, or any data upon which to found one. By his instructions, he was merely directed to open communication with the Spanish authorities, for the purpose of "framing the plan of campaign;" but General Castannos, with whom he was desired to correspond, was superseded immediately afterwards, and the Marquis of Romana, his successor, was engaged in rallying the remains of Blake's force in the Asturias, at a distance of two hundred miles from the only army with which any plan of co-operation could be formed, and of whose proceedings he was as ignorant as Sir John Moore. No channel of intelligence had been pointed out to the latter, and as yet a stranger in the country, and without money, he could not establish any certain one for himself. It was the will of the people of England, and the orders of the government, that he should push forward to the assistance of the Spaniards; and he had done so, without magazines, and without money to form them; trusting to the official assurance of the minister, that above a hundred thousand Spanish soldiers covered his march, and that the people were enthusiastic and prepared for any exertion to secure their deliverance; but he found them supine and unprepared; the French cavalry, in parties as weak as twelve men, traversed the country, and raised contributions, without difficulty or opposition. This was the state of Castille.

'The letters of Mr. Stuart and Lord William Bentinck, amply exposed the incapacity, selfishness, and apathy of the supreme government at Aranjuez.

'The correspondence of Colonel Graham painted in the strongest colours the confusion of affairs on the Ebro, the jealousy, the discord of the generals, the worse than childish folly of the deputy, Palafox, and his creatures.

'Sir David Baird's experience proved, that in Galicia, the people were as inert as in Castille and Leon, and the authorities more absurd and more interested. General Hope expressed a like opinion as to the ineptitude of the central junta; and even the military agents, hitherto so sanguine, had lowered their tone of exultation in a remarkable manner.

'The real force of the enemy was unknown to Sir John Moore, but he knew that it could not be less than eighty thousand fighting men, and that thirty thousand more were momentarily expected, and might have arrived; he knew that Blake and the Conde de Belvedere were totally defeated, and that Castannos must inevitably be so if he hesitated to retreat.

'The only conclusion to be drawn from these facts was, that the Spaniards were unable, or unwilling, to resist the enemy, and that the British would have to support the contest alone, unless they could form a junction with Castannos, before the latter was entirely discomfited and destroyed; but there was no time for such an operation, and the first object was, to unite the parcelled divisions of the English army. From Astorga to Salamanca was four marches, from Salamanca to the Escurial was six marches; but it would have required five days to close up the rear upon Salamanca, six days to enable Hope to concentrate at the Escurial, and sixteen to enable Baird to assemble at Astorga. Under twenty days it would have been impossible for the English army to unite and act in a body; and to have advanced in their divided state, would have been equally contrary to military principle and to common sense.'—Napier, pp. 429—431.

Here, again, we find the well-informed and masterly mind of Napier, seeing at once into the difficulties of Sir John Moore's situation, explaining them clearly, and accounting for the General's determination on sound military principles. On the other hand, Lord Londonderry never even hints at the mode in which the General's hands were tied together by the blunders, the want of foresight, the want of combination, and of proper assistance on the part of the ministry.

We shall add to these comparative extracts, the accounts which the two authors give of the close of Sir John Moore's career in the field, and with their observations on his character.

'Thus ended the retreat to Corunna; a transaction which, up to this day, has called forth as much of falsehood and malignity as servile and interested writers could offer to the unprincipled leaders of a base faction, but which posterity will regard as a genuine example of ability and patriotism.

'From the spot where he fell, the general who had conducted it was carried to the town by a party of soldiers. The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound increased; but such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him judging from the resolution of his countenance, that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked stedfastly at the injury for a moment, and then said, "*No, I feel that to be impossible.*" Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle, and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, but there was no hope; the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, he said, "*You know that I always wished to die this way.*" Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, observed "*It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.*" His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated. He inquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff, and he did not even, in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His strength was fast failing, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "*I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!*" The battle was scarcely ended, when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.'

'Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding. The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, adorned by a subtle playful wit, gave him in conversation an ascendancy that he could well preserve by the decisive vigour of his actions. He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a stedfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him; for while he lived, he did not shun but scorned and spurned the base, and, with characteristic propriety, they spurned at him when he was dead.

'A soldier from his earliest youth, he thirsted for the honours of his profession, and feeling that he was worthy to lead a British army, hailed the fortune that placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. The stream of time passed rapidly, and the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained; with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate, and confiding in the strength of his genius, disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance; opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted a long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude. No insult could disturb, no falsehood deceive him, no remonstrance shake his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, and the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of his gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which (conscious of merit) he asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.'—Napier, pp. 499—501.

The following remarks will appear cold, to say the least of them, after the warm-hearted, eloquent, and soldier-like tribute of Napier, to the memory of Sir John Moore. It is observable that Lord Londonderry altogether omits those minute details of that General's final conduct on the field, which speak so powerfully for the character of his heart, and display so truly the spirit of chivalry, by which he was animated.

'I have said that Sir John Moore received a severe wound whilst animating the 42nd regiment to the charge, in an early stage of the action; it is hardly necessary to add that the wound proved mortal: nor is it more necessary to enter into any minute detail of the last moments of that illustrious soldier's life, or of the melancholy solemnity with which his funeral obsequies were performed. The tale has been told already, with greater eloquence than I could employ; nor is it probable that it will soon cease to retain a place in the memory of the people of this country. It is sufficient for me to observe, that not all the consciousness of victory, cheering and gratifying as that is, was capable of alleviating, in the slightest degree, the grief of the army for the loss of its chief. Perhaps the British army has produced some abler men than Sir John Moore; it has certainly produced many who, in point of military talent, were and are quite his equals; but it cannot, and perhaps never could, boast of one more beloved, not by his own personal friends alone, but by every individual that served under him. It would be affectation to deny, that Sir John Moore, during his disastrous retreat, issued many orders in the highest degree painful to the feelings of honourable men, who felt that their conduct had not merited them. His warmest admirers have acknowledged this, and his best friends have lamented it: but, in all probability, no one would have lamented it more heartily than himself, had he lived to review, in a moment of calmness, the general conduct of this campaign: because there never lived a man possessed of a better heart, nor, in ordinary cases, of a clearer judgment.'—Londonderry.—pp. 234.

We do not pretend to fathom Lord Londonderry's motives for the manner in which, throughout his volume, he treats the memory of Sir John Moore. His Lordship certainly allows that he possessed some merit, but that he was not a Wellington. We wish that he had been more explicit as to what he means to insinuate in the latter part of the passage just quoted. It is couched in the tone of those writers who, following the uncandid example of Addison, would

—"Hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;"

a style of satire that is of all others, in our opinion, the least to be commended.

With the campaign, which ended with Sir John Moore's death, Colonel Napier's first volume concludes. We have given enough of it to shew the excellent spirit in which the work is written, and the great military knowledge which is impressed on every page of it. It is divided into books, and these are broken into chapters, which usually conclude with observations on the transactions recorded in them. In these observations the military reader will find a rich repository of the rules of practical warfare, mingled with a science of the very first order, and clothed, as indeed the whole narrative is, in language clear, vigorous, terse, and occasionally highly picturesque. We hope that the remaining volumes will soon make their appearance.

Lord Londonderry's narrative proceeds as far as the storming and capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. If the reader will take caution from the remarks which we have already made on the noble author's predilection for the Tory party and its favourites, he will derive some information, and a great deal of pleasure from this work. It is written in a graceful, fluent style, which now and then betrays a more practised hand than Lord Londonderry can be supposed to possess. Indeed it is not doubted, that in the literary execution of his volume, the noble Lord has availed himself of the abilities of a gentleman who is well known to the world as the author of "The Subaltern." We shall extract, as a favourable specimen of the work, Sir Arthur Wellesley's attack on the main body of the French forces, under the command of Delaborde.

'The villages of Caldas and Roliça are built north and south from each other, at the opposite extremities of an immense valley, which opens out largely towards the west: and midway between them stands the little town of Obidos, with its splendid aqueduct, and its Moorish castle. Roliça itself crowns an eminence, which again is flanked on the one hand by a range of hills, on the other by rugged mountains; by the very mountains, indeed, which bend round to girdle in the vale or bason, of which notice has just been taken. Immediately in front of it there is a sandy plain, not, perhaps, in the strictest meaning of the term, woody, but studded with low firs and other shrubs, and in its rear are four or five passes, which lead through the mountains. This was the situation in which Delaborde saw fit to await the approach of the English army. His outposts, driven in from Obidos, extended now along the plain to the hills on both sides of the valley; and his line was formed on the high ground in front of the village, so as that both his flanks might rest, one upon the mountains, the other upon a steep eminence. Of his force, it is not easy to speak with confidence, the writers of different nations having made different estimates of it; by Sir Arthur Wellesley it was computed at six thousand men; and there is no reason to believe that his judgment was formed on mistaken grounds. Be this, however, as it may, there it stood presenting a bold front to its enemies, and covering the passes by which, in case of reverse, its retreat might at any moment be made good, or a new position seized in the mountains.

'Every necessary order having been issued, and every man made aware, on the evening of the sixteenth, of the business in which he was about to be employed, the troops, on the following morning, stood to their arms; and, just as day begun to dawn, marched from the bivouac in three columns of attack. The right column, which consisted of twelve hundred Portuguese infantry, and fifty Portuguese horse, was directed to make a considerable detour, and to penetrate into the mountains, for the purpose of turning the enemy's left; it was then to wheel up, and bear down with all its weight upon the rear of Delaborde's line. The left column again, consisting of two brigades of British infantry—those of Major-General Ferguson and Brigadier-General Bowes—three companies of riflemen, a brigade of light artillery, twenty British and twenty Portuguese horse, received orders to ascend the hills at Obidos, to drive in all the enemy's posts on that side of the valley, and to turn his right at Roliça. It was at the same time directed to watch the motions of General Loison, of whose arrival at Rio Major, on the preceding night, intelligence had been obtained; and in case he should come up to engage him, before he should have had an opportunity of communicating with Delaborde. The centre column again, which was composed of four brigades, namely, Major-General Hill's, Brigadier-General Crawford's, Brigadier-General Nightingale's, and Brigadier-General Fane's, together with four hundred Portuguese light infantry, the remainder of the British and Portuguese cavalry, a brigade of nine and a brigade of six pounders, had it in charge to attack the enemy in front.

'As the distance between Caldas and Roliça falls not short of three leagues, the morning was considerably advanced before the troops arrived within musket-shot of the French outposts. Nothing could exceed the orderly and gallant style in which they traversed the intervening space. The day chanced to be remarkably fine, and the scenery through which the columns passed was varied and striking; but they were themselves by far the most striking feature in the whole panorama. Wherever any broken piece of ground or other natural obstacle came in the way, the head of the column, having passed it, would pause till the rear had recovered its order, and resumed its station; and then the whole would press forward with the same attention to distances, and the same orderly silence, which are usually preserved at a review. At last, however, the enemy's line became visible, and in a few minutes after the skirmishers were engaged. The centre division now broke into different columns of battalions; that on the left pressed on with a quick pace, whilst the riflemen on the right drove in, with great gallantry and in rapid style, the tirailleurs who were opposed to them. At this moment General Ferguson's column was seen descending the hill, and moving rapidly in a direction to cut off the enemy's retreat. But Delaborde was not so incautious as to permit that. The posts which covered his position on the plain being all carried, he lost no time in abandoning it, and withdrew his troops, in excellent order, and with great celerity, into the passes. It was evident, indeed, that to the gorges of these passes he had all along looked, as furnishing him with the most advantageous battle-ground; for he instantly assumed a new position there, and presented a front more formidable than ever, because more than ever protected by the inequalities of the ground from the approach of the assailants.

'Under these circumstances it became necessary, in some degree, to alter the plan of attack. Five separate columns were now formed, to each of which was committed the task of carrying a pass; but as the ground was peculiarly difficult, and the openings extremely narrow, no more than five British battalions, a few companies of British light infantry, and the brigade of Portuguese, could be brought into play. The following is the order in which this second assault was arranged:—

'The Portuguese infantry were directed to move up a pass on the right of the whole line, through the pass next on the right to which the light companies of General Hill's brigade, supported by the 5th regiment, were commanded to penetrate. The office of forcing the third pass was committed to the 29th and 9th regiments; the fourth became the province of the 45th regiment; and the fifth fell to the lot of the 82nd. Than these passes it is not easy to imagine any ground capable of presenting more serious obstacles to an assault, or more easy of a desperate defence. They were not only overhung on either hand by rocks and groves, among which skirmishers might lie secure, and do terrible execution with their fire; but as the troops advanced, they came upon spaces rough with myrtles and other shrubs, which unavoidably deranged their order, at the same time that they furnished admirable cover to the enemy. This was particularly the case in that pass which the 29th and 9th regiments had been directed to carry; and the enemy were not remiss in making the most of their advantages. Having permitted the column to go on, almost unmolested, till the leading companies were within a few yards of the myrtle grove, the French suddenly opened a fire, both from the front and flanks, which nothing but the most determined bravery on the part of the British troops could have resisted. As may be imagined, the advance of the column was for a moment checked; but it was only for a moment. Colonel Lake, who led the attack, waving his hat in his hand, called on the men to follow; they answered the call with a spirit-stirring cheer, and dashed on. But the enemy were full of confidence in themselves and in their position, and they disputed every inch of ground; nor was it till after a considerable loss had been sustained, including the gallant officer who had so far conducted them to victory, that the 29th succeeded in crowning the plateau.

'They were not yet formed in line, and the 9th was still entangled in the pass, when a French battalion advanced boldly to charge them. The enemy were met with the same spirit which they themselves exhibited, and the slaughter was very great on both sides; but the charge was repulsed. It was renewed in a few minutes after by increased numbers; for the columns which were ascending the other passes being far in the rear, the French were enabled to bring the great mass of their force to bear upon this point; but the gallant 9th was now at hand to aid their comrades, and the enemy were again driven back with much slaughter. Nor was an opportunity afforded them of repeating their efforts; for the heads of different columns began to show themselves, and the position was carried at all points. The enemy accordingly drew off his troops, and began to retire, though in excellent order. He made good his retreat, leaving behind him three pieces of cannon and about a thousand men, in killed, wounded, and missing.'—Londonderry, pp. 106—111.

Even in this extract, however elegantly written, some phrases appear which put us in mind of the late Lord Castlereagh's occasional eccentricity and obscurity of phraseology. What is the meaning, for instance, 'of the mountains which bend round *to girdle* in the vale?'

But there is a paragraph in p. 237, which we are surprized the Subaltern left in.

'In the course of the preceding details, I am aware much may be said and recorded of the different exploits of difficult corps, and the conduct of officers. The just view of everything cannot be collected, nor individual merit marked out, by one in my humble position; my desire therefore has been limited to give fairly my own impressions, without offence to any, and to apologise to all; whose corps, names, and actions, ought to be recorded in military history by an abler pen than mine.'—Londonderry, p. 237.

What is meant by '*difficult* corps?' What is meant by the next sentence? How strange the construction!—'The just view of every thing cannot be calculated, *nor* individual merit marked out, &c.' But what does the noble author intend, by saying, that it was his desire to give fairly his own impressions without offence to any, and yet to apologize to all? If he did not offend, why apologize to any, still more to all? He apologizes even to those whose merits he proclaimed, and who we should think, 'must receive his praises rather reluctantly, if he deems them necessary to be excused. Other passages, equally confused and unintelligible, might be extracted from this work, though we are free to confess that they ought not to be considered, under the circumstances, as detracting much from its general merits, which with the qualifications we have stated, are by no means of an indifferent character. It is besides always pleasing to find noblemen of high station, and unbounded wealth, devoting themselves to literary pursuits; we are, therefore, disposed to pass over many faults of the style, which might otherwise have obtained more detailed, and perhaps more severe notice.

ART. XI.—*Italy as it is; or, Narrative of an English Family's Residence for Three Years in that Country.* By the Author of "Four Years in France." 8vo. pp. 441. London: Colburn. 1828.

MR. BEST is already very favourably known as the author of "Four Years in France." We fear the book now before us will not contribute to increase his reputation. From his previous volume, as well as from the attractive programme which he has prefixed to his present work, we had been led to expect at his hands, a publication of more than ordinary value. If it be true that 'the public have had enough of Italy,' it is equally true that 'the cause of satiety is in the writers themselves,' and not in the theme, which is inexhaustible, and pregnant with topics of unfading interest. We are desired to suppose that a residence in a foreign country, will differ from a town, inasmuch as that the tourist can only see and observe, while the resident may reflect and compare. We are told also, that a 'narrative of the residence of a family, will differ from a narrative of the residence of an individual'; as 'the one records the impressions made on himself,' while the other conveys the varied and multiplied impressions communicated by the members of a family to each other in conversation.' We are further informed, that as the author is a Catholic, he would be more competent to speak of the religion of Italy, than the Englishmen who protest against it; and that from his being refused a participation in the blessings of the British constitution, he is free from that extravagant admiration for it, which induces other British travellers abroad to look down with contempt on all other systems of government.

From these and other similar anticipations, which are carefully set forth in the Introduction to the work before us, we entered into it with the hope that it would disclose new views of the religious and social manners of the Italians; that it would place their general character in a new light, and that instead of the usual catalogues of curiosities at Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples, we were to be treated with a picture of the Peninsula, glowing with new beauties which it had fallen to the lot of no former traveller to discover or record.

Unhappily in proportion as our hopes were elevated, have they been depressed upon making more intimate acquaintance with the contents of the volume. The tone in which it speaks of the best features of Italy, not excepting Rome itself, and all its pride of ancient and modern architecture, is cold and almost cynical. In this, and indeed in almost every other respect, it breathes a kindred spirit with that which pervades the very disagreeable work, entitled "Transalpine Memoirs," of which we gave an account in a former number of this Journal. We regret to observe that Mr. Best adopts that work (p. 441), as conveying his own sentiments, as far as it goes. We had expected much better things from his taste and talents; though we must admit that great allowance is to be made for the state of mind, under the influence of which he took his departure from Nice for Italy. He had just suffered a severe domestic calamity—the loss of his eldest son; and it was therefore perhaps natural to expect that he, and those who were with him, should have looked at every object, even the brightest which presented itself to their view, under a gloomy aspect.

But although much may be allowed for private feeling under such circumstances, we are not aware that it was ever accounted to be held more sacred, than those monuments of art, which have long excited the admiration, and commanded the sympathies of all who have had the good fortune to behold them. We well remember the strain of narrow-minded, and vulgar criticism, in which the most magnificent temple that has ever been raised in honour of the deity, St. Peter's, at Rome, was described by the author of "Transalpine Memoirs." If that work must be taken as authority, St. Peter's is an edifice of very insignificant pretensions indeed. And as to those ceremonies of the Holy Week, which are performed within its precincts, and which attract visitors from all parts of the world, it would seem that they are only calculated, if Mr. Best and his auxiliary are to be believed, to send a sensible man to sleep.

We do not know what advantages our author has gained, from the length of his residence in Italy, or from the presence of his family there, as far as his description of Italy is concerned.—There is not a single topic treated in his work, not a single trait of the manner of the inhabitants disclosed, with which we were not before acquainted—nay, which has not been before a thousand times repeated by other writers. The pomp of his introduction reduces itself therefore to mere sound. We do not perceive in what respect his narrative is at all preferable to the less deliberate observations of a tourist; or how, even in matters of religion, he has in any way contributed to diffuse more just notions of the Ita-[illegible] most anti-Catholic of his predecessors.

We fully agree with our author in thinking, that the insolent tone in which the religion of Italy is remarked upon by English travellers, does no honour to our country, 'in the judgment of wise and good men, of whatever nation.' Nothing can be more illiberal, or more ungentlemanly, than the manner in which our tourists take it upon them to speak of the tenets and ceremonies of a church, of which they know very little, although it is not confined to one empire, or continent, but is spread over a great portion of the civilized world. At the same time, we must observe, that Mr. Best has done very little to redeem the character of our tourists in this respect. Verily, we may well say with him, and of him, that 'writers repeat each other, and that the public is tired of the repetition.' We cannot, indeed, add, that we have found in his work, 'the same prejudiced motives concerning the people,' or 'the same descriptions of the monuments of Italy,' as we have met with in the journals of other tourists. But if, on the former point, he has shewn an unusual degree of liberality, he has *en revanche*, displayed as to the latter, more of indifference, or of ignorance, than we have had ever occasion to reprobate in any work on Italy, that has ever fallen under our notice.

Let us, for instance, hear what he says of the cathedral at Milan. That splendid edifice is usually the first object that attracts the attention of the traveller. He is struck with astonishment at the matchless beauty of its external case of marble, carved in the most exquisite style; he admires its Gothic plan, its long-drawn aisles, and fretted vaults, its magnificent altar, and all the solemn grandeur of its internal arrangements. We do not remember that in any of the numerous "Tours" which it has been our lot to peruse, we have ever observed a second opinion as to the imposing effect of this noble structure, which is ranked by some of the best critics as inferior only to St. Peter's, at Rome. In the volume before us, however, we find it set down, in round terms, that the cathedral's 'being built of marble, adds nothing to its architectural beauty.' Mr. Best would probably have praised it if it had been constructed of brick, or lime-stone; since, according to this doctrine, the richness or beauty of the material is a thing of no consequence. Then as to dimensions, we are told, that 'it is not high enough, in proportion to its base.' He adds, in a style of illustration, which is certainly calculated to throw an air of unbecoming ridicule on a temple raised to the worship of the CREATOR, that 'it seems to be squatting on the ground, or to be in a position in which modern belles never place themselves, except, perhaps, at Court—to be making a courtesy.' A cathedral making a courtesy! What an idea! The cathedral of Milan squatting on the ground! Admirable critic! Well, indeed, does this writer know how 'to reflect and compare.'

Then, again, St. Peter's—it is nothing more than an 'appendage to the Vatican;' 'the walls of the south side and western end of the church run out into all angles but right angles, and are ornamented by meagre Corinthian pilasters.' The 'vestibule is long and dreary;' the first view of the interior, indeed, is 'overwhelming;' but the eye is immediately directed to the figure of a golden dove, painted in the glass of a window over the high altar; 'at first this is admired; afterwards it looks like a conceit.' 'The sash windows of the dome appear bit by bit.' 'The high altar is splendid, even gaudy; the twisted pillars that support the canopy, though they look highly ornamented, are, in truth, absurd.' 'The pillars (of the piazza) are too numerous: a grove of trees is intelligible—a grove of pillars may be allowed as a poetical expression; but a grove of stumpy pollards, supporting a low roof, is neither intelligible or poetical.' 'Looking back, on going out of the piazza, I remembered to have heard spoken of, with much admiration, the pyramidical form into which the two smaller cupolas and the grand cupola throw themselves. A similar pyramid might be formed of two small and one large inverted *tea-cups*.' Such is the paltry style of criticism which our author thinks it fit to employ, when speaking of the most majestic edifice that has ever yet stood upon the earth.

We have in vain searched through this work for evidence of the superior information, as to the manners and habits of Italian society, which our author had, in his introduction, led us to suppose he possessed, from the length of his residence in that country. We do not find, although he was three years among the people of Italy, that he knew any thing more about them than they chose to exhibit to him at theatres, at court, at the assemblies of the ministers, and other public places. He seems to have mixed, in private life, as little with Italian families as the most expeditious English bird of passage that ever winged his way through their towns and cities.

Our author seems to think, that he vindicates the morality of the fair sex of Italy, by relating such anecdotes as the following:

'Mr. Peters, the painter, who studied in Italy that art, for his proficiency in which he was *analogously* rewarded by a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Lincoln,—Peters, indeed, told me that a lady at Venice, behind whom he was seated in her box at the theatre, expressed great indignation at the appearance in the box opposite, of a woman of bad repute. Peters endeavoured to sooth her anger by representing to her, more like a man of gallantry than a divine, which it is to be supposed he yet was not, "*le signore Veneziane non sono crudele.*"*. The lady replied with more ingenuity than reserve, "*noi siamo dilettanti, ella è professore.*"'*—p. 101, 102.

Mr. Best is even chivalrous enough to assert, that the *cavalier servente* is a being all innocence and virtue in Italy. He is, we are told, 'simply what this name implies, a gentleman in attendance. The person whom he attends is a married woman; his service is approved of by her husband: it is rendered to her in all societies. Can we rationally suppose confidence to be abused, and the decency of good company to be insulted, to the point which it pleases the flatterers of English purity to imagine?' We are not flatterers of English purity, but still to this question we would fearlessly answer—Yes. The true vindication of Italian morality, in this respect, at least, is this, that the cavaliere serventi are every day becoming less numerous, and less acceptable in 'good company.'

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* "The Venetian ladies are not cruel." "We are dilettanti—she is a professor."

The following anecdote of the Countess of Albany, does not say much for the morality of which we have been speaking. The discovery of the certificate, however, is not we believe, very generally known.

'Winter approached: the *villegiatura* of the Tuscan gentry, usually performed during the vintage, was over; strangers began to flock into Florence, and the Countess of Albany began her weekly *soirées*. This widow of the last of the Stuarts was understood to be in receipt of an annual pension from her cousin, our gracious sovereign, and to be willing to show her gratitude, by giving to his wandering subjects what they much wanted, a point of re-union. A miniature portrait of this lady, taken in her youth, was shown to me by a friend, to whom she had presented it. I found that time had still left remains of the very great beauty, and no small portion of the vivacity of her early age. She had testified to succeeding times, her affection and respect for Alfieri, by employing Canova to sculpture his monument in Santa Croce: the apartment which he occupied in her house, was left in the state in which it was at his death—the bed, and the clothes he last wore, untouched. In the lesser drawing-room, preceding the salon of reception, was a bust and a portrait of Alfieri.

'At this soirée, tea, ices, and *petits gateaux* were given, but neither cards, music, nor dancing, except at one ball during the carnival. Seated in her arm-chair near the chimney, but not turned towards the fire, and conversing with those nearest to her, the Countess received her visitors, with all due discrimination. When gentlemen approached, she half raised herself on the arms of her chair; when ladies presented themselves, she stood upright on her feet, and then sat down again. Towards persons of high distinction, she advanced two or three steps, and she absolutely went more than half across the room to meet the young Archduke.

'The good Jacobites regarded her with reverence and interest, and watched her looks and manners as if she had been "every inch a queen." One of them whispered to me, knowing me as one of the craft, "how cross her Majesty looks this evening! I hope nothing is the matter."

'These *conversazioni* were very agreeable: we seldom missed attending: there was a chess table under the portrait of Alfieri, and I sometimes made a party; though chess-players are not so common on the Continent as I had been taught to expect. Though Madame d'Albany conversed only with those who were especially introduced or known to her, yet the many had reason to feel obliged to her for enabling them to meet each other, to see the newly-arrived, and to pass pleasantly an idle evening hour.

'If by the internal government of a state be meant the defence of every citizen from fraud or violence on the part of every other citizen, and the undertaking of those extensive works for the public good, which are beyond the reach of individuals,—of such a government, a Bishop may without incongruity be the head. The administration of justice may be carried on in the name of "*la Santità di nostro Signore*," as well as in that of a lay sovereign. His minister of finance may preserve order in the collection and in the disbursement of taxes; his minister of the interior may authorize the making of roads or erection of bridges: and the general prosperity of the people will result from the effort made by each individual for his own welfare.'—pp. 354—357.

But from these grave questions turn we to others of a more miscellaneous kind. Our author has favoured us with a suggestion as to the facility of acquiring the Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French languages, at the same time, which, simple though it be, has really a good deal of merit. We wish it may be generally acted upon; and we recommend it particularly to those whose duties connect them with the education of our rising generations.

'How easily might any one become acquainted with the mother and her three daughters, the Latin, Italian, Spanish and French, in one and the same course of study! Tessaraglossal dictionaries, grammars constructed on the plan of juxta-position, comparative interlineary versions, these helps will be furnished on demand; and the demand will be made when we shall have abandoned the cruel and stupid system, by which boys are tormented during the learning one of these languages only, and that the dead one, for a greater number of years than would suffice for the acquisition of all the four; when we shall have exchanged the pedantry of aiming at correctness in what is comparatively useless, for the rational purpose of obtaining a sufficient knowledge of what is useful. The Muse of ancient Latium is unpropitious to our poor boys, who are urged to woo her by the unamiable persuasives of corporal suffering and imprisonment; nor is the Grecian Muse more favourable, knowing that their addresses are compulsory, and will be followed by neglect and infidelity. The experiment has failed generally: it is a reproach to the humanity and good sense of parents, that it should be continued. Let the mass of human misery be diminished, and let the most sensitive and active portion of life be devoted to the acquisition of what may hereafter enter into its business or amusements. Our travellers may then commence the tour of Italy, with better preparation than that of mere schoolboy attainments and narrow-minded prejudices—with some knowledge of its later history, some acquaintance with the classics of the second Augustan age, and the use of some living tongue, by which, in that country, ideas may be communicated and received.'—pp. 176, 177.

We dare say that most of our fair admirers who, after taking off their Leghorn hats, seat themselves on a couch to read this journal of ours, know every thing concerning the materials and manufacture of those essential articles of summer attire. But lest there should be any among them who do not happen to have ever inquired into the subject, we shall for their information devote to it a quarter of a page.

'These hats, so called from the port whence they are sent abroad, are the chief manufacture of Tuscany. At Prato, are great establishments of this fabrication, and every where in the country, at the door of the cottages, women and children are seen picking and platting straws. Fields are sown with wheat, which is allowed to grow till ready to burst into ear: the straw is then pulled up by the root, which, as well as the ear, is cut off from every stem; the knots of every straw are also cut out. The straws are dried with more or less care, according to the quality of the hat proposed to be made of them; and for this purpose they are sorted with the greatest exactness. Maria Louisa, Empress of the French, desired to have a hat, for the encouragement of the manufacture, of the greatest possible fineness and of the best colour and finish: the price, or gratification to the manufacturer, was, if I remember right, 600 francs.

'Besides, the great consumption of this well-known article in Europe, very great quantities are sent to the North American States. The work produces at every step the pleasing appearance of labour united to amusement,—of a toil in which childish play and childish gains form children to habits of industry, without exhausting their strength or gaiety.'—pp. 192, 193.

We must now conclude with the author's general remarks on Italy, which appear to us to be the most valuable portion of his volume.

'Since my return to England, I have more than once been called on to say what part of Italy, Nice included, was to be recommended to invalids as a winter residence. Florence is in this respect out of the question. Rome, though perfectly healthy, after the autumnal rains, is cold during the winter: we even experienced eight or ten days of frost. By those who have wintered at Pisa, it is recommended for the mildness of its climate, and, no doubt, deservedly so; but the Temple of Hygeia is not in the Fens of Lincolnshire, nor in any country resembling that ill-reputed plain. A comparison between Nice and Naples can hardly be made from a trial of one winter only in each place: let the oranges settle the question: they are better at Naples than at Nice. In the same manner, the lemon, a hardier fruit than the orange, may enable us to decide between Rome and Pisa; in Tuscany it comes to perfection, but not at Rome.

'Thus far in regard to climate. There are many invalids to whom a long journey by land is both painful and dangerous. The voyage by sea to Naples is somewhat shorter than that to Leghorn or Nice: probably, too, for I have no means of ascertaining the question, more accommodation may be found in the ships sailing to a great city like Naples, than in those that trade to Nice, or even to Leghorn.

'As to social intercourse with the Italians, from what has been already written, the reader may form an opinion how far this is practicable, and in what part of Italy it is most easy, or, to speak more clearly, least difficult. The government of Sardinia and Tuscany pay civil attentions to foreigners, but in no part of Italy are the English beloved. This has been accounted for.

'Whatever they themselves may think of the matter, their separation from Catholic unity at the bidding of a bloody tyrant, a boy, or a profligate woman, is not considered by impartial judges as a symptom of magnanimity; nor the insult and degradation inflicted on the Catholics of our *united* kingdom, as a proof of justice or good sense.

'I was told at Nice, "if you pass the summer here, you will have society." An unwillingness to meet English company could not have been more clearly expressed; and such is the sentiment *general* prevailing throughout Italy. An Englishman, or an English family, alone, in a provincial town, would doubtless be hospitably and cheerfully received. From my intercourse with the Italians, I am qualified to pronounce that the want of such intercourse must be a great privation to the English traveller or resident.

'Of the state of society at Naples, it is hardly fair to judge from an experiment during the reign of Ferdinand I., and under the system of *espionage:* the literary men had been cut short, not metaphorically but literally shorter by the head. The Neapolitans are by no means inferior to the other Italians: they are less listless than the amiable Florentines; less reserved than the high-minded Romans: simplicity, intelligence, benevolence, such are their characteristics as well as those of Italians in general.

'To some it may be a recommendation of Naples, that it is by far the most economical place, even of Italy, for the residence of a family. House rent alone is expensive; at Palermo, no longer the capital of a separate kingdom, houses are not much more than half so dear as at Naples; and Palermo is probably cheaper than Naples in other respects also. I knew some Sicilians who spoke most favourably of Palermo.'—pp. 437—440.

In these observations, and doubtless in other parts of this work, persons intending to travel, or actually engaged in that most delightful of all occupations, may find more to instruct, and, perhaps, to entertain them, than we have been able to discover. We opened it under an expectation that we should find it at least fully as agreeable as a volume by the same author, which we have on a former occasion highly commended—"Four years in France." We opened it, moreover, under the impression of those beguiling fancies, which are always awakened in the mind by the very sound of "Italy." But on advancing through the pages, every pleasing image vanishes one by one, from the region of the brain. Here a filthy inn, there an exorbitant custom house; now a dispute with a coachman, and now a spy of the police, dissipates by degrees all the poetry of the scene. But as if these things were not sufficient, we are next dragged through the same shrines and churches, the same palaces and picture galleries, compelled to listen to criticisms on the same paintings and statues, the same operas and dramas, which figure in all other books of travellers who have ever crossed the Po, or drank of the Tiber. Thus, in our own climate, a beauteous dawn is too often succeeded by a noon of clouds, that look as if they would never open again to a gleam of sunshine.

Art. XII.—*Comedies Historiques.* Par L. N. Lemercier, M.A.F. 8vo. pp. 337. Paris. 1828.

The number of dramatic works which have appeared on the French stage, since the commencement of the present century, is almost incalculable; they must be counted by hundreds, and the most powerful memory is incapable of retaining even the names of all the tragedies and comedies, to which Talma and Mademoiselle Mars afforded the aid of their brilliant talents. Being for the greater part the productions of inexperienced authors, they have made a rapid transition from the cradle to the grave, without bestowing in their passage, the slightest additional lustre on those two branches of literature, which Corneille and Moliere had carried to such a high degree of perfection.

Instead of seeking for their compositions, subjects which might have, at least, novelty to recommend them; instead of casting about for interesting situations, which might excite emotions of terror or merriment in the hearts of their audience; instead of representing the loftier passions, and the political movements of society, and of satirizing the follies of the court and the village, modern French dramatic authors, as well as those of our own country, devote their attention to the piles of pieces which have been already often acted: they compare, combine, and arrange according to their own fancies, or merely imitate, the scenes of their predecessors. Far from depending on their own genius, and allowing themselves to be guided by their own imagination, they are contented with the inspirations of others; they select all their beauties, avoid all their faults, and put together in proper order, conversational scenes, adding a few words about "liberty" and the "country," to their tragedies; interspersing in their comedies, abundant promises of love and constancy; and in their melodramas and farces, some fine sentimental passages in praise of virtue, and a series of stale jests culled from the newspapers. Thus decked out in borrowed plumes, their works are produced on the stage; the public, eager to be pleased, and without any better resources, lend to them an indulgent ear, and applaud sometimes to the skies, performances which when printed, and perused in the closet, are found to be mere rhapsodies, not worth a moment's criticism.

It is thus that certain gentlemen whom we could name, succeed in manufacturing the numerous pieces which, season after season, are produced at Drury-lane and the Haymarket. It is thus, too, that the dramatic purveyors to the theatre Français, and the Odeon palm their slender wares on the Parisian public. It is in this manner that the academician, M. Loumet, has made up Clytemnestre, by pilfering the forty or fifty dramas which have been already written on the same subject. Thus hath he composed Saul at the expense of Alfieri, and of four French poets; and Jean of Arc, from the three tragedies of Schiller, Avigny, and Dumolard. It is in the same way that M. Giraud has compiled his Virginius, by borrowing the most pathetic passages from La-Harpe, Knowles, and other writers; that M. Ancelot has constructed, from the scenes of Schiller, his tragedy of Fiesque; that M. François de Neufchateau has in his Pamela imitated the comedy of Goldoni, who himself had borrowed it from the novel of Richardson; that the editor of the Constitutionnel, M. Etienne, has plundered the Jesuit Comaxa, in order to fit out his Two Sons-in-Law; in fine, that Messrs. Alexandre Duval, Mely-Lanin, Scribe, and twenty others, drawing their inspirations from Sir W. Scott, or Auguste Lafontaine, supply us with agreeable, but servile imitations of the works of genius. May we not apply to these elegant plagiarists, with great justice, the following epigram; with an alteration or two (for which we hope to be excused), it bears strictly on their case:

> "Ces messieurs savent tout ce que l' on écrivit;
> Ces messieurs pillent tout, et par ligne et par page;
> Ils auraient ces messieurs, quatre fois plus d'esprit,
> Si l' on eut imprimé quatre fois davantage."

In France, as well as in England, creative minds are exceedingly rare; and the verse

> "Il en est jusqu' a trois que je pourrais compter,"

which Boileau inserted in one of his satires, in order to designate the number of Parisian wives who were supposed, in his time, to be faithful to their husbands, may be most truly applied also to the number of sterling dramatic authors, who, at present, sustain the honour of the French stage. Indeed, after we have named Picard, Casimir Delavigne, and Lemercier, who are there remaining that can have any pretensions to the laurel of immortality, which has hitherto legitimately encircled only the brows of Shakspeare and Moliere?

M. Lemercier is at the head of that school in France, which is preparing a complete revolution in its drama. That country, which has been so long bound in the fetters of the ancient Greek tragedy, is on the eve of an entire emancipation in this respect; and the same people, who, in 1789, shouted "down with all privileges"—"down with the Bastille," are now beginning to cry out, "away with the unities," "away with Aristotle." The late representations of English plays in Paris, by English actors, have tended very materially to accelerate the progress of this literary revolution. The Globe, in some respects an able and well conducted journal, though rather too *philosophical* to our taste, may be considered as the organ of this new school. We use the term *philosophical* here, not in its ordinary acceptation, but in the sense in which it is now understood in France: that is—*anti-religious*.

Under the name of philosophy, there is a large, and, we fear, a growing party in that country, who mask their hostility to Christianity in every shape. But more of this another time. The Globe being friendly to that spirit of innovation, which, undoubtedly, is often allied with improvement, and which can hardly be productive of any other than the most beneficial results, if applied to the state of the drama in France, has lately taken frequent occasion, on giving reports of the English theatre at Paris, to join precept to example, and to recommend to young dramatic writers, that, following the two great models of England and France, they should delineate the living manners of society, and form pictures of recent catastrophes, in which folly and ridicule, virtue and crime, may speak in the language of nature and truth. The comedy of Pinto, and the tragedy of The Martyrs of Souli, which Lemercier has published, at an interval of five and twenty years from each other, were written according to these new notions, and were the first symptoms of that dramatic revolution of which we speak. In 1798, the same author addressed a letter to the editors of the "Decade Philosophique," which shews that, even then, he thought much on this subject. The letter was as follows :—

"I hope that I shall soon be enabled to present to the public a comedy, which I finished a month ago; it is entitled Pinto. My great object in composing it has been to preserve the action (which, of itself, possesses great interest) free from every poetic ornament that might tend to disguise it; to exhibit persons speaking and acting as they do in life, and to reject the pomp, sometimes delusive, of tragedy and verse. I shall deem myself fortunate, if, after having been obliged in Agamemnon, to prove my respect for the laws of Melpomene, I may succeed in opening a new path to the theatre, instead of the beaten road, which is too often followed.

"LEMERCIER."

The comedy of Pinto, the first and the most important of the three pieces contained in the volume now before us, discloses a dramatic style, altogether novel in France. It was first represented in 1800, when it was received with enthusiastic applause; but having been proscribed, almost from the hour of its birth, by the imperial despotism, it has remained wholly unknown to the mass of the public. The object of the author was to exhibit the secret movements of a band of conspirators, and to shew that political intrigues sometimes cause personages of the highest character to descend to deeds of the lowest baseness. Deviating in this point from Shakspeare and Schiller, and their imitators, Lemercier did not seek to produce a historical action, strictly so called, together with its tragic and comic shades. He proceeded, like the classical writer, by way of abstraction. Differing from the tragic poets, who make no account of the comic elements which are found mingling in every human event, he proposed to himself to separate from a grave historical catastrophe, every particle of the serious which it contained, and to place in relief only those parts of it which admitted of pleasantry and satire. Hence he chose for the subject of his drama, that revolution which was commenced and ended in a few hours, and which, conducted by the intrepidity and presence of mind of one man, terminated in delivering Portugal from the yoke of Spain. The principal character of the piece, is the secretary of the Duke of Braganza, named Pinto. He is the presiding spirit every where; he looks into every thing, and takes such steps as are most conducive to the success of his design; availing himself of the fanaticism of the friar Santonello, the bravery of the soldier Fabricio, the avarice of one of the conspirators, and the ambition of another. Assisted by the brave Almada, and by the Duchess of Braganza, he ultimately, by his audacity, gives a kingdom to his master. It is difficult to read this drama without admiring the manner in which political events of the greatest importance are presented under a comic aspect. Each person speaks in the language of his situation; the people play their part in it, the whole mass is agitated, little schemes of gallantry are mixed up with matters of the gravest kind, and a deep conspiracy is carried on and developed, without placing the principal heroes in such a point of view, as to throw the subaltern actors into the shade; and without implicating the conspirators in any other criminal act than that of causing the death of the minister Vasconcellos—that proconsul, who, in the days of his power, had been the oppressor of the Portuguese nobility—that coward who, in the moment of danger, concealed himself in a chest under a mass of papers. This comedy abounds in admirable scenes; the ninth and tenth of the fourth act, in which the conspirators fall suddenly from the most sanguine hopes of success, to the depths of despair, are executed in a natural and highly dramatic style. These are surpassed only by another scene, in which Pinto comes to assure the conspirators of the panic which had seized their adversaries, and to give the signal of attack. We shall transcribe these four scenes in the original language, as we fear they might be weakened by being translated.

'SCÈNE NEUVIÈME.

'*Almada, Alvare, Mello, Mendoce, Le Capitaine.*

'*Almada.* Voici un loyal Portugais qui veut être des nôtres. Il me suivra partout, et nous le perdrons pas de vue.

'*Mello.* Vous devez, Monsieur, être enflammé d'admiration pour une si glorieuse tentative.

'*Alvare.* Enchanté, Messieurs, enchanté.

'*Mendoce.* Almada vous a instruit des mouvemens secrets du peuple.

'*Alvare.* Oui, Messieurs, il m'a informé de tout.

'*Le Capitaine portant deux bouteilles et quelques verres sur la table.*

'Buvons un coup ensemble, mon camarade; c'est peutêtre le dernier.

'*Alvare.* Pourquoi donc?

'*Le Capitaine.* Si un coup de feu nous couche à terre, bonsoir.

‘*Mendoce.* N'est-ce pas une joie de prendre ces chiens de Castillans là...au saut du lit?

‘*Alvare* C'est fort gai en effet, mais fort incertain.

‘*Le Capitaine.* Quelle incertitude trouvez-vous là, ventrebleu! nous marchons, et tout se qui résiste à bas! Je vous trouve plaisant avec votre incertitude.

‘*Alvare.* Vous m'entendez mal.... Je sais qu'on est sûr de tout.

‘*Le Capitaine.* On n'est sûr de rien, ou contraire. Qui diable prévoit l'issue... Mes amis, un coup à notre glorie future!

‘*Mendoce.* Quels hommes nous serons!... Ah! dans les temps d'Athènes et de Rome!...

‘*Mello.* Quelles richesses nous attendent!

‘*Mendoce.* C'est vous, Mello, qui avez adroitement su distribuer l'argent nécessaire à multiplier nos partisans.

‘*Mello.* C'est vous, Mendoce, qui par vos harangues éloquentes, avez su les embraser.

‘*Almada.* C'est vous, capitaine, qui nous conduirez.

‘*Le Capitaine.* Honneur à tous!

‘*Almada, prenant un verre.* Mort aux Castillans!

‘*Tous, buvant.* Vivent les Portugais!

‘SCÈNE DIXIÈME.

‘*Almada, Alvare, Mello, Mendoce, Le Capitaine, Santonello.*

‘*Mendoce.* Santonello! quelle nouvelle?

‘*Santonello.* Nous sommes découverts.

‘*Tous.* Découverts!

‘*Santonello.* Le secrétaire Vasconcellos, informé sans doute que sa maison devait être investie, est passé de l' autre côté du fleuve.

‘*Tous.* Lui!

‘*Alvare à part.* Où suis-je, malheureux!

‘*Mello.* Un de ses espions l' aura prévenu du coup.

‘*Mendoce.* Il se sera rendu au château d'Almada pour arrêter le duc et sa famille.

‘*Le Capitaine.* Pour rassembler les troupes cantonnées dans les bourgs voisins et leur donner ordre de marcher.

‘*Almada.* Et Pinto! que fait Pinto?

‘*Santonello.* Il s'intrigue, il court, il place des gardiens sur le port, il va venir. Je n'en sais pas davantage; et si tous les anges ne viennent pas à notre aide....

‘*Almada.* Depuis quand Vasconcellos est-il parti?

‘*Sontonello.* Dans la nuit.

‘*Almada avec abattement.* Dans la nuit!

‘*Melo avec abattement.* Dans la nuit!

‘*Mendoce avec abattement.* Dans la nuit!

‘*Le Capitaine.* Vous pouvez, mon révérend, donner l' absolution à moi, à toute la société et à vous-même.

‘*Mello.* Mes amis, j'ai de l' or; esquivons-nous, embarquons nous, et tâchons de passer en Afrique.

‘*Almada.* Je ne sortirai pas de Lisbonne; et avant de laisser nos adversaires maîtres de mon sort, ici même je me perce le cœur.

'*Le Capitaine.* Moi, je soutiendrai le siége contre tous les sergens et tous les recors de la ville.

'*Santonello.* Santissimo Dio!

'*Mendoce.* A quoi bon ces jérémiades fanatiques!

'*Santonello en fureur.* Misérable athée! ce sont vos blasphêmes qui attirent sur nous la colère divine.

'*Mello en fureur.* Ce sont vos violences, Mendoce, qui de nos amis irrités auront fait des dénonciateurs.

'*Mendoce en fureur.* C'est votre avarice, Mello, qui vous a fait épargner à votre profit les sommes que vous deviez répandre.

'*Alvare en fureur.* C'est vous, Almada, qui m'avez jeté dans le gouffre. . . .

'*Le Capitaine en fureur se levant.* Allez-vous vous assassiner? et faut-il que je vous mette en paix?

SCÈNE ONZIÈME.

Almada, Alvare, Mello, Mendoce, Le Capitaine, Pinto, Santonello.

'*Pinto froidement.* Quel bruit!—qu'est-ce?—qui vous rend si furieux, si pâles?

'*Mendoce.* Vasconcellos est averti de tout.

'*Pinto froidement.* De rien.

'*Santonello.* Il est sorti de Lisbonne.

'*Pinto.* Et revenu.

'*Almada.* Santonello est accouru nous dire—

'*Pinto.* Fausse alarme.

'*Le Capitaine.* Quoi! fieffé menteur!

'*Pinto.* Il a dit vrai. Vasconcellos était allé à une fête sur l'autre bord du Tage. J'ai couru, guetté, suivi, ou fait suivre ses démarches—Maintenant, au son du haut-bois, il rentre dans sa maison où nous allons le prendre. Tout est dans un profond calme, tout dort dans le palais, l'occasion est sûre et favorable—Eh bien!—eh bien! remettez-vous. Qu'y a-t-il, mes chers compagnons? Je veille, et vous craignez? Pourquoi ces débats, ces angoisses où je vous trouve? Si vous reculez devant l'apparence du danger, comment l'affronterez-vous lui-même? Capitaine, courez jeter un coup-d'œil sur les points d'attaque, et voyez si nos fidèles sont à leur poste.

'Le Capitaine sort.'

SCÈNE DOUZIÈME.

Almada, Alvare, Mello, Mendoce Pinto, Santonello.

'*Pinto.* Non, mes amis, le soleil ne se lèvera pas sans éclairer vos succès. Nous touchons au moment d'exécuter, toujours moins redoutable que ceux qui le précèdent. Le soupçon pouvait suivre nos traces. Un ami faible ou perfide pouvait nous livrer; un coup imprévu, un changement d'ordre, de lieu, de temps, déconcerter nos trames et les mettre au jour. Cependant mille fautes, mille accidens ont été réparés, mille obstacles franchis; nos fronts ont su cacher leur trouble, et nos ames leurs agitations. Entre tant d'hommes de rang, de fortune, de passions et d'intérêts divers, pas une indiscrétion, pas un traître. Des femmes ont enseveli nos secrets dans leur sein. Nous sommes unis, courageux, forts,

et le salut de la vie est le gage qui attache les moins zélés à notre victoire. Quoi! protégés manifestment par une Providence, secourus dans nos efforts, laisserons-nous échapper le triomphe? On est prêt, les ordres sont donnés. Nos défenseurs, séparés en quatre bandes, investiront quatre differens passages, et fermeront toute communication entre les Espagnols appelés à secourir. Michel Alméida enfoncera la garde allemande à l'entrée de la place; Estevant, á la tête des siens, chargera la compagnie espagnole, montant la garde au fort château. Teillo de Ménézès, le grand chambellan, Antoine de Salsaigne, nous, et le capitaine a notre tête, nous nous emparerons du palais de la vicereine et de sa personne, et de l'infâme Vasconcellos, noir machinateur, altéré d'or, sourd â la pitié, froid aux nœuds du sang, qu'une laborieuse habileté guide dans le crime, qui aiguise ses armes cacheés dans la retraite, et nous vend à sa cour comme des troupeaux; vivant du prix de nos têtes et se revêtant de nos dépouilles. Soyons pour lui ce qu'il fut pour nous, inflexibles. A sept heures et demie sonnant, un coup de pistolet par cette fenétre sera le signal. Soudain joignons-nous, tombons, fondons sur nos ennemis; que nous faut-il pour les abattre? Du cœur, du fer, du plomb. Exterminons-les! surtout ne vouz laissiez étonner ni du tumulte de la ville, ni de cris de femmes, d'enfans, ni du trouble des bourgeois fuyant, hurlant, fermant leurs boutiques, leurs maisons; ne vous effrayez pas même d'une opiniâtre resistance, et quand vous verrez, lá se reur la cavalerie, lá de triples rangs de soldats, ici le canon au débouché des rues; marchez ferme, jetezvous, précipitez-vous â travers cette plui de balles, de mitraille et de feu, vain orage qui ne gronde pas longtemps sur les braves qui le défient.

'*Almada.* Compte sur nous, Pinto.

'*Tous.* Oui, oui, Pinto.'—pp. 133—140.

Pinto may be considered as a comedy of intrigue. 'Richelieu, ou la journée des dupes'; which comes after this piece, may be classed among comedies of character. Its hero is the same Richelieu who, not for the purpose of serving the Portuguese nation, but for that of enfeebling Spain, encouraged secretly the conspiracy of Pinto;—the same Richelieu, who gave the fatal blow to the feudal system in France. Hated by the nobles andby the people, detested even by the feeble and indolent Louis XIII., assisted only by his own genius, and the Capuchin Joseph, his confidant, he counteracts the intrigues, and evades the toils which were placed round him on all sides, at the same time by the mother, the consort, and the brother of the king. The character of Richelieu is depicted with the most exact historical truth. Louis XIII., the queen mother, Anne of Austria, the keeper of the Seals Manillac, the Duke of Epernon, the Marshal Bassompierre, and other well known personages of that time, are introduced into this historical picture. If it be less interesting than Pinto, particularly in the three first acts, it deserves, nevertheless, great praise. The scene of 'the Astrologer,' in the third act; that in the fourth, in which Louis XIII., induced by the complaints of his mother, almost resolves on the dismissal of Richelieu; and the scene in which that minister recovers the favour of his master, produce an effect which it would be difficult to describe. This comedy is written in verse, and the style is generally characteristic of Lemercier; that is to say, we now and then meet in it harsh and irregular lines, in the midst of a great number which are remarkable for their neatness and energy; as for example:

> *On* est peuple à la cour ainsi que dans la rue.
> La noble fermeté nait du cœur non des rangs
> *Les* grands hommes sont fiers; les grands sont arrogans.
> *A* force de prudence ou est quasi poltron.

The third and last of the comedies contained in the volume before us, is entitled 'Ostracism.' Alcibiades is of course the hero of the piece, and in reading it we may almost imagine that we hold in our hands a capital translation of a Greek or Latin comedy. The incidents are pleasant, but the *tout ensemble* does not suit the modern stage. It belongs less to that style of historical drama which Lemercier wishes to nationalize in France, than the play of "Christopher Columbus," which he published in 1809, and which we regret not to see printed in the present collection. We do not mean to analyze it, as we must reserve the space which remains to us, for some general observations on M. Lemercier's style of writing, and for a few particulars, not generally known, of the life of that author.

It is now thirty years since M. Lemercier made his debut in the literary career, by producing a tragedy, which was looked upon by connoisseurs as one of the works which have reflected the greatest share of honour on the French stage, towards the close of the eighteenth century. He was twenty-five years old when Agamemnon was represented for the first time at the *Theatre de la Republique.* He had just then left college, full of the recollections of the ancients, and of the declamations of the Greek authors. His first essay was naturally wholly formed on the classic models. The tragedy of Agamemnon diffuses around it that perfume of antiquity, which delights so many of Aristotle's enthusiastic disciples, and at the same time its plot recalls to mind that race of the Atridæ, whose crimes and misfortunes so deeply touch the feelings. We have here the assassin, Ægisthus, the adulterous Clytemnestra, the young Orestes, the hapless father of Iphigenia, and the prophetess Cassandra who was led captive to Argos by Agamemnon, in order to predict the vengeance which the Gods would one day pour down on the heads of the guilty. Lemercier has produced nothing since superior to this piece. His Ophis Baudoin, Charlemagne, and his ten other tragic compositions, are all inferior to this first essay of his youth.

It was the tragedy of Agamemnon that originally acquired for Lemercier the friendship of Bonaparte; it was the tragedy of Ophis that embroiled him with the first consul, and the measureless ambition of the latter, that ended in entirely alienating from him the heart of the poet.

Lermercier became acquainted with Bonaparte at the house of Madame Beauharnais. The first consul had been in the habit of reading, or hearing read, the productions of the author of Agamemnon. One day the latter took his tragedy of Ophis to Bonaparte; "I cannot glance at it at present," observed the general, "but leave it with me, I shall read it, and I shall underscore the passages which I may not like." He soon after returned the piece, all underscored from beginning to the end, as if in an access of martial humour, he had been sweeping a field of battle, without intending to give any quarter, Did this act already announce the despot? Whatever was the cause of it, it led at first to a coldness between the two friends, which changed into hatred as soon as Napoleon seated himself on the throne.

Independent in his station, in consequence of his having inherited a property yielding him twenty thousand francs a year, M. Lemercier has uniformly exhibited great firmness of character. None of the various governments under which he lived, succeeded in tampering with his conscience. The following anecdote, which is little known, tends to justify the general esteem in which he is held. One of the ministers of the Bourbons endeavoured to compromise him, without his knowing it; and, in spite of his uniform refusals, put his name down on the pension list. The academician received a hint, that he might have his first quarter's payment. He smiled, as he passed, at the insolence of the valets of the antechamber, who pointed out to him, with an air of disdain, the office where the payments were made. The man of letters, well deserving of that name, having presented himself to the clerk, told him that, from that day, the pension which his excellency the minister had been pleased to assign to him, was to be paid to a public hospital, to which he had transferred it.

"A man may be known from the style of his writings," said Buffon: that of Lemercier affords a perfect idea of the free and independent character of the poet. Disregard of rules, grammatical faults, violations of idiom, want of harmony, and a certain fantastic tendency in his inventions, are faults which may be met with in the best productions of the author of Pinto, side by side, with great boldness of imagination, originality of conception, and a great deal of independence of thought. Lemercier has written at least forty separate works, such as tragedies, comedies, or poems, but he has generally cast them off with a promptitude which has always injured their perfection. The play of Pinto, he himself tells us in his preface, was written in twenty-two days; and such is his facility of composition, that he has been known to write an entire act of a tragedy in one morning. Could he but be prevailed upon to expend a little more time over his compositions, and to pay a little more attention to the correction of his style, he might become one of the best models that young writers could adopt, who are disposed to enter the new school of dramatic literature, which is now forming in France.

NOTICES.

Art. XIII.—*A Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Hesitation of Speech or Stammering, as discovered by* Henry M'Cormac, M.D. pp. 112. London. 1828.

Our readers have probably heard of a Mrs. Leigh, of New York, who professes to cure impediments in speech, by a process of her own discovering, and known as yet only to herself, and to a few other individuals to whom she has communicated it, after obtaining their solemn assurance not to betray her confidence. Several respectable American physicians have, it is said, been admitted to her knowledge of the secret upon this condition, and after witnessing the wonder-working power of the new method, have notified in the amplest terms their belief in its efficacy. Happening, Dr. Mac Cormac tells us, to be in New York, in the latter end of the year 1826, his curiosity was strongly excited by the accounts he heard of Mrs. Leigh, and her miracles; and he determined, if possible, to penetrate the mystery of her mode of operation; 'but unless,' he remarks, 'by the aid of whatever intellectual sagacity I possessed, I saw no means of arriving at the knowledge I was in quest of, so as to be able to communicate it. My regret at this, however,' he adds with commendable spirit, 'was much abated, when I considered, that what another had done, I might possibly do likewise.'

To work, therefore, he resolutely went with his powers of conjecture and invention, and in no long time hit upon what he was in search of, by his ascertainment of the fact, that stuttering, or *psellismus*, is merely *an attempt to speak when the lungs are in a state of collapse*, or as he elsewhere expresses it, *during inspiration, instead of expiration*. 'In this,' says the doctor, 'consists the discovery hitherto made by none; or if made, not announced.' At first it seemed to himself, he confesses, so wonderfully simple, that he (very philosophically, we certainly think), resolved not to be satisfied until he had put its truth to the test of experiment. For a whole year, however, no opportunity of doing so occurred, till at length, says he, 'returning to Europe in the latter end of the year 1827, I essayed the truth of my theory on *more than one individual*, when my experiments were crowned with perfect success. From that time to the present, circumstances did not permit me to lay the results of my discovery before the public; but having now commenced this essay, I shall hasten to the conclusion as fast as due attention to the subject will permit.'

The seventy or eighty pages that follow this announcement, are occupied by a variety of matters, for which we must refer our readers to the Doctor himself. His book is, at all events, not a dull one; and whatever may be the value of its fundamental principle, which we have had no opportunity of ascertaining, is well worth reading on several accounts. The author appears to be a person of considerable shrewdness, as well as professional knowledge; and, notwithstanding a tone of self-conceit, which runs through his style, and is sufficiently amusing, vindicates his opinions, upon the whole, with no want of dexterity and plausibility. We wish he had given us a few cases in support and illustration of his theory, and somewhat fewer hard words. The discussion, too, apparently owing to the haste with which it has been prepared, is occasionally conducted in a slovenly and almost *stuttering* manner, which ought to have been avoided. Besides, why will he write upon subjects to which he confesses he has never turned his attention? His dissertation on the sounds of the letters, in particular, is hardly any thing else than nonsense from beginning to end. Lastly, Dr. Mac Cormac's style is as bad as possible—absolutely nothing better than an imitation of that which has hitherto been employed exclusively in the display of the virtues of Rowland's Macassar Oil, and Dr. Solomon's Balm of Gilead—rank all over with the unction of quackery.

Art. XIV.—*Farewell to Time; or, Last Views of Life and Prospects of Immortality.* By the Author of "The Morning and Evening Sacrifice." pp. 499. Edinburgh. 1828.

The author of this volume, a clergyman of the Scottish church, is already advantageously known to the public by the work mentioned in the titlepage, which we have just mentioned. The present production is, we think, superior to its predecessor, and is likely to enjoy still more extensive popularity as a religious manual, both in consequence of the greater felicity of its execution, and from the more generally felt and acknowledged nature of the want which it comes to supply. We had till now no devotional companion for the dying, which the considerate Christian could put into the hands of his departing friend, with the hope that it would enable him to meet the great change awaiting him with a spirit both resigned to the will of Heaven, and fortified against the agitating apprehensions of nature. In most preceding works of this class, Christianity was merely employed as an auxiliary, to augment the terrors of natural superstition, and to invest the prospect of the grave to the eye of its destined victim, in still deeper and more dismaying gloom. It is on the threatenings rather than on the consolations of religion, that theological writers in general love to expatiate. The grand and fundamental doctrine of Christianity, that God is Love, is hardly to be found preached in any other volume than the New Testament. The favourite doctrine of theologians might rather seem to be, that God is hatred. Even in their ministrations around the death-bed it is too often, we fear, forgotten, that the heart never can be made fit for heaven, merely by being made afraid of hell. John the Baptist himself, whose raiment was of camel's hair, and whose meat was locusts and wild honey, preached, "Repent, for the kingdom of *Heaven* is at hand;" but the followers, or professed followers of him, who came and mingled among men as a brother, would turn us to the love of God by the exhibition, not of his mercy, but of his judgments.

The author of the present work, we are happy to say, has not so learned Christ. Instead of that coarse appetite for fire and brimstone, which characterizes so offensively the vulgar tribe of theological writers, his finer and more Christian spirit finds enough to satisfy it in the contemplation of the attractions of the Gospel, and can address its God without even thinking of him in any other character than as our Father who is in Heaven. The book is pervaded, indeed, by a spirit of rational and beautiful piety, which we should think it impossible for any heart to resist, and to the influences of which no heart, we are sure, would resign itself, without being made both wiser, and better, and happier. Of a work which is all so excellent, we scarcely know what portion to point out as deserving of highest praise. But we may mention the concluding section, entitled, 'Prospective Views,' as particularly admirable. We are not sure, indeed, that we have ever read any discourse on the subject to which it refers, of either the talent or the sound philosophy of which we should be disposed to speak with warmer commendation. The short discussions, interspersed through the volume, on various other points of Christian feeling and belief, are also, in general, written with admirable good sense and in the best spirit; and the devotional addresses, especially those in the language of Scripture, are all exceedingly impressive and appropriate. Altogether, the work is indisputably the best of those on the same subject, which have yet been given to the public.

Art. XV.—*The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem;* by Edwin Atherstone. The first Six Books. 8vo. London. 1828.

Mr. Atherstone is a person of unquestionable poetic taste and talent: and his present strain is, both in subject and in execution, "of a higher mood," than any thing he has heretofore given us. We doubt greatly, however, whether in singing to us the Fall of Nineveh, in this elaborate style, he is not wasting his time and his powers in a very unprofitable attempt. Neither the age nor his genius, we apprehend, is epically given. The temper of the former might be changed, to be sure, if there were the requisite quantity of the requisite kind of power in the latter; or the poet might "build his lofty verse," as Milton did, not for the present but for a future age—not for the passing, but for all coming time. But although Mr. Atherstone has evidently imagination enough to admire and enjoy Milton, he has not enough to cope with him; and the effort must, therefore, of necessity place even very extraordinary exertions on his part in an unfavourable point of view, as presenting them, surpassed, and, as it were, put to shame by that which they strive so vainly to imitate. They are likely in this way to receive less admiration even than they merit, merely because they fail to achieve a title to so much as they seem to claim.

There is, in truth, however, although we fear that the poet has thrown away his labour, a great deal both of beauty and of power in this poem. We are not to look, we suppose, in our "ebbing time," for any thing like either the sublime conception and splendid imagery of Paradise Lost, or even that "linked sweetness long drawn out," which makes the verse of the great epic bard of our country, come over the ear and heart, like a strain of richest music; but Mr. Atherstone, we are gratified to see, is at least alive to the higher forms of poetic beauty, and his present attempt abounds in echoes, although subdued, of Miltonic song. We have met with some tiresome passages, and a good many feeble lines in our perusal of the poem; but we have read it upon the whole with great pleasure, and feel no disposition to point out its defects. Mr. Atherstone is, undoubtedly, one of the most promising of our rising poets, though his genius, we think, would display itself to more advantage in another field than that which it has chosen.

Art. XVI.—*Poems by Eliza Rennie.* London. 1828.

These poems display rather unusual facility of versification, and no inconsiderable pathetic power. We would recommend to the fair autheress, greater attention to the mechanism of her verse, and somewhat less charity for hacknied topics, or hacknied thoughts. She has both heart and talent; and time and study, we doubt not, will mend her song.

Art. XVII.—*Religious Discourses.* By a Layman. 8vo. pp. 79. London: Colburn. 1828.

The layman who has written these discourses, we need hardly name. They were introduced into the world with a good deal of pomp and preparation, as a pair of the most wonderful sermons that ever were penned, simply because Sir Walter Scott, some years ago, thought proper, in an idle hour, to draw them up for a clerical friend. As an old maid generally says of a new female acquaintance, (behind her back), we see in them nothing "very particular." They flow on smoothly and coldly enough. In point of argument they are very weak and inconsecutive, and in point of illustration they are tawdry and conceited. What does the sober reader think, for instance, of the following passage, at the close of a long and very dull essay, the purpose of which is to show that the law of Moses was not destroyed, but fulfilled, by the advent of the Redeemer?

'In no sense, therefore, was the ancient Mosaic law destroyed. It may be compared to the moon, which is not forced from her sphere, or cast headlong from the heavens; but which, having fulfilled her course of brightness, fades away gradually before the more brilliant and perfect light of day.'

This is an example of false illustration. The moon constantly returns to fulfil her appointed office, and still shines as brightly as ever in her sphere; whereas the law of Moses has been wholly superseded by that of Christ; otherwise, why do we not obey the precepts which the former inculcates?

The following advice concerning the spirit of devotion, though not unobjectionable in style, is, as to its tendency, to be highly commended. 'There is a grave and delusive reasoning which causeth to err—there is an example of sin which is more seductive than sophistry—but there is a third, and to many dispositions a yet more formidable mode of seduction, arising from evil communication. It is the fear of ridicule,—a fear so much engrafted on our nature, that many shrink from apprehension from the laugh of scorners, who could refute their arguments, resist their example, and defy their violence. There has never been an hour or an age in which this formidable weapon has been more actively employed against the Christian faith than our own day. Wit and ridicule have formed the poignant sauce with which infidels have seasoned their abstract reasoning, and voluptuaries the swinish messes of pollution which they have spread unblushingly before the public. It is a weapon suited to the character of the apostate spirit himself, such as we conceive him to be—loving nothing, honouring nothing, feeling neither the enthusiasm of religion nor of praise; but striving to debase all that is excellent, and degrade all that is noble and praiseworthy, by cold irony and contemptuous sneering. We are far from terming a harmless gratification of a gay and lively spirit sinful or even useless. It has been said, and perhaps with truth, that there are tempers which may be won to religion, by indulging them in their natural bent towards gaiety. But supposing it true, that a jest *may* sometimes hit him who flies a sermon, too surely there are a hundred cases for one where the sermon cannot remedy the evil which a jest has produced. According to our strangely varied faculties, our sense of ridicule, although silent, remains in ambush, and upon the watch during offices of the deepest solemnity, and actions of the highest sublimity; and if aught happens to call it into action, the sense of the ludicrous becomes more resistless from the previous contrast; and the considerations of decorum, which ought to restrain our mirth, prove like oil seethed upon the flame. There is also an unhappy desire in our corrupt nature, to approve of audacity even in wickedness, as men chiefly applaud those feats of agility which are performed at the risk of the artist's life. And such is the strength and frequency of this unhallowed temptation, that there are perhaps but few, who have not at one time or other fallen into the snare, and laughed at that at which they ought to have trembled.'

We own that we are not friendly to religious discourses by laymen. They are always straining after that unction which they never attain. They are verbose, and dull, or full of conceited metaphors, which in sermons are particularly obnoxious to good taste.

ART. XVIII.—*The Picture of Scotland.* By Robert Chambers. 8vo. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Tait. 1828.

SOME two or three years ago, we remember to have given our readers an account of Mr. Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh, a work full of antiquarian lore, though not always very discriminately dealt out. The volumes before us are of a much more interesting description. After filling his mind sufficiently with information gleaned from various topographical publications, he took what he calls 'a round of deliberate pedestrian tours through the country.' He made 'leisurely journies' through Caledonia, sat on the fields of her battles, wandered on the romantic banks of her streams, and mused by her stately towers and ruins. In a country so pregnant with historical recollections, so full of striking scenery, so national in its manner, and so interesting in every point of view, a traveller like Mr. Chambers could hardly fail of gathering the materials of a very entertaining and varied work—such a work he has here given to the public. To Scotchmen, we should think it particularly acceptable, as they will find in it memorials of the best passages in their history, mixed up with descriptions and anecdotes of their native towns and villages.

ART. XIX.—*The Gentleman's Pocket Magazine, and Album of Literature and the Fine Arts.* By the Editor of "The Ladies' Magazine." 18mo. London: Robins. 1828.

DOES the Ladies' Magazine still live? We imagined that it had long since perished, until taking out this pocket magazine one day, to accompany us in a stroll towards Hampstead Heath—that favoured resort of all suburban poets and critics, we discovered our mistake. May it live for ever, and flourish like the beauty of those for whose delight it is intended! And may this pocket magazine flourish too; and may all Albums enjoy everlasting prosperity: for, indifferent as they are in the mass, there are here and there some gentle flowers, rearing their modest heads, which one likes to pluck, and form into a bouquet. We own that we sympathized not a little with the author of the following 'Meditations on an old coat:'—

'I hate a new coat. It is like a troublesome stranger, that sticks to you most impertinently wherever you go, embarrasses all your motions, and thoroughly confounds your self-possession. A man with a new coat is not at home even in his own house; abroad he is uneasy; he can neither sit, stand, nor go, like a reasonable mortal.

'All men of sense hate new coats, but a fool rejoiceth in a new coat. Without looking at his person, you can tell if he has one. *New coat* is written on his face. It hangs like a label out of his gaping mouth. There is an odious harmony between his glossy garment and his smooth and senseless phiz; a disgusting keeping in the portrait. Of all vile exhibitions, defend me from a fool in a new blue coat with brass buttons!

'An old coat is favourable to retirement and study. When your coat is old, you feel no tendency to flaunting abroad or to dissipation. Buffon, they tell us, used to sit down to write in his dress wig, and Haydn to compose in a new coat and ruffles. I cannot conceive how they could manage it. I could no more write an article in a new coat, than in a strait waistcoat. Were I to attempt it, my very good friends, the public would be severe sufferers.

'A happy thought, by the way, just strikes me. You may tell by the manner of an author, how he is usually dressed when composing. I am convinced Sir Walter Scott writes in an old coat. Lord Byron wrote without any coat at all. Barry Cornwall in an elegant morning gown, and red slippers. Geoffrey Crayon in the ordinary dress of a gentleman, neither new nor old. Cobbett in a coat very often turned. Moore in a handsome brown frock, and nankeen trowsers. Croly in full dress. Leigh Hunt in a fashionable night-gown, of a fantastic pattern, and somewhat shabby. Wordsworth in a frieze jacket and leather gaiters. The late Mr. Shelley wrote in a dreadnought. Coleridge in a careless dress, half lay, half clerical. Hazlitt in an old surtout, that was never brushed. Gifford wrote in a fine pepper-and-salt; and ——— in a fustian jacket.

'Your old coat is a gentle moralist; it recals your mind from external pomps and vanities, and bids you look within. No man ever thinks of drawing the eyes of the ladies in an old coat; their flattery is not likely to turn his head as long as his coat remains unturned. A friend asked me to go with him last night to the opera; I consulted my old coat, and stayed at home to write for the benefit of posterity.'

There are, as it was to be expected, a variety of very different productions collected together in this album; but there is a spirit of pleasantry and benevolence about it, which, while it induces us to wish that the compilation had been of better execution, prevails upon us also to excuse its defects. There is one remedy applicable to all these "cases of indifference," which we never found to fail—"if you don't like a book, don't read it."

ART. XX.—*The Boy's own Book; a Complete Encyclopædia of all the Diversions, Athletic, Scientific, and Recreative, of Boyhood and Youth.* 12mo. pp. 448. London: Vizetelly, Branston, and Co. 1828.

THIS is a curious and most amusing composition. It contains a complete description of all the various diversions in which boys can find interest and exercise, from the age of seven or eight, until they almost attain their majority. Every mode of playing at ball, the glorious game of fives, trap-bat and ball, and foot-ball; leap frog, hop Scotch, whoop oh! ring taw, and all the minor sports and pastimes are set forth in due order. Nor are proper instructions for the manufacture of a kite (that difficult affair, which in the country particularly, where those messengers to the clouds may not be purchased at a toyshop, costs some boys so much trouble, and affords to the more ingenious so many triumphs), omitted in this copious repertory. Here too, all the divisions of the athletic sports, cricket, archery, gymnastics and fencing, are fully displayed; all things relating to them, such as the rules of play, the modes of acquiring agility, and ease, and accuracy in going through them, and the various branches into which they are separated, are told in a clear and simple style, which leaves nothing to be desired. We next come to the aquatic recreations, such as angling, and swimming, and these are followed by instructions for those boys—a numerous tribe, we hope, who are fond of rearing pigeons, rabbits, guinea pigs, singing birds, and silk worms. We wish that in this part of the work, a chapter or two had been inserted, containing rules for the culture and preservation of the most common flowers. There are few amusements in which children may be more easily taught to feel an interest, than those which they may find in a garden of three or four square feet. No diversion is more innocent and salubrious, or better calculated to lead the mind to the knowledge of those various productions, with which nature loves in her favourite season to deck our fields. We looked also in vain through this volume, for some hints concerning the process of building and rigging a boat—we do not mean for a boy to sail in, as there is no amusement more dangerous, where it is not conducted by an experienced hand, but for a boat which shall sail before the breeze gallantly, from one end of a lake to the other, with only a mimic crew cut in wood or card paper, on board. This is a serious omission.

Many more things are left out, which we have not time to enumerate; and too many things are inserted, which might have been well spared. It is far from being useful, to initiate boys too early in the manufacture of fireworks. From artificial they will soon pass to real fireworks, and to the uses of gunpowder, than which nothing can be more dangerous. We must object also to some of the chemical amusements, which lead to similar dangers; and indeed even to some of the gymnastic sports, which, unless carefully directed, may teach a boy how to break his back, dislocate a collar bone, or otherwise disfigure himself for life. In this respect the work before us is too often indiscreet. It is certainly extremely amusing, but we recommend it to be used with very great caution. If it had been published in separate parts; that is to say, if each class of sports had been contained in distinct little volumes, the parent would have an opportunity of giving in succession to his boy, such of them as he might think fit, and of withholding others to which he might with very good reason object. We must add that this Encyclopædia is printed in a very neat type, and that most of the amusements are illustrated by wood cuts, which are prettily executed.

Art. XXI.—*Records of Woman; and other Poems.* By Felicia Hemans. 12mo. London: Cadell. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1828.

We had intended, such is our respect for the talents of Mrs. Hemans, to devote an article in the earlier pages of this number, to the graceful volume before us. But on looking through it, we found that many of the pieces which it contains, had been already familiar to us, from having read them in various periodical publications. We shall only observe, therefore, that it gives us great pleasure to meet them all collected together, and to find their value improved by the addition of some exquisite poems, which to us, at least, seem new. Among the latter is the portrait of 'Gertrude von der Wart,' as she is supposed to have stood near the rack when her husband perished. The original tale, which was published both in Germany and in this country a year or two ago, was reviewed in this Journal. The reader may remember it for its singular energy and pathos. We subjoin Mrs. Hemans's verses:

'Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side;
Peace, peace, I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for *me* to fear
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it?—*mine* is *here*—
I will not leave thee now.

I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through *this!*
And thou, mine honoured love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe
She bore her lofty part;

'But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only *thou* shouldst speak!

The wind rose high,—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near,
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheeks such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While e'en as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!'

Want of room prevents us from selecting some other poems which we had marked, and which are among the best productions of this highly gifted lady's pen. In truth, it is in short pieces that her genius appears most conspicuous—we were going to add unrivalled, at least, among the superior minds of her own sex.

Art. XXII—*Les Souverains de l'Europe en* 1828, *et leurs héritiers presomptifs, leurs gouvernemens, leurs cabinets, leurs ambassadeurs, leurs chargés d'affaires, dans les divers cours. Avec portraits.* Bruxelles. 1828.

Some of the sovereigns, heirs presumptive, and ministers of the courts, introduced to the notice of the public in this singular work, will feel but little obliged to the anonymous author for his spirited sketches of their personal and political characters. It is gratifying, however, to observe, that this writer is evidently not influenced by a mere hatred of royalty, as the warmth of encomium bestowed on those sovereigns whose conduct has commanded the approbation of the world, is as conspicuous as the scorn and recklessness with which he unfolds the misconduct of others. We think such publications as the present of great utility; they bring those who would wish to shield themselves "behind the right divine of kings," before the tribunal of public opinion, there to be judged according to their deeds. One disadvantage inseparable from these works, is the impossibility of giving the authorities for every fact that is advanced, and we must content ourselves, therefore, with the internal evidence of their truth and probability. This is, in the present case, greatly in favour of the author; and without pretending to vouch for the truth of every anecdote, or to give a detailed account of a volume that is made up of several unconnected subjects, we shall select a few extracts that will enable our readers to judge of the spirit in which the book is written.

The observations on England are not of sufficient interest to require notice, and the recent changes which have taken place in the administration have already superseded the subjects alluded to.

Most of our readers will, we are sure, agree with the remarks of our author, on the excellent king of Bavaria. 'What a loss to mankind, that the power of such a prince as king Louis is confined within the limits of so confined a territory, and is not extended over countries like Spain, France, &c. We will not pursue this consideration, for it would lead us to mournful comparisons. We will merely remark that history, the judge of nations and of kings, has already placed the government of king Louis of Bavaria, among the periods dearest to humanity, religion, and philosophy, and that every thing announces that all the hopes of which he is the object, will be amply fulfilled.'

The author does justice to the wish of the king of Wurtemburg to preserve faithfully the constitutional institutions of his people, but laments his credulity in listening to the insidious counsels of some of his courtiers, who would terrify their master with the terrible consequences that must infallibly arise from the "march of intellect." We must omit, for want of room, the remark respecting the other princes of Germany. Ferdinand VII. is honoured with some lengthy observations, the purport of which may easily be imagined. 'The character, intolerance, and mind of Don Carlos, the heir presumptive to the throne of Spain, cannot be more strikingly pourtrayed than by the single observation, that the death of such a king as Ferdinand, would, under these auspices, be a real calamity for that country.'

The following is, we believe, a new version of the history of the celebrated expression of Charles X., at that time Monsieur, upon his entry to Paris. "*Rien ne me parâit changé en France; je n'y vois qu'un François de plus.*

'It will not be uninteresting to learn, that M. Beugnot, at that time at the head of the Police, sent to Monsieur the copy of the *Moniteur* that contained these words, and that the latter, in the first moments of his irritation, exclaimed "I said no such thing, tell M. Beugnot to erase them." But Beugnot, a subtle courtier, answered, "return quickly, and tell his Royal Highness that he *did* use those words, *and that he must have used them.*"'

The author then gives some account of the private life of Charles X., his behaviour at the commencement of the Revolution, and during his emigration. We do not, however, consider it possible that a man like Charles X., who is by no means devoid of natural talents, can have committed all the *sottises* here attributed to him. It is, however, difficult to say to what extremes bigotry will mislead its votaries. The work contains likewise some interesting remarks on the King of Sweden, and the Sultan. The autocrat of all the Russias occupies, we know not why, but a small portion of it.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign and Domestic.

THE Russian Censorship has many peculiarities. With respect to MSS. the superior of the writer is likewise his censor. A civil or military officer must present his productions to the chief of his department, and wait until he permits their publication. The decision does not depend on any particular rules, but merely on the opinions of the superior, so that, the censorship is sometimes astonishingly mild, at others, extraordinarily severe. The introduction of foreign books is attended with greater formalities. Books that are forbidden can be procured, but from the strict observance of the laws, only at very high prices.

The dramatic productions, the copyright of which is made over to the Russian theatre, are, by a decree of the Emperor, to be divided into five classes. Dramatic works and Operas, acted at the Imperial Theatres, entitle the author or translator to a share of the receipts produced by its representation during his lifetime. This share is, for pieces of the first class, $\frac{1}{10}$th,—of the second, $\frac{1}{15}$th,—of the third, $\frac{1}{20}$th,—of the fourth, $\frac{1}{30}$th: pieces of the fifth class are paid for according to agreement, but the sum must not exceed 500 roubles. If the author wishes to exchange this contingent advantage for a specific sum, he is at liberty to do so; but in that case, the maximum for pieces of the first class is 4000 roubles, of the second, 2500, of the third 2000, and of the fourth 1000. (We should like to know who form the committee of classification, and upon what principle they proceed.)

The king of Bavaria is unceasing in his efforts to promote the improvement of education. Weary of the long discussions respecting the amelioration of academic institutions, he sent for Schelling, Thiersch, and Schenk, and had a long conference with them. The result was a complete freedom of studies in the university of München; the temporary examinations are to cease; and the only requisite at the final examination will be—knowledge.

The contributions towards the erection of a monument to the memory of Schiller, increase rapidly, and most of the theatres have given up the receipts arising from the representations of one of the immortal poet's plays, for the attainment of that laudable object.

Inghirami's great work on the Hetruscan Antiquities, has newly aroused the attention of the literati, towards the history of that ancient and singular nation. Professor Orioli, in a review of that work, observes, "that till now the sepulchres alone have been examined, and from them a rich collection of antiquities has been gathered, whilst the ruins of the twelve celebrated Tuscan colonies or cities remain still almost wholly unsearched." At a time when Niebuhr and Micali are investigating the obscure epoch of Italian antiquity, which preceded the spreading of the Roman power, the study of Hetruscan lore may prove a very useful auxiliary for the definition of historical belief.

Extract of a letter from Chambery in Savoy. "You must not inquire respecting literary or scientific amusement. We have, God be praised, a Savoyard Academy, and an agricultural society. Reading societies would circulate a pestilential malaria, therefore our government forbids them, nay, if it were aware that any of us pursued such suspicious traffic in the neighbouring town of Geneva, it would keep a watchful eye upon him on his return. We have, however, a Journal, published every week, full of useful information. It does not, indeed, contain ideas, but then it contains a great number of pretty charades, observations on the weather, and market prices. We have likewise a library, but it has received no additions for the last thirty years."

The bookseller, Marsigli, of Bologna, is publishing a collection of modern Italian medical works. 5 vols. 8vo. have appeared, containing the works of the well known professor, Tommasini of Bologna.

The works of Vermiglioli, the great archæologist of Perugia, have been collected and published in 4 vols. 8vo. They are chiefly illustrative of the history of that ancient city, from the remotest times to our own days, and contain notices of its distinguished citizens, among others, the celebrated chief Malatesta. The collection concludes with forty, till now inedited, letters of learned men lately dead, such as Lanzi, Monsignor Marini, Cardinal Borgia, E. L. Visconti, the Orientalist Assemanni, Perticari, &c.

On the occasion of the new Patriarch of Venice taking possession of his wealthy see, a literary man of that city published and inscribed to the new prelate, "A Treatise on the Poverty of Jesus Christ," taken from an old Asiatic MS. of the fourteenth century. And it seems that this singular compliment was meant as a sincere homage to the virtues of the patriarch, and received as such. If so, the fact is most honourable to both parties.

The King of France has given orders for a monument, in white marble, to be erected in the church of the Madeleine, to the memory of the late Count de Sèze, who was one of the counsel for Louis XVIII.

A manuscript of Edrisi's Geography has been discovered in the Royal Library at Paris. Hitherto we have had only an abridgment of this Arabic geography; the manuscript now found is five times as copious. Edrisi composed his work at Almeria, the place of his birth, about the year 734 of the Hegira, or 1345 of Christ. His geography abounds with exceedingly curious details of the state of various parts at the time at which he lived. A translation of it is in preparation.

A young Greek, of the name of Panago Socatzo, a brother of one of the heroic victims of the sacred battalion, has published in Paris several odes in modern Greek (accompanied by a translation into French), the poetical beauty of which has been highly extolled by his compatriots.

The population of Moscow is 250,000, and the periodical works which deal out the news of literature and politics, are seventeen in number. In the establishments for public instruction, there are usually between eleven and twelve thousand pupils. The prize essays at the next solemn sitting of the university, is to be on thefollowing question:—What has been the influence of the Roman law on the fundamental legislation of the nations of Europe, and on civil jurisprudence? The prize is 250 rubles.

The curiosity of the French public has been at length gratified, by the appearance of Kean, in "Richard the Third." His entré on the stage was hailed by a three-times-three round of applause, which he received with much grace.

The number of new works that have been published at the last Easter fair at Leipzig, as stated in the annual fair catalogue, amounts to 3234, viz. 2852 books, including smaller works, as pamphlets; 191 novels and tales; 3 dramatic pieces, whole collections counting each for one number: 116 maps, globes, &c.; 33 musical works: 5 games. The books in foreign modern languages, exclusive of the preceding list, amount to 336. As works eminently good, Professor Beck mentions, Ehrenberg's Natural Historical Journey in Egypt; Mailath's History of the Magyari (Hungarians); Lanciyolle's History of the Rise of the Prussian Monarchy; Salvandy's History of King Sobiesky. The number of publishers is stated at 401.

A curious and detached statement of the population of the various towns, cities, and countries of the world, accompanied with a correspondent statement of the number of periodical publications, appears in the last number of the "Revue Encyclopédique." The general result to which the calculation comes, is as follows:

	Population.	No. of Journals.
Anglo American Confederation, or the United States of North America	11,600,000	800
English Monarchy	142,180,000	578
Total of the States of English Origin	153,780,000	1,378
Total of all other States in the World	583,220,000	1,790

The Geographical Society of Paris, has caused its *programmes* to be translated into English, for the purpose of being circulated all over the world, by the English and American periodical publications.

Bohemia possesses a great stock of literature, chiefly history and poetry, which forms the subject of an annual course of lectures, in the native language, at the University of Prague. Once a week, there is a play in the Bohemian language. Nine years ago, a society was formed, under the title of "The Society of the National Museum of Bohemia." On the first of January, 1827, this society commenced the publication of two periodical works, one in the Bohemian language, quarterly—the other in German, monthly. The first number of the latter, contains some curious historical, physical, and antiquarian descriptions; and an article on the national poetry of Bohemia.

In Amsterdam and Brussels, lithography has been brought to a perfection, to which the artists of Paris have as yet been unable to attain. M. Jobard, lithographer to the king of the Netherlands, is the inventor of a process by which engravings are obtained from stone, supposed to be much superior to any thing hitherto produced on copper.

Mr. W. B. Cooke has completed a publication, which will speedily appear, entitled a Selection of Vases, Altars, Candelabras, and Tripods, in the Museum of the Louvre at Paris. Engraved by Henry Moses, with descriptive letter-press.

It is stated in a recent sitting of the Geographical Society of Paris, that a letter from Saint Louis, (Senegal), dated the eighth of last March, and addressed to Baron Roger, contains details corroborating the account of the death of Major Laing, near Timbuctoo. A Moor who had arrived there, related all the circumstances of this melancholy catastrophe. He possesses, it is said, papers which belonged to the brave but unfortunate traveller.

Mr. R. Ackerman is about to publish, in an imperial 4to. volume, with numerous engravings, from Cingalese originals, Beddhuism illustrated from original manuscripts of its doctrine, metaphysics and philosophy; demonstrative of their scheme of the universe, and the personal attributes of the Budhoo: also, notices of the planetary or Bali Incantations, and the demon worship still existing in that island.

The Gaelic Dictionary has been for some time in preparation. This arduous undertaking which cannot fail of being extensively and permanently useful, not only to the philologist, but to the historian and antiquary, is now almost ready for publication. It comprehends a Gaelic-English and English-Gaelic dictionary, with a Latin and Gaelic vocabulary. The execution of this great work (which was commenced by the late Ewen Machlachlan, of Old Aberdeen, one of the most learned and most unpretending men of the age, and to whose memory, we shall endeavour to do justice as connected with this dictionary when it appears), has occupied the attention of a committee of the Highland Society, since the year 1814; and nearly 4,000*l.*, subscribed by individuals at home and abroad, or voted from the funds of the society, have been expended in completing the work, and carrying it through the press.

Mr. Marshall, the publisher of the "Pledge of Friendship" has announced that he will discontinue that work, and in lieu of it has projected a New Manual, which will be edited by Mr. T. Hood. The illustrations are under the care of Mr. Cooper.

Madame de Genlis is about to usher into the world a new Adelaide and Theodore, which is already purchased by a librarian.

Captain George Beauclerk, 10th regiment, who, with another officer of the garrison at Gibraltar, accompanied Dr. Brown, in July 1826, on a medical mission to the Sultan of Morocco, is about to publish an account of his travels, under the title of "A Journey to Morocco."

A third edition has been called for of the Memoirs of the Life, and Public and Private Correspondence, of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood.

The Rev. G. S. Faber announces a Supplement to his Difficulties of Romanism, in reply to an Answer by the Bishop of Strasbourg, (late of Aire).

The Life and Administration of the late Marquess of Londonderry, is, we learn, in an advanced state of preparation.

Works in the Press.

Recollections of a Service of Three Years during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia. By an Officer of the Colombian Navy.

The second edition, enlarged, of Popular Premises Examined; or, a Philosophical Enquiry into some of the Opinions of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Newton, Clarke, King, Lawrence, &c., on Deity Doctrines, and the human mind in connexion with the Eternity of Matter, and the Origin of Moral Evil.

The Book of Psalms according to the Authorised Version, with Practical Reflections and Notes.

The Cheltenham Album, a new Quarterly Magazine of General Literature.

The Second Number of the Picturesque Tour of the River Thames.

Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim, from the Latin of Luis Holberg; a Manual of Ancient History, considered in relation to the Constitution, Commerce, and Colonies, of the different States of Antiquity.

An Essay on the Power of Rectors and Vicars to Lease their Glebe and Tithes for Twenty-one Years, or for Three Lives, so as to bind their Successors.

Memoirs of John Frederick Oberlin, Pastor of Waldback, in the Bau de la Roche, compiled from authentic sources, chiefly from the French; interspersed with interesting Anecdotes and original Information.

A second edition of the Last of the Greeks; or the Fall of Constantinople. By Lord Morpeth.

The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, edited by his friend, Henry Vernon.

The Present State and Future Prospects of the Free Trade and Colonization of India.

An Historical View of the Sinking Fund, by Philip Pusey, Esq.

Nearly ready, a duodecimo edition of the "Oscotian," a work that has been originally printed in numbers, and edited by the Students of the Roman Catholic College, of Oscott, near Birmingham.

The Harp of Innisfail, a poetic volume, of national, and political interest.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Forsyth's First Lines of Chemistry, 12mo. 8*s*. bds.

Cobbin's Elements of Geography, on a new Plan, 18mo. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Britton's Cathedrals, 42: Gloucester, No. I., 12*s*. sewed; Architectural Antiquities, Part VI. 4to. 2*l*. 2*s*. bds.

Seeley's Physical Astronomy, 8vo. 12*s*. bds.

Phrenological Journal, Part XVII., 4*s*.

Guest on Spinning Machinery, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*. bds.

Edwards's Botanical Register, eight coloured plates, No. III. for May. 4*s*.

M'c Cormac on Stammering, post 8vo. 5*s*. 6*d*. bds.

Gray's Operative Chemist, 8vo. 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*, bds.

Ross on Steam Navigation, 4to. 1*l*. 10*s*. bds.

Fuller on Wheel Carriages, 8vo. 7*s*. 6*d*, bds.

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BIOGRAPHY.

Taylor's Biography (latter ages), 12mo. 7*s*. 6*d*. half-bd.

Memoirs of Lord Burghley, by the Rev. Dr. Nares. Vol. I. 4to. 3*l*. 3*s*., large 4*l*. 4*s*. bds.

Vaughan's Life of Wickliffe, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 1*s*. bds.

Life of Sir J. Moore, 8vo. bds. 14*s*.

Mémoires des Duc de Rovigo, Vol. I. 8vo. 14*s*. bds.

Redford's Memoirs of the late Rev. John Cooke, 8vo. 14*s*.

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An Authentic Narrative of the sufferings of George Richard Casse, as a prisoner in France, during the late war; and of his Escape to the allied army near Clermont; with some particulars of his Apprenticeship at Sea. Written by himself.

HISTORY.

Rev. C. Williams's Missionary Gazetteer, 12mo. 8*s*.

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Burton's Law of Real Property, 8vo. 18*s*. bds.

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Aperçu de l'état de la civilisation en France; par M. Smith, avocat à Saint-Etienne (Loire), Lyon, 1828. In-8o.

Voyage dans la vallée des Originaux, par feu M. Du Coudrier. Paris, 1828; Baudouin et Ponthieu. 3 vol. in-12, Prix, 12 fr.

Manuscrit de l'an Trois (1794, 1795), par le Baron Fain, alors secrétaire au comité militaire de la Convention nationale.

Le Chancelier et les Censeurs, roman de mœurs, par M. de Lamothe-Langon. Paris, 1828; Ambroise Dupont, 5 vol. in-12, formant ensemble xii. et 1183 p.; prix, 15 fr.

Moyens d'éteindre et de prévenir la mendicité à Marseille. Marseille, 1827; Achverd. In-8o de 44 pages; prix 2 fr.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The Speeches of the Right Honourable George Canning.* Edited by R. Therry, Esq., of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. 6 vols. 8vo. London: Ridgway. 1828.

UPON a late occasion, we separated Mr. Therry's modest and well written Memoir of the Life of this illustrious Minister, from the edition of the Speeches to which it was prefixed. We then purposely confined our notice to such a distinct, though imperfect, view, as our limits might admit, of the splendid political career of the STATESMAN; and we reserved to ourselves a future opportunity of contemplating the genius and qualities of the ORATOR. We feel no hazard of fatiguing the interest of our readers, or overpaying the poor measure of homage to the spirit of departed greatness;

> "—— clarum et venerabile nomen
> gentibus——".

when we devote a second paper to the examination of those imperishable monuments of eloquence, which are enshrined in the volumes before us.

It is in his speeches that the character of Mr. Canning's mind peculiarly appears on the vantage ground of its intellectual superiority. Many other statesmen, in the history of Europe, will divide with him the praise of transcendant political ability—many bright public names, in our own annals, though their course may not have been equally auspicious or effectual, must undoubtedly share with him the glory, at least, of patriotic intentions: but in the perfection of his eloquence, at its full maturity and meridian vigour, it cannot, we think, be denied, that he stands without an equal. However opinions may differ as to the merit of his political principles, or the mode in which he practically applied them as an orator, the world's verdict will assuredly place his fame above all detraction or competition. He is, confessedly, the greatest orator of modern times—the greatest among his distinguished predecessors and contemporaries in the British House of Commons: for, in the measure of concentrated ability—though some of them may have surpassed him in particular circumstances—we agree with Mr. Therry, that it can scarcely be disputed that he possessed an assemblage of endowments and acquirements, which left all individual rivalry at a distance. But here we know not how we can add anything to the force and justice of the brief and spirited distinction, which his biographer has instituted between the qualities of his eloquence and those of the other great masters of English oratory:—

> ‘ Chatham can be estimated only by tradition and his effects—in the absence of all genuine remains. He must have possessed fervour, fancy, a superior reason, and great popular effect; but he exercised an art which he had himself created—and in which he had no rival of the first rank. His theatric delivery, and the mimic lightnings of his eye, astonished and frightened country gentlemen and noble lords, to whom eloquence was a novelty, and talent alarming. His dramatic appeal to the “frowning ancestor,” in the tapestry, and his pantomimic exhibition of his crutch, would fall powerless, or worse, on a modern opposition. Fox, with his impetuous ardour of liberty, humanity, and his temperament—with the muscular vigour of his dialectics—simple and unadorned—would be the first orator in the assembly of a free people. Pitt, with his high-sounding amplifications, lofty sarcasms, and imposing manner, was supreme in dictating to a drilled majority or subservient council—and in imposing his authority upon the common order of minds. Burke has bequeathed the eloquence of his meditations, and the oracles of his philosophy, to sages and to posterity. But give Canning “audience meet”—the select representatives of a civilized free people—men capable of feeling deliberative eloquence as a cultivated liberal art—and he brought into the field an assemblage of qualities beyond all single rivalry. Fire and imagination, like Chatham, with a severer judgment and less artificial delivery—vigorous dialectics, like Fox, with more of wit and fancy—dignity of manner, and measured declamation, like Pitt, with a livelier and lighter tone of pleasantry and sarcasm—much of the philosophy of Burke, with less prolixity, and a more scrupulous taste: these are among the qualities which determine Mr. Canning's place in the first order of orators.
>
> ‘ He had studied with a quick and congenial feeling those severe and eternal models—the remains of ancient eloquence. His elegance of expression was fastidious, without weakening its force—his wit was not so elaborately, concentratedly brilliant, as Sheridan's—but it was more prompt, redundant, and disposable—and, if it may be so said, more logical—whilst his ridicule, inimitably poignant, was ever governed by high breeding and his good taste. Mr. Canning's reading was extensive and various, and his fancy flitted over history, fiction, and external nature, with quickness and felicity—for illustration, citation, or metaphor. He had the tact to discern, and the dexterity to expose, what was weak or ridiculous on the adverse side—the art to push an opponent's simile or analogy, *ad absurdum*—or to discover grandeur in what was meant for reproach (as in his retort that Proteus, with the versatility of his shapes, was in every

shape the god)—and, in fine, to lay bare, by rigorous syllogism, a fallacy in the envelope of a sophism, or loose phrase. Who has ever reached him in those clever movements, and happy inspirations, which stamp the talent of debate?'—Memoir, vol. i., pp. 175, 176.

Without detracting from the general felicity of the distinctions which Mr. Therry has here drawn, it appears probable that the character of Mr. Canning's oratory may have had a much closer resemblance to that of Chatham, than of any of the other illustrious names which he has introduced into the parallel. In a situation that had much in common (we speak particularly of Mr. Canning's last years), as the minister of the PEOPLE—rising to the highest post in the state by the mere force of personal ability and public opinion—with no adventitious aid of birth and party allegiance—with no royal prepossession in their favour—and opposed by all the weight of great aristocratic combinations—with all this similarity of political position between the two patriot statesmen, there seems to have been also something strikingly congenial in the intellectual fire and tone of sentiment which animated their spirit, and determined the character of their eloquence. Notwithstanding the absence of many "genuine remains" of Chatham's speeches—a loss much to be deplored, but the total extent of which Mr. Therry has described somewhat too absolutely—enough is preserved to indicate the general style of his oratory; and this evidence is sufficient also to identify many of its brilliant peculiarities with the traits of Mr. Canning's mind. Besides astonishing energy of diction, and elevation of sentiment, both had the equal command of poetical and vivid imagery. For a single example, Chatham's celebrated and beautiful idea, in deprecating the triumph of the government against the American colonists—that "America, if she fell, would fall like a strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution along with her"—was quite in that style of figurative illustration in which Mr. Canning so much delighted, and so wonderfully excelled.

Both orators, too, knew how to throw over their productions all the eloquence and refinement of classical allusion: but here Mr. Canning's superior scholarship and literature forbid all equal comparison. Though Chatham made the most of his accumulated stores of lettered knowledge and intellectual taste, their sum seems never to have been very great; and the range of his reading was probably confined. At least, neither his letters nor the recorded fragments of his speeches, give us any reason to imagine the contrary: his borrowed thoughts are remarkable far more for the happiness of their application, than the variety of the places from whence they are drawn, or the profusion with which they are supplied. But Canning—the abundance, the diversity, the wealth of *his* mental treasures seemed inexhaustible! Poured forth as they were, with an expenditure that appeared almost reckless, to illustrate every conceivable subject of political debate from history, philosophy, and science—from the drama, poesy, and romance—from truth and fiction—from enduring nature and creative art—from all these perennial sources of reflection and invention, his thoughts had been steeped in freshness and in beauty, and were scattered in the thousand hues of a pictorial fancy.

With respect to one principal question in the parallel between Chatham and Canning—the relative power of their oratory—it is fair, in the absence of any perfect report of the speeches of the former, to estimate this only by the recorded measure of undoubted effect. And here there can be no dispute that Chatham exercised, by whatever means, a more absolute dominion over the spirit of his hearers, than any other speaker in the annals of British oratory, before or since, ever acquired: the most lively idea of his powers, that any writer has given us, is contained in the examples collected by Mr. Butler, in the first volume of his Reminiscences; and its fidelity is confirmed by the report of his contemporary, Horace Walpole, who assuredly loved him too little to exaggerate his greatness. Chatham's speeches must have derived far more aid from manner, than would be permitted in our modern school of oratory; and Mr. Therry is unquestionably right in his deduction, that his pantomimic trickery would fall worse than powerless upon a House of Commons of this day: it would excite only ridicule.

But, before we condemn in Chatham too severely the bad taste of this theatrical mannerism, from which Canning was happily exempt, and which, after all, sins conventionally rather, in its unsuitableness to the phlegm of our northern temperament, than against general nature, we should consider the different education of the speakers. Chatham was in a measure, as his critic has well observed, the creator of his art: he had been trained after no living examples; and was encountered and chastened by no opposition worthy of his strength. Canning, on the other hand, was bred up, and his young strength was exercised, in an arena of intellectual giants. When he was first cast, at an unusually early age, upon the struggle of public life, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, were all in the meridian of their glory; and he had the inestimable advantage of these great living examples of various eloquence before him, to form his style and direct his judgment. How intently he studied these illustrious models, may be gathered from the deep silence in which he watched the conflict of parties during all his first session in parliament. Nor if he were liable, from the impetuosity of his character, to fall into the same over-strained manner of delivery as Chatham, were there wanting errors of a similar kind in the celebrated speakers before him, for his salutary correction and warning. There had been nothing more extravagant in the 'pantomimic exhibition' of Chatham, than Burke's recent stage-trick, which excited so much ridicule, of throwing a dagger on the floor of parliament; and the bitter and well known sarcasm of Pitt had long before denounced the theatrical action even of Sheridan. These were points of absurdity not likely to be lost upon the young orator, whose natural wit was sharpened with so keen a sense of the ridiculous; and the studied absence of affectation, if we may be permitted the phrase, which marked his own manner, proved how strong was the impression that such things had wrought upon his early observation.

In one particular, Mr. Canning fell short of Chatham. His oratory wanted that power—or at least if he possessed, he never used it—which, in Chatham, induced Walpole to characterize him emphatically as "a great master of invective." Chatham seems, indeed, with tremendous energy, to have indulged at the same time an unscrupulous licence in personal attack, which could not be tolerated for an instant in these days. Witness (in the report of a second contemporary), one of his virulent philippics against Lord Mansfield, in which we are told that "every word fell" upon the object of the assault, and that "Murray suffered for an hour." And the still more audacious personality of his annihilating speech against another lawyer, Hume Campbell, in which, for a climax, according to Walpole, he did not scruple, nodding directly at his victim, to describe him as "a slave," the "object of his contempt and ridicule," and "the shame of whose doctrine would stick to him as long as his gown stuck to his back." There is nothing at all approaching to this gross personality in any of Mr. Canning's speeches, nor scarcely any instance of bitter invective: if we except, perhaps, the brief and memorable chastisement of Lord Folkstone, which escaped him, not without some outrageous provocation. 'The Lacedæmonians were in the habit of deterring their children from the vice of intoxication, by occasionally exhibiting their slaves in a state of disgusting inebriety. But, Sir, there is a moral as well as a physical intoxication. Never before did I behold so perfect a personification of the character which I have somewhere seen described, as exhibiting the contortions of the Sybil, without her inspiration. Such was the nature of the noble Lord's speech.'

But Mr. Canning's weapons were usually from a very different armoury, of finer fabric and more delicate temper;—irony, ridicule, wit, most keen and poignant, in proportion as it was most polished and most brilliant. Any of this remarkable elegance of wit and playfulness of fancy, Lord Chatham's genius seems to have denied him; or, to speak with more certainty, there is no trace of his successful trial of it in his oratory: though Mr. Walpole says, that "where he attempted ridicule, which was very seldom, he succeeded happily." In that order of declamation, of which we have been speaking, it may be doubted whether the habits of Mr. Canning's public life would have led him to excel; and whatever may be thought of this opinion, by his abstaining from the attempt, he here unquestionably left the palm of superiority to a surviving orator, who in several respects was not unworthy of his contention as a rival, but who lived to become his political ally, and to deplore his loss to the country and the universe.

Of that surviving orator, it is not too much to assert that he will be hereafter remembered, like Chatham, as the greatest "master of invective," in his times. Of the source from whence he, on the most arduous necessity of his life for the concentration of this energy, nourished the vehement torrent of his eloquence, we happen to know that he has left a fact on private record which is curious and interesting, both in its connexion with the state history of the day, and as one more proof how various and inexhaustible the instruction to be gathered from the few but precious examples of ancient eloquence. It was his confession to a friend, in putting to paper his advice for the legal education of a youth, that for weeks before his memorable speech on the Queen's trial—that gathered tempest of indignant and withering denunciation—the orations of Demosthenes had never been out of his hand.

With how quick and congenial a feeling, to adopt his biographer's phrase, Mr. Canning himself had studied the great examples of ancient eloquence, his speeches bear indubitable evidence. The care which he had taken to form himself upon the classical model is, however, chiefly apparent in his earliest oratorical efforts. In his maturer career, when he had become experienced and accomplished in debate, he seems, with a proud reliance on the unassisted powers of his own mind, in a great degree to have discarded the foreign aids of his youthful exercise, and to have built up a style and order of eloquence for himself. His later speeches betray less palpably the labour of formal arrangement and construction; though his taste in the choice of expression appears to have become yet more refined, and even fastidious, as he advanced in life. It is curious to observe that his maiden speech in parliament (in January, 1794, in favour of the subsidy to the king of Sardinia), bore an analogy, too close to be accidental, in the structure of its exordium, to the first Philippic of Demosthenes. In that speech also, as his biographer has further remarked, 'the varied powers of its author are tolerably well exemplified, and we may now look back to it as no unworthy promise of that resistless eloquence, which in later years so often

"Wielded at will the fierce democracy."'

But there is, we think, infinitely more of original power, and equal skill of arrangement, in his reply to Mr. Tierney's Motion respecting Peace with the French republic, five years afterwards (December, 1798); and no one who studies this masterly exhibition of eloquence, will feel surprised at the high terms in which Mr. Pitt is recorded, in the circle of his friends, to have eulogised its indications of transcendant talent. The exordium strikes us as particularly artful, and the address and promptness admirable, with which it was formed, as if arising on the spur of the moment, entirely out of the occasion and circumstances of the speech that had just been delivered on the opposite side. Mr. Tierney had anticipated all the objections that were likely to be made to his motion. He had stated them with unlucky explicitness and precision, and raised them up probably with more strength than he was able to use in reasoning them away. His speech was received by his own party with the weariness produced by an exhausted declamation: but several ministerial members rose together to reply to it, and gave way to Mr. Canning. All these little points being considered, let it be observed what instantaneous and dexterous advantage the young orator makes of them, to place his cause, at the very outset of his speech, above that of his adversary.

> 'If I might judge, Sir, of the impression made by the honourable gentleman's speech, from the manner in which it has been received, and particularly from the unusual degree of apathy and languor which has prevailed on that side of the House on which he sits, I should be led to believe, that the ardour manifested on this side of the House by my noble and honourable friends who rose at the time with me, was, perhaps, more than the occasion required; and I assure you, Sir, I should not have pressed myself upon your attention, if I had thought the occasion one which demanded abilities like theirs;—if I had not felt, that what arguments I have to state in opposition to the honourable gentleman's motion, are so clear and plain in themselves, as to require little aid from any talents in the person who states them. The motion of the honourable gentleman cannot be denied to be of an extraordinary nature; and he has certainly treated it in a very extraordinary manner. I conceive it to be consonant as well to the rules of the House, as the reason of the thing, that the House should not be be urged to the adoption of a new and unusual measure, without its being, in the first place, established, that there exists some necessity for adopting it, or that some advantage may be gained by doing so. I did expect, therefore, from the honourable gentleman, rather some solid reasons for the measure which he has proposed, than an anticipation of the objections which he thought might be urged against it. He has contented himself, however, with endeavouring to destroy the validity of several arguments which he has heard out of doors, and which he expects to hear to-night against the motion that he has made; but he has omitted, what seemed to me to be more peculiarly incumbent upon him—an explanation of the motives which induced him to make it. I admit, that the honourable gentleman has been not unsuccessful in anticipating several of the most obvious and prominent objections against his motion; I cannot think that he has been equally fortunate in removing them. I shall certainly have occasion in the course of what I have to say, to re-state many, or most of those which he has anticipated, and not without the hope of establishing them to the conviction of the House. I shall follow him through these objections, as nearly as I can in the same order in which he brought them forward.'—(Speeches, vol. i., pp. 54—56.)

After this skilful exordium, he proceeds to show the several objections to the motion; maintaining their strength on one hand, while with the other, availing himself of the admissions by which his adversary had laid himself open, he is dealing the shafts of his nicely pointed sarcasm against the inconsistent and factious spirit which he wishes to attribute to the motion.

'And here give me leave to observe rather a singular argument, which grows out of the honourable gentleman's peculiar conduct and situation. He tells you that he brings forward this motion as an "unconnected and unsupported individual," acting with no party or set of men whatever. By agreeing to the motion, therefore, the advantage which we are to gain is his individual co-operation. It is hardly to be supposed that he will be more convinced of the pacific disposition of ministers after this resolution shall be adopted, than he was after the publication of the manifesto, which he has so warmly commended. What was the first step that he took by way of co-operation after that manifesto was published? *He voted against the supply*—Convinced, that His Majesty had done all in his power, to obtain peace;—that he had gone almost beyond what could have been expected of him, in forbearance and moderation;—that he had shown, even after the victory of Lord Duncan, the most decided disposition to make peace, upon fair and reasonable terms;—convinced, that the abrupt conclusion of the negociation at Lisle had been the act of the enemy exclusively: that the continuance of the calamities of war was to be attributed to the arrogance, and wickedness, and pride, of the enemy alone;—that His Majesty had no choice;—that he must of necessity continue to carry on a war, which the mad ambition of that enemy would not allow him to terminate;—in this conviction, to enable His Majesty to carry on the war, the honourable gentleman "unconnected and unsupported," individually *voted against the supply*. I do not mean to impeach the honourable gentleman's conduct in this instance. He had, no doubt, his reasons for it. But I do mean to put it to the judgment of the House, whether, if it should be evident (as I trust it will be,) that no solid and general advantage is to be derived to the country from our agreeing to the honourable gentleman's resolution,--there is much temptation held out to us to do so, by the prospect of his future individual co-operations; whether it is worth while to adopt an unusual, unnecessary, and much more, a mischievous measure, to evince our desire for peace, in order to secure the honourable gentleman's vote against the supply for carrying on the war.'

In the same spirit he goes on to heap derision upon the affected philanthropy of the revolutionary doctrines, in consonance with which he insinuates, that this motion for peace has been prepared. He takes for granted the identity between the favouring of "French principles," and the favouring of this motion for peace with France; and he covers the advocacy of both with a common load of absurdity and obloquy. Having thus treated the mingled question respecting peace, in a mingled strain of powerful argument and sarcastic wit, having seriously encountered the proposal itself with the most weighty objections, and assailed its supporters with the annihilating strokes of his ridicule, he finally collects his whole strength to inflame the spirit, and enlist the passions of his auditory against the motion, by a vehement torrent of declamation on the crimes of the French, on the wrongs of Europe, and on the necessity and duty of persevering in the struggle against the enemies of the liberties and independence of nations. The manner in which this splendid peroration is ushered in—as if naturally bursting from the consideration of his opponent's argument—is not the least remarkable feature of consummate art in the whole speech. Mr. Tierney had urged, amongst other reasons against continuing the war, that there was no symptom of any spirit rising against France in Europe. This assertion furnishes the orator with the pretext for introducing a picture of the various misery and degradation of the nations under the French yoke, than which there is nothing finer, more energetic, indignant, or passionate, in all the boasted remains of the immortal Athenian. We have room only for the opening passage, which also contains the celebrated and harrowing description of the French cruelties in Switzerland.

'So much, Sir, as to the particular argument, that the past conduct of our former allies ought to lead us to withhold all credit from their future professions. There is, however, another and more general argument, comprehending alike these and the other powers of Europe; which, but that it has been stated by the honourable gentleman, I should really have thought scarcely worth confutation. We, it seems—a wise, prudent, reflecting people—are much struck with all the outrages France has committed upon the continent; but on the powers of the continent itself, no lasting impression has been made. Is this probable? Is it possible? Is it in the nature of things, that the contemplation of the wrongs and the miseries which others have endured, should have worked a deeper impression upon our minds, than the suffering of those miseries and wrongs has left on the minds of those upon whom they were actually inflicted?

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus?"

Yet the echo and report of the blows by which other countries have fallen, are supposed to have more effect upon us, than the blows themselves produced upon the miserable victims who sunk beneath them.

'The pillage and bloody devastation of Italy strike us with horror;—but Italy, we are to believe, is contented with what has befallen her. The insults which are hurled by the French garrison from the walls of the citadel of Turin, rouse resentment in our breasts; but have no effect on the feelings of the Piedmontese. We read with indignation of the flag of Bernadotte displayed in mockery and insult to the emperor and his subjects; but it flaunted in the eyes of the people of Vienna, without exciting any emotions of hatred or resentment. The invasion of a province of a friendly power, with whom they had no cause nor pretence for hostility, has created in us a decided detestation for the unprincipled hypocrisy and ambition of the Directory; but the Ottoman Porte sits down contented with the loss of Egypt; feels no injury, and desires neither reparation not revenge. And then, Sir, the wrongs of Switzerland! They, too, are calculated to excite an interest here; but the Swiss, no doubt, endured them with quiet resignation, and contented humility. If, after the taking of

Soleure, the venerable magistrates of that place were first handed round the town in barbarous triumph, and afterwards, contrary to all the laws of war, of nations, and nature, were inhumanly put to death; if, when the unoffending town of Sion capitulated to the French, the troops were let loose to revel in every species of licentiousness and cruelty;—if, the women, after having been brutally violated, were thrown alive into the flames; if more recently, when Stantz was carried, after a short, but vigorous and honourable resistance, such as would have conciliated the esteem of any but a French conqueror, the whole town was burnt to the ground, and the ashes quenched with the blood of the inhabitants;—the bare recital of these horrors and atrocities awakens in British bosoms, I trust it *does* awaken, I trust it will long keep alive, an abhorrence of the nation and name of that people by whom such execrable cruelties have been practised, and such terrible calamities inflicted; but on the Swiss (we are to understand) these cruelties and calamities have left no lasting impression; the inhabitants of Soleure, who followed with tears of anguish and indignation, their venerated magistrates to a death of terror and ignominy; the husbands and fathers, and sons of those wretched victims who expired in torture and in shame, beneath the brutality of a savage soldiery at Sion: the wretched survivors of those who perished in the ruins of the country at Stantz, *they* all felt but a transient pang; *their* tears by this time are dried; *their* rage is hushed; *their* resentment silenced: there is nothing in *their* feelings which can be stimulated into honourable and effectual action; there is no motive for *their* exertions, upon which we can safely and permanently rely! Sir, I should be ashamed to waste your time by arguing such a question."—pp. 85—88.

We have thus analyzed this brilliant speech at some length, because, though delivered at a period antecedent to the completion of Mr. Canning's oratorical fame, and when he was only in his twenty-ninth year, it sufficiently exhibits the various excellences of his genius, and already displays a ripeness and maturity of eloquence, which time might mellow and temper, but could scarcely enlarge. It may also be selected as an example of more regularity of structure and studied care, than he, perhaps, thought himself obliged to preserve in later years, when the high reputation of his oratory had been achieved, and its acknowledged supremacy securely established. He subsequently seems to have reserved himself in a speech for a few great points, and on them to have trusted to his immense command of power and opinion for breaking down and sweeping away all grand obstacles before him: careless, comparatively, how he neglected and passed by the minor impediments to his case. And though, therefore, we must look to his later speeches for more majestic, beautiful, or astonishingly effective passages, taken by themselves, yet we believe that it will be admitted, that his earlier displays—such as this on the motion for Peace, in 1798—if not containing such occasional grandeur of eloquence, are more finished models, according to the rules and principles of the art.

This speech of 1798, is remarkable for one of those nice and ready touches of sarcastic retort, of which Mr. Canning made such frequent and felicitous use in his subsequent years; and which always told so advantageously in removing the idea of premeditation excited by the balanced elegance of his periods. Mr. Tierney had insisted on the little dependence to be placed on the alliance of Turkey. After combating this opinion, Mr. Canning thus, with infinite neatness and point, turns it against his adversary:

> 'But your Turk is a Mahometan, it seems, and therefore an ally not fit for a Christian!—I do not know, Sir, but an alliance with a Mahometan may be as good as a peace with an Atheist; the sanction of its engagements may, perhaps, be as sacred, and its stipulations as likely to be fulfilled.
>
> 'But he is a sluggish Turk; slow to anger, and hard to be driven into action. If that be his character, what must be the provocations which have roused him!'—vol. i., p. 79.

So, on another occasion (in 1810), he suddenly goads Mr. Whitbread, with the instantaneous flash of his perception, between the perplexities of a dilemma. Mr. Whitbread, whose constant cry in former years had been for peace, now dissented from the usual vote of credit for carrying on the war, without repeating his arguments for the necessity of concluding it:

> 'But as the honourable gentleman appears to have abandoned the opinion which he entertained respecting peace—("I have not abandoned it," said Mr. Whitbread, across the table, "I omitted to state it")—well, then, the honourable member has not abandoned his opinion, but he has omitted to state it: if the omission was voluntary, that honourable gentleman's sentiments have clearly undergone a considerable change; if inadvertent, it at least shews that he does not feel quite so confidently upon the subject as heretofore; for no man forgets the main article of his creed while his faith continues unshaken. In either case, therefore, it is obvious that, according to the honourable gentleman's own present views, we are to look to, and ought to provide for, a state of indefinite, not to say interminable war.'—vol. iii., p. 5.

Of acuteness of the same kind, in seizing the absurdity of an adversary's figure, the instances are abundant; but the inimitable address with which he could expose a lurking sophism, was never more amusingly shewn than in his speech on Unlawful Association in Ireland. And difficult as it usually is to catch, for illustration, the flashing and dazzling beams of his wit, which flits and coruscates over every subject, this passage happily exemplifies also its delightful qualities of humorous and felicitous analogy, mordacious yet delicate ridicule, and polished urbanity. Sir James Macintosh had reasoned lightly on the avowed animosities of parties in Ireland:

> 'My honourable friend has expended abundant research and subtilty upon this enquiry, and having resolved the phrase into its elements in the crucible of his philosophical mind, has produced it to us purified and refined to a degree that must command the admiration of all who take

delight in metaphysical alchemy. My honourable and learned friend began by telling us, that, after all, *hatred* is no bad thing in itself. "I hate a Tory," says my honourable friend—"and another man hates a cat; but it does not follow that he would hunt down the cat, or I the Tory." Nay, so far from it—hatred, if it be properly managed, is, according to my honourable friend's theory, no bad preface to a rational esteem and affection. It prepares its votaries for a reconciliation of differences—for lying down with their most inveterate enemies, like the leopard and the kid, in the vision of the prophet. This dogma is a little startling, but it is not altogether without precedent. It is borrowed from a character in a play, which is, I dare say, as great a favourite with my learned friend as it is with me: I mean the comedy of *The Rivals*; in which *Mrs. Malaprop*, giving a lecture on the subject of marriage to her niece (who is unreasonable enough to talk of liking, as a necessary preliminary to such a union), says, "What have you to do with your likings and your preferences, child? depend upon it, it is safest to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle like a blackamoor, before we were married; and yet you know, my dear, what a good wife I made him." Such is my learned friend's argument to a hair. But finding that this doctrine did not appear to go down with the house so glibly as he had expected, my honourable and learned friend presently changed his tack; and put forward a theory, which, whether for novelty or for beauty, I pronounce to be incomparable; and, in short, as wanting nothing to recommend it but a slight foundation in truth. "True philosophy," says my honourable friend, will always continue to lead men to virtue by the instrumentality of their conflicting vices. The virtues, where more than one exist, may live harmoniously together; but the vices bear mortal antipathy to one another, and therefore furnish to the moral engineer the power by which he can make each keep the other under control." Admirable! but, upon this doctrine, the poor man who has but one single vice must be in a very bad way. No *fulcrum*, no moral power for effecting *his* cure. Whereas his more fortunate neighbour, who has two or more vices in his composition, is in a fair way of becoming a very virtuous member of society. I wonder how my learned friend would like to have this doctrine introduced into his domestic establishment. For instance, suppose that I discharge a servant because he is addicted to liquor, I could not venture to recommend him to my honourable and learned friend. It might be the poor man's *only* fault, and therefore clearly incorrigible; but if I had the good fortune to find out that he was also addicted to stealing, might I not, with a safe conscience, send him to my learned friend with a very strong recommendation, saying, I send you a man whom I know to be a drunkard; but, I am happy to assure you, he is also a thief; you cannot do better than employ him; you will make his drunkenness counteract his thievery, and no doubt you will bring him out of the conflict a very moral personage. My honourable and learned friend, however, not content with laying down these new rules for reformation, thought it right to exemplify them in his own person, and, like Pope's *Longinus*, to be "himself the great sublime he drew." My learned friend tells us that Dr. Johnson was (what he, Dr. Johnson, called himself) *a good hater*; and that among the qualities which he hated most, were two which my honourable friend unites in his own person, that of Whig and that of Scotchman. "So that," says my honourable friend, if Dr. Johnson were alive, and were to meet me at the club, of which he was a founder, and of which I am now an unworthy member, he would probably break up the meeting rather than sit it out in such society." No, Sir, not so; my honourable and learned friend forgets his own theory. If he had been only a Whig, or only a Scotchman, Dr. Johnson might have treated him as he apprehends; but being both, the great moralist would have said to my honourable friend, "Sir, you are too much of a Whig to be a good Scotchman; and, Sir, you are too much of a Scotchman to be a good Whig." It is, no doubt, from the collision of these two vices in my learned friend's person, that he has become what I, and all who have the happiness of meeting him at the club, find him—an entirely faultless character.'—vol. v., pp. 334—337.

In exemplification of Mr. Canning's more serious style, the attempt would be vain, to particularise the innumerable passages of brilliant imagery or splendid declamation, which are thickly scattered through his speeches, and which impress its peculiar character of elevation on his oratory. Some of these passages are among the finest in our language; and perhaps above all, that memorable comparison in his speech at Plymouth—which has already been once given in our pages—of England in her interval of peace, to one of her own dismantled vessels of war, reposing on its majestic shadow in perfect stillness, but ready to collect 'its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder.' Scarcely less beautiful is his celebrated figure—which, by the way, Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Napoleon,* has borrowed without acknowledgment, and mangled in the appropriation—when, after the battle of Vittoria, he saw 'the mighty deluge by which the Continent had been overwhelmed begin to recede, the limits of nations to be again visible, and the spires and turrets of ancient establishments to re-appear above the subsiding wave!' This passage Mr. Canning is said to have delivered with prodigious animation; and we need not wonder, considering the sublimity of the image and the spirit-stirring moment of its application, that its recorded effect upon the House was perfectly electrical. A few months afterwards, during a speech to his constituents at Liverpool, in which he had again occasion to refer to the state of Europe, he beautifully varied the imagery while he repeated the idea. He compared the deliverance of the nations from the universal French yoke, to the breaking up of a winter's frost. 'But yesterday, the whole Continent, like a mighty plain covered with one mass of ice, presented to the view a drear expanse of barren uniformity: to day the breath of heaven unbinds the earth, the streams begin to flow again, and the intercourse of human kind revives.'

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* 'The retreat of the French armies, or their relics, across the land which they had so long overrun, and where they had levelled and confounded all national distinctions, might be compared to the abatement of the great deluge, when land-marks, which had been long hid from the eye, began to be once more visible and distinguished. The reconstruction of the ancient sovereignties was the instant occupation of the allies.'—vol. iii. p. 423.

But the bright and excursive imagination with which he seized the objects and powers of material nature and art, and the happiness with which he used them for the figures of his eloquence, was never better shewn than in his beautiful comparison (also in a speech at Liverpool), between the pervading influence and the resistless control of public opinion, embodied in a free press, over the whole science of modern government, and the new and prodigious application to the whole science of navigation—of STEAM: 'that new and mighty power—new, at least, in the application of its might—which walks the water like a giant rejoicing in its course—stemming alike the tempest and the tide—accelerating intercourse; shortening distances; creating, as it were, unexpected neighbourhoods, and new combinations of social and commercial relation; and giving to the fickleness of winds, and the faithlessness of waves, the certainty and steadiness of a highway upon the land.'

But if it were required to cite the finest and most memorable single passage of any length which the great orator ever pronounced, we could do no otherwise than take that passage of power and pride—that climax in his celebrated speech on the late Portuguese expedition—which struck a chill and terror to the heart of every despot in Europe. Upon the House of Commons itself, the power of this speech equalled any thing in the most astonishing effects recorded of the oratory of Chatham.

> 'Sir, I set out with saying that there were reasons which entirely satisfied my judgment that nothing short of a point of national faith, or national honour, would justify, at the present moment, any voluntary approximation to the possibility of war. Let me be understood, however, distinctly, as not meaning to say that I dread war in a good cause, (and in no other may it be the lot of this country ever to engage!) from a distrust of the strength of the country to commence it, or of her resources to maintain it. I dread it, indeed—but upon far other grounds: I dread it from an apprehension of the tremendous consequences which might arise from any hostilities in which we might now be engaged. Some years ago, in the discussion of the negociation respecting the French war against Spain, I took the liberty of adverting to this topic. I then stated that the position of this country, in the present state of the world, was one of neutrality, not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles; and that it was by neutrality alone that we could maintain that balance, the preservation of which, I believe to be essential to the welfare of mankind. I then said, that I feared the next war which should be kindled in Europe, would be a war, not so much of armies, as of opinions. Not four years have elapsed, and behold my apprehensions realised! It is, to be sure, within narrow limits that this war of opinion is at present confined: but it *is* a war of opinion that Spain (whether as government or as nation), is now waging against Portugal; it is a war

which has commenced in hatred of the new institutions of Portugal. How long is it reasonable to expect that Portugal will abstain from retaliation? If into that war this country shall be compelled to enter, we shall enter into it with a sincere and anxious desire to mitigate, rather than exasperate—and to mingle only in the conflict of arms, not in the more fatal conflict of opinions. But I much fear that this country, (however earnestly she might wish to avoid it), could not, in such case, avoid seeing ranked under her banners, all the restless and dissatisfied of any nation with which she might come in conflict. It is the contemplation of this new *power* in any future war, which excites my most anxious apprehension. It is one thing to have a giant's strength, but it would be another to use it like a giant. The consciousness of such strength is, undoubtedly, a source of confidence and security; but in the situation in which this country stands, our business is not to seek opportunities of displaying it, but to content ourselves with letting the professors of violent and exaggerated doctrines on both sides feel, that it is not their interest to convert an umpire into an adversary. The situation of England, amidst the struggle of political opinions, which agitates, more or less sensibly, different countries of the world, may be compared to that of the Ruler of the Winds, as described by the poet:—

——"Celsâ sedet Æolus arce,
Sceptra tenens; mollitque animos et temperat iras;
Hi faciat, mariu ac terras cœlumque profundum,
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verantque per aurus."

The consequence of letting loose the passions, at present chained and confined, would be to produce a scene of desolation which no man can contemplate without horror; and I should not sleep easy on my couch, if I were conscious that I had contributed to precipitate it by a single moment. This, then, is the reason—a reason very different from fear—the reverse of consciousness of disability—why I dread the recurrence of hostilities in any part of Europe; why I would bear much, and would forbear long; why I would, as I have said, put up with almost any thing that did not touch national faith and national honour; rather than let slip the furies of war, the leash of which we hold in our hands, not knowing whom they may reach, or how far their ravages may be carried. Such is the love of peace which the British government acknowledges; and such the necessity for peace which the circumstances of the world inculcate. I will push these topics no farther. I return, in conclusion, to the object of the address. Let us fly to the aid of Portugal, by whomsoever attacked; because it is our duty to do so: and let us cease our interference where that duty ends. We go to Portugal, not to rule, not to dictate, not to prescribe constitutions—but to defend and to preserve the independence of an ally. We go to plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted, foreign dominion shall not come.'—vol. vi. pp. 89—92.

On the power which Mr. Canning's speeches derived from the adventitious aids of person, and the acquired graces of delivery, Mr. Therry's remarks are graphic and accurate; except that he has omitted to notice one charm of the great orator's eloquence which no one, who has had the good fortune to hear him, can ever forget. We refer to the clearness, fluency, and delicate taste of his utterance, which—unchecked by the slightest impediment or repetition, never obstructed for an instant by seeking the desired expression, and falling full, round, and perfect on the ear—rendered his diction, free as it was alike from slovenly haste or offensive precision, the most delightful flow of pure English accents to which we ever listened.

'Person and delivery are considerable parts of the orator. Mr. Canning's height was of the heroic standard—his form united elegance and strength—his dress was modern, without pomp or flattery—his motions and pace firm and elastic—with a characteristic, individualising disregard of all studied grace. His countenance was moulded in the happiest English style—comely, elegant, and simple—the profile gracefully, rather than strongly, defined—the face expressive, and mantling, as he spoke, with the changes of sentiment and emotion—the eye large and full, and if not charged with the lightning flash, yet beaming with intelligence—the voice strong, flexible, and slightly muffled, so as to impart a softer melody, without affecting its clearness. His port, as he spoke, was sometimes negligent—often admirable—evincing a proud consciousness of the superiority of his cause, or the power of his eloquence. His action in one respect was objectionable: he wielded his arms alternately and vehemently, without variety or grace, and spoke occasionally with his arms crossed. The first of living portrait-painters* has represented him in a frock coat, with his arms crossed, on the floor of Parliament. But though the likeness is perfect, the portrait wants historic attitude, aspect, and expression. The artist took the orator who could launch an epigram or a retort—when he might have gone so much higher. Possibly, this negligent action of Mr. Canning was indulged in to avoid the theatricalism of manner with which Lord Chatham was reproached; and which betrayed, too palpably, art and preparation in Sheridan. It had the effect, too, of giving an air of unpremeditated inspiration to his most calculated strokes, and passages of most elaborate splendour. But his delivery, on the whole, was at all times effective, and, with the occasion, impassioned and electrical.'—Memoir, pp. 177, 178.

But the powerful effect of Mr. Canning's oratory upon his hearers, lay not at all so much either in the art of delivery, the brilliancy of language, or yet in the ingenuity with which he wielded the mere weapons of debate, as in the straight-forward, uncompromising spirit in which he enforced his guiding principles of moral and political conduct. It was this bold declaration of his sentiments at all times, couched in elegant diction and supported by all the beautiful imagery and illustration of his learning and eloquence, that charmed the attention and commanded the admiration of his hearers: that gave to all that he uttered a deep personal interest which no general declamation could obtain, and associated the sentiments of the orator with the individual quali-

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'* Sir Thomas Lawrence.'

ties of the man. In this respect the consistency of his opinions throughout his whole public life, imparted a weight to his oratory, more impressive even than the splendour of his genius.

It is a striking characteristic of the elevated spirit of his eloquence, that there is scarcely one occasion of its display that does not unfold some great maxim of public morality, some great suggestion of honourable policy; and it is this circumstance which will render his speeches—like those of Burke—apart from strict questions of temporary, or even historical, interest—enduring records of political wisdom. This philosophical enlargement of his views was, indeed, regarded with suspicion by narrow and grovelling minds; as if it had been inconsistent with skill in the practical details of government and finance. But happily for his fame he has left, at least, one monument of his power of successful application to the most dry and perplexing questions of political economy; and his celebrated speech, in this collection, on the Bullion committee, in 1811, remains a model in its kind, for lucid statement and perspicuous reasoning. To this effort, on a subject foreign to his usual pursuits, there can be no doubt he was prompted by the ambition of proving an ability, like that of Pitt, for dealing with the most intricate matters of finance; and it is a just estimate of the speech before us, as well as the highest eulogy that can be passed upon it, that it 'contains all that has ever been urged with success in parliament, on the side of the bullionists, stated in the best manner, and recommended by all the captivating attractions of polished style, and copious and cogent illustration.'

The nice and jealous care of personal honour, which breathes through Mr. Canning's speeches, was another and not the least attractive auxiliary of his eloquence; and though he sometimes pushed this feeling to the culpable extreme of irritability, there can be no doubt that that quick sensitiveness which kindled at the slightest breath of insult, quelled the voice of insolence and malice, and inspired respect and affection in better minds. In himself, this feeling lit up his eloquence into the most brilliant animation, whenever a case arose that seemed to reflect on his individual conduct, or in which the consideration of his honour as a gentleman, could by possibility be implicated. Such was the strong emotion of his speech on his Lisbon embassy, in 1817, the indignant vehemence with which he spurned the imputation of being actuated by sordid motives in its acceptance, and the overwhelming flood of evidence and reasoning, with which he swept away every charge of the accusation. Such also, more strongly, was the energetic and triumphant justification and proof of the consistency of his principles, and the sacrifice of his personal interests, in his conduct respecting Catholic emancipation: a cause on which his best efforts were ever nobly concentrated, and in favour of which some of the most forcible, impressive, and convincing speeches in these volumes were delivered. On the bill, which he supported, for the suppression of Unlawful Societies in Ireland, in 1825, he felt called upon to defend himself against the unfair taunts of having deserted the interests of the Catholic cause; and his manly vindication, in the full narrative which he then gave of the whole course of his public life, on that question, is among the most interesting passages of his oratory.

'While that motion was depending, Mr. Perceval died; and his death produced from the remaining part of the administration, a proposal to me to come into office. The only question which I put on this occasion to my noble friend, (Lord Liverpool), who was the bearer of this proposal to me, was, whether the administration continued in the same determination with respect to the Catholic Question, which had been announced by Mr. Perceval and Lord Castlereagh, in a debate a few weeks before; which determination was, (I beg the House to recollect), to *resist*, as one man, the *consideration* of that question. I was answered, that that determination continued unaltered: and I refused to come intc office. Did I, by so refusing office, give any proof of subserviency to those vulgar inducements which the honourable baronet assumes to have so powerful an influence on every public man? Did I manifest a disposition to sacrifice my integrity to my interest, or—what would be less disgraceful, perhaps, though disgraceful enough—to my ambition?

'And yet, Sir, that refusal was not quite an ordinary effort. I had, at that moment, a temptation to take office, more powerful, perhaps, than I have felt at any other period of my political life. There are circumstances which excuse, in generous minds, a strong desire for power; and such, precisely, were the circumstances, under which office was now tendered to my acceptance. I had been secretary of state during the first years of the war in the Peninsula. I had been, in a measure, the author, and in this House the responsible defender, of that animating but difficult struggle. I had, therefore, gone through all the parliamentary contests which the disasters and reverses that attended the commencement of the Spanish war, called down upon the administration. I had borne the brunt of all the attacks, and buffeted all the storms, with which the opposition of that day had assailed us. Certainly, Sir, my opinions have never been altered, nor my hopes depressed, by the misfortunes of the early campaigns in Spain. I had anticipated, even in the hour of the deepest gloom, a brighter and more fortunate period, when the gale of fortune would yet set in gloriously and prosperously for the great cause in which we were embarked. In 1812, the prospect had begun to clear—victory attached itself to our standard—and the cause which I had so long advocated, under less auspicious circumstances, appeared to promise, even to less sanguine eyes, those brilliant results which ultimately crowned it. And, Sir, I desire to ask any man who hears me, and who has within him the heart of an English gentleman, animated by a just desire to serve his country, whether greater temptation to take office could possibly be held out to any one, than was at that time held out to me, at the very moment when I might have come in to reap the fruits of the harvest, which I had sown under the lowering atmosphere of distrust and discouragement, and the early and ungenial growth of which I had watched with such intense anxiety? At such a moment I was called to resume my station in the councils of my country: but the answer of the cabinet being what it was on the Catholic Question, I declined the call. Was this to sacrifice my conscience, and the Catholic cause, to the love of office?'—vol. v. pp. 366—368.

The candour of his subsequent admission of the pain which it had caused him, to forego another favourite object of ambition in the same cause, is not less interesting than the sacrifice was honourable to his consistency.

'Again, Sir, I feel that many apologies are due to the House, for thus trespassing on their patience in vindication of my character and motives from imputations, of which, if I know anything of my nature, I have some right to complain. But to be taunted with want of feeling for the Catholics—to be accused of compromising their interests, conscious as I am—as I cannot but be—of being entitled to their gratitude for a long course of services, and for the sacrifice to their cause of interests of my own—this is a sort of treatment, which would rouse even tameness itself to assert its honour, and vindicate its claims.

'I have shown that in the year 1812, I refused office rather than enter into an administration pledged against the Catholic Question. I did this at a time, when office would have been dearer to me than at any other period of my political life; when I would have given ten years of life for two years of office; not for any sordid or selfish purpose of personal aggrandisement, but for far other and higher views. But is this the only sacrifice which I have made to the Catholic cause? The House will perhaps bear with me a little longer (as it has already borne with me so long), while I answer this question by another fact.

'From the earliest dawn of my public life—aye, from the first visions of youthful ambition—that ambition had been directed to one object above all others. Before that object all others vanished into comparative insignificance; it was desirable to me beyond all the blandishments of power, beyond all the rewards and favours of the crown. That object was to represent in this House, the university in which I was educated. I had a fair chance of accomplishing this object, when the Catholic Question crossed my way. I was warned, fairly and kindly warned, that my adoption of that cause would blast my prospect. I adhered to the Catholic cause, and forfeited all my long cherished hopes and expectations. And yet I am told that I have made no sacrifice—that I have postponed the cause of the Catholics to views and interests of my own. Sir, the representation of the university has fallen into worthier hands. I rejoice with my right honourable friend (Mr. Peel) near me, in the high honour which he has obtained. Long may he enjoy the distinction, and long may it prove a source of reciprocal pride, to our parent university and to himself. Never till this hour have I stated, either in public or in private, the extent of this irretrievable sacrifice; but I have not felt it the less deeply. It is past, and I shall speak of it no more.

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'The honourable gentleman (Mr. John Smith) who opened the debate on the other side of the house, on the first day of this lengthened discussion, was pleased to ask of me in terms of great civility and kindness, whether I do not love popularity? Sir, I am not insensible to the good opinion of honourable men, such as him who put to me this question. I am not insensible to the good-will of an enlightened community. The man who disregards it, is not worthy to hold a high official station in a country which boasts a popular constitution. I have encountered too many of the vicissitudes of public life, not to know how to meet censures which I am conscious I do not deserve. On the other hand, I desire to retain popularity; but I would hold it honourably, or not at all. "*Laudo manentem;*" or, to use the more beautiful paraphrase of Dryden:—

> "I can applaud her—when she's kind;—
> But when she dances in the wind,
> And shakes her wings, and will not stay,—
> I puff the prostitute away."

Yes, Sir, I love, I covet, I enjoy popularity; but I will not court it by the surrender of my conscientious judgment, or by the sacrifice of my settled opinions.'—vol. v., pp. 377—382.

It is such passages as these, laying bare to us the whole heart of the orator—his private feelings, his aspirations, and the motives of his conduct—that will invest the eloquence of Canning with an enduring and intensely personal interest, which is possessed by no other remains of oratory, ancient or modern.

But it is impossible at any time—and more especially at this juncture—in studying the living memorials in the pages before us, of this great statesman's constant advocacy of Catholic emancipation, to sink the consideration of the enlightened friend of civil, religious liberty, in that of the mere orator. From the moment when, by introducing his bill for the removal of the Catholic disabilities in 1812, he took the lead in the cause, and obtained for it the most auspicious majority (of 129) by which it has ever been crowned, even to the last speech which he delivered in its support, only a few months before his death, his efforts and his principles in its maintenance were strenuous, persevering, and consistent. In one respect the modification of his views must fall in the present state of the question, with the weight of irresistible authority upon the minds of all those who are sincerely disposed to give a candid consideration to the subject. At first, more in the desire to calm the fears of those who were wrought upon with idle alarms by designing and bigoted men, than for any feeling of his own for the necessity of the measure, he would have consented to the enactment of securities for the Protestant ascendancy; but experience had no sooner convinced him that this cry and refusal of securities, was put forth only as a stumbling block of faction, to impede the whole measure of justice, than he abandoned it at once. With his firm and uncompromising spirit, which had so often spurned popularity and clamour, no temptation on earth would have induced him then to recede from his original point, if he had not the perfect conviction of its utility.

But on this, as on all other bearings of the question, his recorded sentiments yet remain, to inculcate his great example, and to enforce the conclusions of his wisdom. His services during his life, in the cause of the Catholics, were pre-eminent over those of any other individual among his most illustrious compeers; and he has bequeathed in these speeches the undying voice of his appeals, and the irresistible force of his arguments in the support of the same cause of humanity, policy, and justice. Happy had it been for the rights of six millions of his countrymen, if that voice could still be heard within the walls of the assembly, of which his genius was the brightest ornament: happy still will it be if, though that voice is for ever hushed in the silence of the tomb, the spirit which still lives in these immortal remains of his eloquence, animate the breasts, and kindle the generous emulation of those who survive him in the good struggle against intolerance and wrong.

Art. II.—*An Historical Inquiry into the Probable Causes of the Rationalist Character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany. To which is prefixed, a Letter from Professor Sack, on the Rev. H. J. Rose's Discourses.* By E. B. Pusey, M. A. Fellow of Oriel Coll. Oxford. London; Rivingtons. 8vo. pp. 186. 1828.

The first, and, at the same time, the most important, step taken by philosophy, under whatever form she appears, is the recognition of two separate principles in man; a corporeal and passive one, subjected as much to circumstance as any other material nature; and an actual and spiritual one, which owes its development not to the impulse, if we may so speak, of circumstances, but to the particular necessities of action which they create. The discovery of this truth has ever been the grand object to which human reason in its utmost perfection has looked: it has been the pursuit of men separated by the widest differences of opinion and study; has connected all the theories, speculations, and discoveries of learning into one vast system, and formed a sort of central point to which every ray of intellectual light has been attracted. The immortality of the soul, which is closely connected with this union of two opposite principles in one nature, has been made a dogma of the philosopher's creed, under various degrees of evidence; but the evidence which supported the belief was uniformly derived from the bold, or the persevering, efforts of reason: it was the golden fruit which the highest intellect alone could reap, and immortality itself seemed almost of less value than the glory of its demonstration. This mighty truth, the topmost in the scale of philosophical discoveries, and the first and lowest in the revelations of religion, is in itself as simple as it is sublime; but to prove it by the powers of the unassisted understanding; to search for, and bring together, the scattered testimonies of nature, requires the rarest accomplishments of mind and learning. In taking it, therefore, from the hidden things which belong to a few gifted intellects, and making it a truth which the humblest may be taught to enjoy, philosophy loses the bright and noble object which she pursued in her proudest career; the one which, of all others, is most calculated to inspire the greatest of her sons, and the desire of which gave a sort of sanctity to her name. There was something besides the intrinsic value of the truth, which made men love to speculate on the immortality of the soul, and other mysteries of our nature. The inquiry gave rise to notions that involved questions on which all the subtilty of the keenest wit might be constantly employed; it brought the imagination into action as the auxiliary of reason, and above all others, exalted the dignity of the human race. But these things belonged to the inquiry, and not to the *subject* itself, and the enjoyment of the truth—of the pure, simple truth, could have been felt only by a few of those most eager in the pursuit. The existence, consequently, of a religion which professes to declare on the testimony of God, the most important secrets of our nature and destiny, has not destroyed, nor could be expected to do it, the love of examining them by the light of natural reason. The activity, the busy curiosity, the conscious strength, the power and comprehension of the human mind, are the same now as they were when it had to battle in the dark with its self-created errors. It has lost nothing but the dimly-seen prize for which it struggled. It has the same internal impetus to bound forward, but it is told that the race has been run, and that its strength has been employed in vain. It is not to be wondered at, that the mind, constituted as it is, should, under these circumstances, be led into various errors by its misapprehension of the precise situation in which it now stands for the investigation of truth. The whole history of Christianity is full of details, which show that the active intellectuality of men's nature has been the greatest foe to the purity of its sublimest doctrines; that it has prompted some to reject it, because, as they viewed it, it presented few objects to excite them; and others, who allowed its divine origin, to mix its grand and simple doctrines with incongruous inventions.

In periods during which theologians have been the most powerful among the learned men of the age, and divinity has been regarded as the highest of sciences, the natural activity and waywardness of the mind has operated on religious truth, without any intermediate object. Bold and speculative men have amused themselves with its doctrines, and made the most essential ones submit to their opinions, while professing an entire resignation of private judgment. Schism and every variety of heterodoxy, have thus existed under auspices the most favourable to theological learning, and it has been thus clearly proved that it needs no foreign attack to bring Christianity into the lists with human reason. There is, however, a considerable difference between the effects produced by professed theologians, and men of science, when employed in speculations on religious truth. When the former apply themselves to the inquiry, there are many chances that it will end in the publication of some novel doctrine, or the renewal of some antiquated system, and a direct contest follows between the inventors of the new, and the defenders of the previously established opinions. The community are thus divided into sects and hostile churches, but the spirit which began the contest is still visible; it is not that which properly belongs to deep learning or philosophy, but one called into existence, and nurtured by principles of mind peculiar to men employed in the pursuit of theological truth; principles which are more actively engaged in the eliciting of minute particular points, than in unfolding the most general and important ones, and which, by being gradually called into action among the people, at length appear completely developed, under the forms of party zeal, or sectarian animosity.

The above is usually the case when learning is principally confined to ecclesiastics, and the spirit of inquiry takes its flight from amid the huge compilations of commentators or schoolmen The evil is not the result of an inquiry improperly pursued, but of an imperfect intellectual activity being employed on subjects that exhaust it without profit. The condition of a country long exposed to the strife of theological controversy, is the lowest into which it can be brought by the action of any moral cause. Anarchy in popular opinions, unsettles the standard of morality. A people accustomed to hear the various portions of their religion made the subject of disputation, will in a little time regard the whole as disputable; or by looking incessantly at the separate parts, will forget the beauty of the perfect system. Evils, therefore, there are many, and those of no slight importance, which belong to every age in which theology is studied as a polemical science, and it is necessary to bear this constantly in mind, while examining the tendencies of human philosophy to injure the purity, or lessen the power of religion. It shows the constant inclination of the mind to exercise its powers on the great mysteries of being, and that into whatever errors it may fall, it is not so much the opinions with which it sets out, as it is the inherent properties of its constitution, that make it err.

The times in which a speculative philosophy flourishes, are characterised by other signs, but are scarcely more marked by this decided propensity of our nature to inquire, independently of revelation, into the origin and destination of our being. In the case of theologians, or those professing to take all their philosophy from the literal teaching of the inspired books, they are amenable to a prescribed law of truth, and must, in a great measure, be content with the limits it sets. Philosophers who have not admitted any other power but their reason, to lay down rules, commence the investigation on broader grounds, and pursue it for a more general purpose. The errors into which they may fall are not the errors of an immature judgment, but of a too generalizing method of thought; not the mistakes of learning, overheated in the pursuit of its objects, but the erroneous conclusions of reason missing the foundation of its demonstrations.

Many questions have been agitated respecting the true province of reason, and the extent of its powers in matters of theology. They have generally ended on the one side by almost putting away its authority, and on the other by the denial of any higher principles of existence than it can discover. Prejudice, fanaticism and intolerance, have been found in far the greater number of controversies thus concluded, and it would be difficult to say on which side lies the greater sin against mankind. How it happens that any evils of this nature exist, may be easily explained. Reason, it is contended by some parties, is the undoubted judge of the evidence on which religion bases its original claims to respect. But the disbeliever is not content with examining the external proofs of revelation, and finding them consistent according to the law of evidence. He requires an explanation of every difficulty which he meets, and ranks under the class of difficulties, every circumstance and principle not harmonising with his preconceptions. The opposite character, on the contrary, although he allows reason the right of judging respecting evidence, will not allow it to decide on the proper province of evidence—on what is, and what is not, to be made the subject of examination by evidence. Both, consequently, have erred: the one from forgetting that truth being only demonstrable when the objects compared are clearly and fully seen, which cannot be the case as to many of those with which religion is conversant; and the other from neglecting a very important consideration, namely, that although many things are to be believed, and received with implicit reverence, which are not within the pale of human philosophy, yet, the faith, the principle on which these super-rational mysteries are to be received and trusted in, is itself a fair and proper object of philosophical contemplation. The subjects of faith are, by their very nature, incomprehensible; but faith is the result of certain intellectual principles, wrought upon by particular agents, and both the principles and the agents may be recognised and understood, or faith would be an unintelligible and unmeaning word.

Bearing the above considerations in mind, we come to the true explanation of the circumstances which have involved German theology in such a cloud of mystery and confusion. There was first an age of bold, intense and overpowering excitement, which produced a long series of momentous effects. This was followed by one distinguished for the violent spirit of polemical theology, which engrossed all the most vigorous minds of the day; to this succeeded a period of scepticism, not of the scepticism of overwrought reason, the disbelief which disturbs a noble mind, that has grasped at too much to find all it has embraced, substance, but a cold and supercilious scepticism, loving nothing, fearing nothing, venerating nothing; a scepticism which took the name of philosophy, but was, in reality, a part of the system of popular politics which would own nothing in man, that lifted him higher than the world. But this state of things could not remain long. The human mind can no more rest satisfied with such principles, than it can continue for any length of time in inactivity. Men of a deep and original turn of thought arose; theology, though not near being restored to its proper dignity as a science founded on revelation, was freed from the perversions of little sectarian disputants; and philosophy, uniting with it, as but another branch of the same divine study, a vast sphere of contemplation has been opened to minds of every character. For some it is too profound, and they see nothing but mystery, which fills them with distrust. Some have sought a clue to the mighty labyrinth in the convolutions of man's being, and others have imagined it may be discovered in the universality, the *prima philosophia* of nature. A few remain who, without leaving the plain and obvious track of theological learning, have brought to the pursuit great talents and industry. But they are not sufficiently numerous to exercise any important influence on the state of theology generally: greatly superior, however, is its condition under these circumstances, to its state when either the mere rationalists or the pietists held it in subjection to their several systems. Whatever may be the errors of Kant's philosophy, he and those who have taken his theory as the ground-work of their own, have, it is generally considered by the most learned men in Germany, done considerable good by giving birth to higher views of our moral nature, and thereby making way for a more spiritual understanding of Christianity. Professor Sack, who is minister of the evangelical church of Bonn, and with whom Mr. Pusey became intimately acquainted during his residence in Germany, has fully shewn the improved condition of theological science, in his letter to our author. He has very clearly demonstrated the errors of Mr. Rose's popular work on the subject, and in doing this has given a succinct view of the most important points in this interesting question. Of the present prospects of theology, the professor thus speaks, after blaming Mr. Rose for not having paid more attention to the progress of German religious opinion, through its different forms.

'If, then, this point of view be adhered to, that all German innovations in theology, discharged themselves principally in two main channels—the one in which scientific clearness and freedom were the object of honest exertion; the other, in which an inward indisposition toward the peculiar character of the Christian religion, moulded the yet uncompleted results of historical investigation, with a shallow philosophy, into an unconnected revolting commixture of naturalism and popular philosophy, all the phenomena in the history of theology will be sufficiently explained. That better race of authors, for the most part too little acquainted with the principles of the science of scriptural interpretation, and the defence of religion, committed, indeed, many an error, but with a chastened judgment they again struck back into the right path. It was natural that they should occasionally fail, at first sight, to recognize the shallowness and pervertedness of inquiries of the second sort; and that to a certain degree, participating in the fascination with which the spirit of that time had invested every species of tolerance, they should expose themselves to the injustice by which their purer endeavours were subsequently confounded with those of the deistic naturalist—an injustice frequently practised in these times in a crying manner, not by Romanists only, but by Protestants of too exclusive a system of theology. And now that this better sort of temperate, religiously disposed, and scientific inquirers have gained a better basis, rule and method, partly through their own more enlarged acquaintance with the province of their science (to which belongs also the acknowledgment of its limits), partly through the exertions of decided apologists and apologetic doctrinal writers; partly, and not least, through the endeavours of a deeper philosophy; and lastly, in part through the religious stimulus caused by momentous political events; now, also, that studies in ecclesiastical history, alike deep in their characters and pure in their point of view, have quickened the sight for discerning the essence of Christianity; our German theology is attaining a pure and scientific character, which it could not have acquired so unfettered, and in such full consciousness, without first discharging itself of those baser elements.

'Much is yet left to be done, much to clear away, but the more that genuine apologetic and hermeneutic principles, derived from the nature of belief and of thought, possess themselves of the mind, the more will those falsifying theories of accommodation, those wretched explanations of miracles, those presumptuous critical hypotheses, give place to a perspicuous view of the essence of divine revelation, to a living understanding of the prophetic and apostolic writings, and, consequently, to a purer exposition of the main doctrines of Christianity. You must not allow this hope to be obscured by what you may have seen of the struggles of supernaturalism and rationalism, or perhaps may read, most obnoxiously exhibited in several of our periodical works. Within the province of proper theology, this contest is not so important as it often appears, and the more it developes itself the less lasting can it be; inasmuch as an independent rationalism is irreconcileable with the very idea of Christian theology, and a bare supernaturalism, which goes no further than what its name expresses, does not contain the slightest portion of the substance and doctrines of Christianity. If, then, it is true, that through a genuine study of scriptural interpretation and of history, a better theology has begun to find place among us, the distracting influence which this conflict exerts, must of necessity here also be gradually diminished; on the other hand, it will probably continue, possibly yet more develope itself, in the more direct province of religion, in philosophy and in politics, where, amid many a struggle and many an alteration, it may systematise itself in the contrast of a religious, and of an atheistic, and of a sincere, and of an hypocritical character of thought—and then again from the various points of mutual contact, unavoidably re-act upon theology. This danger is, however, no other than that to which the English episcopal, nay, even the Romanist, and indeed every part of the Christian church, is exposed; and this disease, thus universal to mankind, may indeed delay, but cannot preclude, the restoration of German theology, derived from the genuine sources of philological and historical investigation, combined with that experience in faith which brings the mind and heart in vivid contact with them.'—Professor Sack's Letter, pp. 9—11.

The great object of Mr. Pusey's essay, is the illustration of the professor's observations, by an historical detail of the various revolutions which have taken place in the religion of Germany. He has commenced with the period immediately succeeding the reformation, and described with great accuracy the real state of religious opinion among the different parties into which the promoters of the new doctrines were divided. A less promising prospect of eventual good could hardly be conceived. The discourses of the pulpit soon degenerated into a sort of textual anatomy. Students in theology were employed on nothing but in learning definitions, or in writing theses on the most useless points of divinity.

The changes which subsequently took place, and introduced the opinions which have been distinguished by the name of Pietism, was brought about chiefly by the means of Spencer, a man of the deepest and purest religious feeling, but who appears to have wanted the learning and moral firmness necessary to the situation which he occupied.

The religious state of Germany, while the principles he had inculcated remained in full force, presented a curious contrast to that of the period preceding; but the history of public opinion has no passage more interesting than that which describes the contest which was carried on between philosophy and the theological systems then introduced. The opinions of Wolf were at first strongly opposed by the Pietists, but they were afterwards introduced into theology, and thus prepared the way for other changes which speedily followed, and ended in the almost universal prevalence of infidelity. Few, however, as were the men of learning that remained as the advocates of Christianity, they were sufficient to keep the ground open for the seed, whenever it should be brought to it. But the present better prospects of religion in Germany seem to be owing to the higher systems of philosophy which have been introduced, rather than to the labours of theologians. On this part of the subject, we refer to Mr. Pusey's own words :—

'The latest form of rationalism established itself as the result of these systems; but from these same systems has its untenableness, both in its positive and negative sides, been beyond all question established; and in its strictest contrast to revelation, it has nearly disappeared. The support which it before claimed for its positive contents, from speculation, or from "sound human reason," has been withdrawn, by the overthrow of the Wolfian and popular philosophy; the most of its adherents built, therefore (though in a very different spirit from its excellent author), on the principle of Jacobi—on consciousness as the source of knowledge in divine things, and thereby disabled themselves from effectually attacking the believer in revelation or from defending themselves against the Pantheist. Of the believer in revelation, they could no longer require that he should establish by reason, truths which lie beyond reason; since they confessed themselves, that they could not establish by reason, free-agency, human personality, &c., which they yet continued to hold. The Pantheist, on the other hand, maintained against the rationalist, as he did against the believer in revelation, that the unproved truths of the deist were merely the product of subjective self-deception, derived from the ascription of human qualities and human feelings to the Deity. The shallowness of his conceptions of moral evil, which produced his denial both of the original declension of man, and of the necessity of the means for his restoration, which Christianity contains, were exposed by the system of Kant. The anthropomorphic views of God, as a mechanical contriver of the world, which, like the human author of a machine, he was imagined subsequently to have left, to carry on the work for which it was designed (on which views, the distinctions between the mediate and immediate agency of God, the so-called interruptions of the laws of nature, &c., and the consequent criticisms of revelation were founded), were annihilated by the philosophy of Schelling. The rest of the system of rationalism was too mere an abstraction of Christianity, deprived of its radiancy and warmth, long to endure; its criticisms of revelation, the same as those which our invaluable Butler has shewn can be consistently urged only by the Atheist or the Pantheist. That milder form, which, according to the scholastic distinction, admits things above, but not those contrary to human reason, rather incidentally and occasionally, than in its own nature, agrees with the pure Rationalism, and stands within or without scriptural Christianity, according as the Christian doctrines appear to each individual who adopts it, contrary or not to that reason: but even among those who, on this ground, yet remain strangers to the main Christian doctrines, there exists, in very many at least, that deep moral earnestness, which must in time bring them to their acknowledgment.

'The final issue of this great development is yet too incomplete, the extensive re-animation of a living Christianity too recent, the degrees in, and the forms under, which it has often been restored, too various to allow a stranger now to pronounce upon either the causes or the extent of that restoration, or to express any opinions upon the individuals who have been, under Providence, the means of that restoration. From the very advanced state of theological education in Germany, a vast influence is at all times in active agency, of which no conception can be formed, either from its printed literature, or from a residence at a limited number of universities. By far the largest portion of German theology is a floating capital; so that no just estimate can be made from the printed works of any theologian, of the extent or variety of his usefulness, while a great proportion will always remain, who are the instruments of a widely diffused blessing, to which their embodied theology bears not the remotest proportion. Still more difficult is it for a stranger, especially for one who has only witnessed, in his own country, a scrupulous adherence to a received system, to see how far much which is contrary to his own views may not only not be injurious, but, in a different state of things, even beneficial to the essentials of Christianity. Much that appears to be dangerous in a system, which has not been in all its parts deeply examined, is found in a more advanced stage to be useful or necessary: the wind which might be fatal within a narrow channel, serves only to bear onward more prosperously in its way, the vessel which has taken a freer and a bolder course.'—pp. 171—174.

The consequences of this revolution in philosophy, bearing strongly, as it always must do, on the religious opinions of intellectual men, are very evident. Doctrines of materialism and expediency, wherever they prevail, must inevitably blight every germ of spiritual or high philosophical truth. Those which tend to separate it from mere forms and present interests, if they lead not at once to Christian belief, are in harmony with its sublime spirit and tendency.

We have to observe, in conclusion, that this intelligently written work, although glancing too rapidly over many points which might and ought to have been more fully discussed, contains the best account of the true state of religion in Germany, which the English reader can obtain. Mr. Pusey is neither a bigot, a sectarian, nor a metaphysician, farther than metaphysics have taught him to look philosophically on human nature and its history. The stay he made in Germany, little more than a year, was by far too short to allow him all the advantages he required, for the closer and more perfect inspection of the objects which attracted his attention. But so far as his opportunities of observation enabled him, he successfully studied the subject he had undertaken to investigate; and in giving the results to the public, he has conferred no small benefit on the religious inquirer. No subject is more hidden from readers in general, than every thing respecting German philosophy and German theology. The one is regarded only as an incomprehensible mass of obscure visions, and the other as distinguishable for nothing but its unlikeness to Christianity. When viewed at a distance, or through imperfect mediums, it is easy to suppose that this must be the case, even with men of some degree of reflection. But offering, as do the present systems of German philosophical belief, some of the most remarkable phenomena of mental discovery, it is of importance that just ideas should be given of the real state of religion and moral science, where such opinions are prevalent. When properly examined, even without any very laborious or lengthened investigation of particulars, many interesting inferences may be drawn, which will throw light on most of the subjects that are of the greatest importance to us, in our several relations of human, responsible, and immortal beings. The advice, therefore, which Professor Sack has given to young English theologians, to visit Germany, and make the present condition of religion there a part of their initiatory studies, is well deserving of attention. We do not exactly agree with him as to their paying this visit during their noviciate; for, knowing as we do the literary character of the younger part of the English clergy generally, we fear they would want considerable drilling, before they could be deemed fit for the Professor's lowest divinity class. But that it would be of service not only to the ministers of religion in this but in other countries, we have no doubt; and we shall be glad when the time comes for an intercommunication of the kind.

We should look with pleasure on any further labours of Mr. Pusey, on the useful subject he has taken up; and cordially advise him to prosecute his inquiries in the same liberal but serious and philosophical spirit with which he has commenced the investigation.

Art. III.—*Mexico in* 1827. By H. G. Ward, Esq., his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in that Country, during the Years 1825, 1826, and part of 1827. In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

Few gentlemen of whom we happen to have any knowledge, could have undertaken to describe the present, or rather the recent condition of Mexico, with fairer prospects of success than Mr. Ward. A diplomatic apprenticeship of four years in Spain, had initiated him at an early period of his life, in the habits of careful observation, and dispassionate inquiry. Accuracy in collecting facts, coolness in comparing them, and sagacity in deriving from them those general inferences which lead to the knowledge of national resources and character, are among the first qualifications acquired by the diplomatic aspirant, if he be, as undoubtedly Mr. Ward is, a person of education and intelligence. His service in the Peninsula rendered him acquainted, not only with the current language of Mexico, but with the models upon which its manners and customs, its social virtues and vices, and all its religious, some of its political, and most of its civil institutions, were formed. To him scarcely any thing could have appeared novel, save the mineral riches, and the external aspect of the country. It must have appeared to him, as if he had only been traversing a province in Spain which he had not visited before, diversified only by a less beautiful sky, by the appearance of a swarthy race of Indians, of majestic mountains, and of a few more gaily painted birds than he had seen in the Castiles or Andalusia. But he would discover scarcely any difference in other respects. He would be as much at home with the people on the day that he landed on their coast, as after three years' residence in their capital.

Besides, his situation, first as commissioner, and next as British Chargé d'Affaires, opened to him without any difficulty, every circle of society which he might choose to cultivate. It gave him unlimited facilities for acquiring information on all points worth examination. Not only had he the English consuls to assist him, but every English merchant settled in Mexico. His office placed him in immediate contact with the individuals vested with the sovereign authority of the federation, through whom he had every possible opportunity of pushing his investigations, without the danger of resistance, or even of suspicion, and of having them answered with all the copiousness and certainty, which the faculties of government could command.

Nevertheless, with all these facilities which Mr. Ward possessed to the greatest possible extent; with all his knowledge of the language and manners of Spain; with all his experience of practical observation, and his undoubted abilities, he has contrived to produce two of the most oppressive and unreadable volumes which we have ever encountered. They form together upwards of thirteen hundred pages, arranged with great method into books and sections; and it must be admitted, that they contain a mass of information upon the geological structure, climate, population, productions, history, government, revenue and mines of Mexico, which cannot be found in any other single work—not even excepting that of Baron Humboldt. Mr. Ward may unquestionably claim the merit of having supplied a very useful appendix to many chapters in the Essai Politique, of that celebrated traveller. But he has caught very little of the fine captivating spirit of philosophy, which pervades all the productions of that admirable writer. He follows him, indeed, in his figures and his calculations, his measurements of mountains, and his estimates of population; but he has failed to learn from his great model, how to mix solid and austere knowledge with the common and daily interests of life; and to diversify dissertations on commerce, and law, and agriculture, with episodes of personal adventure, bearing about them all the charms of romance.

We ought, perhaps, to make some allowance for the peculiar difficulties of Mr. Ward's situation. Although as a minister, his intercourse with public men, and his acquaintance with the political history of Mexico, must have enabled him to record in his private journal, a great variety of authentic anecdotes and facts of more than ordinary interest and importance, yet, from the nature of his office, he was necessarily precluded from publishing them to the world. They were to him 'forbidden ground.' Had he indulged in that most common, and not less instructive and amusing privilege of travellers—that of giving portraits of the leading characters of the country which is the subject of his work, he might, indeed, have given greater variety to its pages; but he would most certainly have risked the displeasure, both of the government which employed him, and of that to which he was accredited. His real "personal narrative" would be found only in his dispatches. In those papers he would detail all the difficulties, for instance, which he and his colleague, Mr. Morier, had to overcome in the negociation of the commercial treaty between Great Britain and Mexico; and we own, that if he had given it to us, we should have read the account of that proceeding with the most lively attention. But this was 'forbidden ground.' Again, it is notorious, that Mr. Ward had much trouble during his mission, in watching and counteracting the intrigues of Mr. Poinsett, the North American envoy, who exerted himself with an ultra-national zeal, in order to acquire for his government a preponderating influence in the councils and interests of the Mexican republic.

In one or two instances, if we be not mistaken, the two ministers were placed in a sort of personal contact, which left no very agreeable impressions on either side. We confess that we did expect some notes, at least, on these passages, in Mr. Ward's diplomatic career. He has not, however, alluded to them in the slightest manner. They were 'forbidden ground;' and had it not been for the newspapers, we should never have known a syllable about them.

Hence we see, that although a British minister, deputed to a foreign state, may enjoy more ample opportunities for acquiring information concerning that state than any other stranger, yet he is, from his office, under the necessity of suppressing so disproportionate a share of his materials, that any work he may write for the world must be composed of the commonest details, which are accessible to every body. It must be a work remarkable only for its *reticences*, and therefore devoid of all those attractions which might render it animated and popular. Indeed Mr. Ward is studiously delicate and discreet upon this point. With the exception of that portion of his volumes which contains the results of his personal inquiries into the actual condition of the Mexican mines, and the value of which, to persons interested in that subject, we are far from wishing to underrate, Mr. Ward has added little to the information already to be found in a more engaging form in the "Espagnol," in the productions of Humboldt, Bustamante, Robinson, Brackenbridge, and other authors. He has, it is true, concentrated in his publication much of the matter which is spread over their volumes; some of it also he has corrected, but the whole he has conveyed in so didactic and formal a manner, that however useful his work may be found as a manual for miners and ministers, it will, we fear, never obtain for Mr. Ward any very distinguished reputation in the republic of letters.

The world pretty well knew before he wrote it, that the population of the Mexican republic consisted of upwards of eight millions of inhabitants, and that if that number were doubled, nay quadrupled, the natural productions of its soil, embracing, as they do, by far the largest share of the mineral and vegetable treasures of the New World, would be more than sufficient to support them. On the present and future importance of such a country, both in a commercial and political point of view, it were now superfluous to comment. It would be equally unnecessary to allay the fears of those timid speculators, who still apprehend that the Mexicans are likely to be restored to the rule of Spain. She has not a single piece of artillery, not even a sabre, throughout the whole of their extensive territory. Her flag, which waved for three centuries, and announced her unresisted dominion, over them, dare not now even approach their shores. Indeed the wonder is, looking back at the history of their insurrection, not that they have succeeded so soon in asserting their independence, but that they did not achieve it much sooner. It is the fashion, with a certain party in this country, to decry the new republics of Spanish America, and to vilify the memory of Mr. Canning for having recognised them. His policy was no more than this—that he saw at once the progress which those countries had made, and that even if it were the interest of England to oppose their freedom, she had not the power to accomplish any such object. Mr. Ward has inserted in the Appendix to his first volume, a document which he found in the work of Bustamante, and of the authenticity of which no doubt can be entertained, which contains within a brief compass, a great mass of information on this subject. We recommend it particularly to the perusal of Lord Strangford and Lord Aberdeen, and all our other noble diplomatists who have any predilection for the doctrines of Prince Metternich. They will there find the viceroy Calleja, reporting in a confidential letter to the Minister of War, that so early as the year 1813, he had every reason to apprehend that Mexico would be "irrecoverably lost," to the Spanish crown. He lays it down as a fact which in his own language constituted "the corner stone of his argument," that "the great majority of the natives of Mexico," was even at that time "decidedly in favour of insurrection and independence." "The insurrection," he adds in another place, "is so deeply impressed and rooted in the heart of every American, that nothing but the most energetic measures, supported by an imposing force, can ever eradicate it." Yet is this Mexico among the republics which Lord Strangford censures Mr. Canning for having acknowledged, nearly ten years after Calleja's report was written!

It must be admitted that the financial difficulties in which the new republics are unhappily involved, must for a while throw a certain degree of discredit upon them. True also it is, that there has been, as yet, little of apparent stability in their institutions, and that there have been many revolutions in the composition of their governments. But national wealth is the creature only of internal tranquillity, and it was impossible to expect that countries where so many and such violent changes were effected, could all at once settle down in the enjoyment of contentedness and peace. On this subject we fully agree in the sensible remarks of our author.

'To throw off the yoke, in the first instance, was a task comparatively easy: but to re-organise society after the dissolution of all earlier ties, to curb passions once let loose, to give to any party, or system, a decided ascendancy, where claims, (or pretensions) were equal, and superior talent rare—this was an art which nothing but experience could teach; that nothing, at least, but the most bitter experience has ever been known to teach, in the annals of mankind.

'Fourteen years of anarchy and bloodshed, have brought the Americans to something more like unity of plan, and will, probably, give stability to the system which they have, with some slight modifications, universally adopted. With regard to their independence, the question has long been decided; differences of opinion may exist upon other points, but, upon this, unanimity certainly prevails; and I believe that any hostile demonstration on the part of Spain, would, every where, be found a sovereign remedy for domestic feuds. These feuds too, however embarrassing in their effects, ought to be rather matter of regret, than surprise, to those who reflect that no nation has ever yet attained any reasonable portion of civil liberty without them. They are a part of that fearful process, by which it appears that, while human nature remains what it is, abuses, even when past endurance, can alone be corrected. Our own history, as well as that of our neighbours, attests this melancholy truth; and, after the lapse of more than a century, the party distinctions of the day still bespeak the fury of the party-spirit of our ancestors. The same scene, modified only by differences of climate, and rendered less interesting by the want of early education amongst the principal actors, is now representing in the New World. The struggle, like every one in which the passions of the people are engaged, has been accompanied by its usual attendants, bloodshed and desolation; but humanity may console itself with the hope that the storm is now gone by, and that future prosperity, however dearly purchased, will afford a compensation for all past sufferings.'—vol. i., pp. 147—149.

Mr. Ward's *precis* of the Mexican revolution is, perhaps, the best written portion of his work. It deals only with facts, the truth of which seems to be well ascertained, and it conveys them in a very impartial manner. They are already so well known, that we need not even allude to them. We believe his account of General Victoria's early career, wild and improbable as it may appear, to be in the main correct. We had already heard it from a quarter not very friendly to the warrior, though by no means hostile to the man. We shall present it as a curiosity to the reader.

'In the course of the year 1816, most of his old soldiers fell: those by whom he replaced them had neither the same enthusiasm, nor the same attachment to his person. The zeal with which the inhabitants had engaged in the cause of the revolution was worn out: with each reverse their discouragement increased, and, as the disastrous accounts from the interior left them but little hope of bringing the contest to a favourable issue, the villages refused to furnish any farther supplies; the last remnant of Victoria's followers deserted him, and he was left absolutely alone. Still his courage was unsubdued, and his resolution not to yield, on any terms, to the Spaniards, unshaken. He refused the ranks and rewards which Apodaca proffered as the price of his submission, and determined to seek an asylum in the solitude of the forests, rather than accept the *indulto*, on the faith of which so many of the insurgents yielded up their arms. This extraordinary project was carried into execution with a decision highly characteristic of the man. Unaccompanied by a single attendant, and provided only with a little linen, and a sword, Victoria threw himself into the mountainous district which occupies so large a portion of the province of Veracruz, and disappeared to the eyes of his countrymen. His after history is so extremely wild, that I should hardly venture to relate it here, did not the unanimous evidence of his countrymen confirm the story of his sufferings, as I have often heard it from his own mouth.

'During the first few weeks, Victoria was supplied with provisions by the Indians, who all knew and respected his name; but Apodaca was so apprehensive that he would again emerge from his retreat, that a thousand men were ordered out, in small detachments, literally to hunt him down. Wherever it was discovered that a village had either received him, or relieved his wants, it was burnt without mercy; and this rigour struck the Indians with such terror, that they either fled at the sight of Victoria, or were the first to denounce the approach of a man, whose presence might prove so fatal to them. For upwards of six months, he was followed like a wild beast by his pursuers, who were often so near him, that he could hear their imprecations against himself, and Apodaca too, for having condemned them to so fruitless a search. On one occasion, he escaped a detachment, which he fell in with unexpectedly, by swimming a river, which they were unable to cross; and on several others, he concealed himself, when in the immediate vicinity of the royal troops, beneath the thick shrubs, and creepers, with which the woods of Veracruz abound. At last a story was made up, to satisfy the Viceroy, of a body having been found, which had been recognized as that of Victoria. A minute description was given of his person, which was inserted officially in the Gazette of Mexico, and the troops were recalled to more pressing labours in the interior.

'But Victoria's trials did not cease with the pursuit: harassed, and worn-out, by the fatigues which he had undergone, his clothes torn to pieces, and his body lacerated by the thorny underwood of the Tropics, he was indeed allowed a little tranquillity, but his sufferings were still almost incredible: during the summer, he managed to subsist upon the fruits of which nature is so lavish in those climates; but in winter he was attenuated by hunger, and I have heard him repeatedly affirm, that no repast has afforded him so much pleasure since, as he experienced, after being long deprived of food, in gnawing the bones of horses, or other animals, that he happened to find dead in the woods. By degrees he accustomed himself to such abstinence, that he, could remain four, and even five days, without tasting any thing but water, without experiencing any serious inconvenience; but whenever he was deprived of sustenance for a longer period, his sufferings were very acute.* For thirty months he never tasted bread, nor saw a human being, nor thought, at times, ever to see one again. His clothes were reduced to a single wrapper of cotton, which he found one day, when driven by hunger he had approached nearer than usual to some Indian huts, and this he regarded as an inestimable treasure.

'The mode in which Victoria, cut off, as he was, from all communication with the world, received intelligence of the revolution of 1821, is hardly less extraordinary than the fact of his having been able to support existence amidst so many hardships, during the intervening period.

'When in 1818 he was abandoned by all the rest of his men, he was asked by two Indians, who lingered with him to the last, and on whose fidelity he knew that he could rely, if any change took place, where he wished them to look for him? He pointed, in reply, to a mountain at some distance, and told them that, on that mountain, perhaps, they might

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'* When first I knew General Victoria, at Veracruz, in 1823, he was unable to eat above once in twenty-four, or even thirty-six hours; and even now, though he conforms with the usual hours of his countrymen, with regard to meals, he is one of the most abstemious of men.'

find his bones. His only reason for selecting it, was its being particularly rugged, and inaccessible, and surrounded by a forest of vast extent.

‘The Indians treasured up this hint, and as soon as the first news of Iturbide's declaration reached them, they set out in quest of Victoria: they separated on arriving at the foot of the mountain, and employed six whole weeks in examining the woods with which it was covered; during this time, they lived principally by the chase; but finding their stock of maize exhausted, and all their efforts unavailing, they were about to give up the attempt, when one of them discovered, in crossing a ravine, which Victoria occasionally frequented, the print of a foot, which he immediately recognized to be that of an European. By European, I mean of European descent, and consequently accustomed to wear shoes, which always give a difference of shape to the foot, very perceptible to the eye of a native. The Indian waited two days upon the spot; but seeing nothing of Victoria, and finding his supply of provisions quite at an end, he suspended upon a tree, near the place, four tortillas, or little maize cakes, which were all he had left, and set out for his village, in order to replenish his wallets, hoping that if Victoria should pass in the mean time, the tortillas would attract his attention, and convince him that some friend was in search of him.

‘His little plan succeeded completely: Victoria, on crossing the ravine, two days afterwards, perceived the maize cakes, which the birds had fortunately not devoured. He had then been four whole days without eating, and upwards of two years without tasting bread; and he says, himself, that he devoured the tortillas before the cravings of his appetite would allow him to reflect upon the singularity of finding them on this solitary spot, where he had never before seen any trace of a human being. He was at a loss to determine, whether they had been left there by a friend, or foe; but feeling sure that whoever had left them intended to return, he concealed himself near the place, in order to observe his motions, and to take his own measures accordingly.

‘Within a short time the Indian returned; Victoria instantly recognized him, and abruptly started from his concealment, in order to welcome his faithful follower; but the man, terrified at seeing a phantom covered with hair, emaciated, and clothed only with an old cotton wrapper, advancing upon him with a sword in his hand, from amongst the bushes, took to flight; and it was only on hearing himself repeatedly called by his name, that he recovered his composure sufficiently to recognize his old general. He was affected beyond measure at the state in which he found him, and conducted him instantly to his village, where Victoria was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The report of his re-appearance spread, like lightning, through the province, where it was not credited at first, so firmly was every one convinced of his death; but as soon as it was known that Guadelupe Victoria was indeed in existence, all the old insurgents rallied around him. In an incredibly short time, he induced the whole province, with the exception of the fortified towns, to declare for independence, and then set out to join Iturbide, who was, at that time, preparing for the siege of Mexico.’—vol. i., pp. 228—234.

Mr. Ward's history of the rise and fall of Iturbide is very scanty. As far as it goes it is unobjectionable. We only regret that he does not afford us more information concerning the reign, brief though it was, of one of the most extraordinary men whom the New World has yet produced.

In the history of the Mexican revolution, nothing perhaps has appeared more unaccountable than the active part taken in it by the lower ranks of the clergy. Mr. Ward explains this matter very satisfactorily. The Parochial clergy were chiefly, if not exclusively, Creoles; and they were treated by Spain with the same degree of jealousy as their countrymen in general. The dignities of the church were all conferred on Spaniards, who filled the bishoprics, the deaneries, and the chapters of the different cathedrals. 'It is true,' observes Mr. Ward, in a tone of liberality unusual in a Protestant writer, 'that some of these new dignitaries displayed a spirit truly apostolical: while others have left monuments of their munificence, which proved that they regarded their revenues, not as a patrimony, but as held in trust for the benefit of their adopted country.' He here alludes particularly to the establishment of hospitals, which was general in all the bishoprics, and to the construction of the aqueduct of Valladolid, the splendid work of one of the bishops of that see. But still they were Spaniards; they were a privileged class, and they held their stations to the exclusion of the native clergy. Human nature is the same in every profession. This principle of exclusion it was that urged the curate Hidalgo to commence the insurrection, in which so many of his clerical brethren subsequently participated, and perished. Upon the subject of reform in the church, Mr. Ward has offered a few remarks, which appear to us to have been dictated by a very sound judgment, aided no doubt by the experience which he acquired during his residence in Spain :—

'It is much to be desired that the Congress may persevere in the prudent course which it has hitherto pursued; for in the States, unfortunately, the cause of reform has fallen into the hands of men, who, irritated at the abuses which have been committed under the cloak of religion, are inclined to attribute to the creed the faults of those who profess to teach it, and wish to fly at once from superstition to atheism*. Throughout the bishoprics on the western coast this feeling is very prevalent; and in Jalisco especially, it is a favourite axiom of the liberal party, that, until the present church system be radically changed, the new institutions can never take a firm root.

'Nothing can be more mistaken, in my opinion, than this idea; or less suited to the habits and feelings of the people. It is by pruning and weeding, and not by destroying both root and branch, that salutary reforms

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'* No one who has followed the course of events in the Peninsula during the years 1820, 1821, and 1822, will deny that the feeling of hostility towards the Constitution, which always existed, increased in a tenfold ratio, from the day that the Cortes turned forty thousand monks and friars loose upon the country, on a badly-paid pension, to propagate their opinions amongst the lower classes, as the only means of avoiding starvation.'

may be effected. For these, as I have already stated, there is ample room; but if the changes proposed do not exceed the establishment of a necessary degree of independence in the Mexican church—the equalization (or more equal distribution) of its revenues, and the diminution of those excessive church or surplice fees, now exacted by the parochial clergy,—Mexican clergymen may be found (and these, men of the highest respectability), not only capable of directing, but desirous to introduce them, even at the expense of individual sacrifices, the necessity of which they acknowledge.

'The vacancy of the principal bishoprics affords an opening, which will probably be taken advantage of; and should the overgrown revenues of some of the dioceses be cut down, and appropriated to the support of the poorer clergy, I am inclined to think that the measure, in lieu of being opposed, would meet with very general approbation. At all events, a general coalition against it (which might be dangerous) is not to be apprehended.

'The clergy are divided amongst themselves: besides the great leading distinction of Old Spaniards and Natives, the interests of the parochial clergy are at variance, not only with those of the convents, but also with those of the cathedral chapters; and this circumstance is particularly favourable to moderate reform. Beyond this point, I sincerely hope that no innovations will be attempted; for a national church ought to be respectably supported; and if this be done, the clergy will gain, in real and beneficial influence, all that they lose in an unnatural political importance, which they ought not to wish to retain.'—vol. i., pp. 348—350.

There are other countries in which the pruning hand of reform might, we apprehend, be applied with similar chances of success. With respect to religion, it is well known that in theory a certain degree of intolerance prevails in the general constitution of the Federation. In some of the States, however, the principle of exclusion has been considerably modified; and there is little doubt that it will cease altogether to be acted upon, in the course of a few years. Indeed, we have already the assertion of Mr. Ward, that, upon 'every question connected with religion, the executive has shewn the greatest attention to the complaints of foreigners, and has given them every protection and every facility that it was possible, under present circumstances, to allow of. I know not one, but many instances, in which the personal influence, both of the president and of the ministers, has been exerted with the most beneficial effects; and I cannot but think that this example, seconded as it is by the wishes of all the better informed Mexicans, both in the capital and in the states, will very speedily produce such a change in the feelings of the community at large upon this subject, as will enable the legislature, by a national act, to dispense with restrictions which are completely at variance with the spirit of all the other institutions in the country.'

Our author has entered into very elaborate details concerning the expenditure and income of Mexico. The former he estimates at fourteen millions and a half of dollars, for the year 1828. The latter he calculated, when he was writing the first volume of his work, at an amount quite sufficient to cover the expenditure. But before he concluded his second volume, he found reason, in consequence of the disturbances which occurred in the early part of the present year, to alter his opinion. He now seems to think that there must be a considerable deficit, although his confidence in the general resources of the country remains unshaken. We doubt if this intelligence will be received with much satisfaction on the Stock Exchange.

From the statements which Mr. Ward has given with respect to the trade of Mexico, it appears to have lately rapidly increased. The following table exhibits the total number of vessels which appear to have entered the Mexican ports in the year 1826.

From England	55	
The British West Indies	22	
Gibraltar	15	
		95
France		49
Holland		15
Italy		6
Denmark		1
Hamburgh and Bremen		2
Sweden		1
Prussia		1
Spain		1
The United States		399
Lima, Guyaquil, and other ports in the Pacific		46
Columbia		6
China		5
Asia		2
Whalers on the Coast of California, for Refreshment		10
Total		639
Prizes from Sea		8
Entries of National Vessels		626
Total		1273

The annual average, previously to the revolution, as well as it can be ascertained, does not appear to have exceeded two hundred and ten vessels, which was also the amount for the year 1824. The increase of the trade of Mexico, with the other quarters of the New and Old World, within the short period of two years, is quite surprising. Those two years, it must be remembered, however, were remarkable for the extravagant speculations entered into by our monied men, and a considerable portion of the augmentation must therefore be ascribed to the mania which then prevailed. Yet we cannot but observe, that the number of vessels which entered Mexican ports from the United States, nearly quadrupled that of vessels from Great Britain and its dependencies—a difference that clearly indicates the superiority of trade which the United States will always, we apprehend, possess over us in that quarter.

The body of information which Mr. Ward has collected in these volumes, relative to the actual condition and the future prospects of the mines in Mexico, must render his work, as we have already hinted, extremely valuable to persons who either have embarked, or are likely to embark, in speculations of that nature. As he is neither a shareholder, an agent, or an engineer, his testimony is beyond all suspicion. It is for the most part highly favourable to those hopes of ultimate success, which first gave rise to projects of this description. We can, however, do no more than refer the reader to it, adding, that in most instances Mr. Ward's information is founded on a data, the accuracy of which he appears to have taken a great deal of trouble in ascertaining. His observations on the most advantageous mode of working the mines are distinguished by a good sense and discernment. The safety of all mining enterprizes, however, depends so essentially on the internal tranquillity of the country, that we naturally expected from Mr. Ward an opinion on this part of his subject. But here we find the diplomatist on forbidden ground.

> 'With regard to the political apprehensions to which I have alluded, I do not feel myself at liberty to speak. The seeds of disorder certainly still exist in Mexico; and it is, unfortunately, not less certain that, were they to lead to civil dissensions of a serious nature, the mines must suffer from the effects of the struggle. But although I will not predict those halcyon days of peace and concord, which some of the admirers of Republican principles seem to regard as the necessary consequence of the system which has been adopted, I have no hesitation in repeating here, what I have stated in the preceding parts of my work, namely, that great progress has been made towards a better order of things, and that the more I saw of the country, the more I became convinced that the people were wearied out with civil war, and desired nothing but independence and tranquillity. The race of the old Insurgents has died off; the population of the provinces has reverted to its original pursuits; and although a struggle for place and power may be carried on with great personal animosity in the capital, the States are indifferent as to the result, and are occupied only with their own affairs.'—vol. ii., pp. 121.

A considerable portion of Mr. Ward's second volume is employed in a description of a tour which he made into the northern provinces of Mexico, accompanied by his lady. To the pencil of the latter we are indebted for several handsome views, and representations of natural objects, which grace this work. It must have been extremely gratifying to Mr. Ward, to have derived so much assistance from his fair companion, who, by the way, appears to have endured with admirable patience, hardships and privations that do not commonly fall to the lot of English ladies in her rank of life. She found, we fear, but little in the northern provinces of Mexico to compensate her for the difficulties to which she was exposed, and therefore her devotion is the more deserving of admiration, particularly as she had with her a small infant family. It is probable that after Mr. Ward's account of the fatigues which she underwent, few ladies, from England at least, will be tempted to follow her example. The Northern provinces through which she journied, really present few points of interest, with the exception of the mines, in which they appear to abound. Of the number and richness of these we had no idea, before we read our author's account of them. He has described them in such glowing terms, that all his readers will be strongly tempted, we fear, to become adventurers. Take, as an example, his account of the mines of Batopilas in the province of Chihuahua.

> 'To enter into a minute description of this extraordinary district would exceed the limits of this work. I shall, therefore, only subjoin a few remarks upon its situation and produce. Its distance from Parral is about eighty leagues, nearly due west, and it is situated in a very deep ravine, similar to that of Guarisamey. The climate is warm, yet healthy. The metallic lodes, visible by their elevated crests, are almost innumerable, and by far the greater number of them have never yet been examined. The principal mines are El Carmen, San Antonio, Pastrana, Arbitrios, Dolores, Candelaria, and Buen Suceso, with many others which it is not necessary to enumerate. The Carmen is the mine that produced the enormous wealth of the Marquis of Bustamante, and from which a mass of solid silver was extracted, weighing 425lbs. The ores of Pastrana were so rich, that the lode was worked by bars, with a point at one end and a chisel at the other, for cutting out the silver. The owner of Pastrana used to bring the ores from the mines with flags flying, and the mules adorned with cloths of all colours. The same man received a reproof from the Bishop of Durango, when he visited Batopilas, for placing bars of silver from the door of his house to the sala, for the bishop to walk upon.
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> 'Buen Suceso was discovered by an Indian, who swam across the river after a great flood. On arriving at the other side, he found the crest of an immense lode laid bare by the force of the water. The greater part of this crest was pure and massive silver, and sparkling in the sun. The whole town of Batopilas went to witness this extraordinary sight as soon as the river became fordable. The Indian extracted great wealth from his mine, but on arriving at the depth of three varas, the abundance of the water obliged him to abandon it, and no attempt has been since made to resume the working.
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> 'In this district the silver is generally found pure, and unaccompanied by any extraneous substance. The reduction of the ores is consequently easy and simple. When the silver is not found in solid masses, which require to be cut with the chisel, it is generally finely sprinkled through the lode, and often seems to nail together the particles of stone, through which it is disseminated. The lodes are of considerable width, but the masses of silver are only met with at intervals.—vol. ii., pp. 577—579.

Mr. Ward's report of the results of the British Pearl-oyster

Company's enterprizes in the Gulf of California, is ludicrous enough. Two vessels were employed in this speculation, under the management of Lieutenant Hardy. They were well fitted out, and supplied with diving bells, and every requisite for procuring the treasures of the deep. Behold, when arrived at their destination, it was found that in consequence of the heat, and the rocky bottom of the gulf, the diving bells could not be used; and that one native miner could effect much more than all the machinery of the company put together. What does the reader think was the issue of a whole six weeks' cruize? *One damaged pearl!!*

We must conclude this article with Mr. Ward's observations on the origin and views of the two parties who now distract the republic of Mexico. The passage is a curious one, and contains matter that is wholly new, we suspect, to most of our readers. It is obvious that Mr. Ward might have rendered it much more copious and important, if he had not been afraid of treading on that 'forbidden ground' to which we have already so often alluded.

'With regard to the origin of these disturbances, it is difficult for me to enter into any details without overstepping those limits, within which it is my duty to confine myself. As it is, however, upon their tendency to affect the tranquillity of the country that its prospects in every way depend, I may, I hope, venture to lay before my readers a few remarks, without being thought to trespass upon forbidden ground.

'The two parties which, under the denomination of Escoceses and Yorkinos, have been recently arrayed against each other, are both Mexican in their origin, and entirely unconnected with Spain. The first is said to be composed of many of the largest proprietors of the country, (particularly those who possessed titles of nobility before the revolution), with a number of officers of distinction, and individuals of different professions, connected together by the bonds of a Masonic society, supposed to be of Scotch origin, from whence their name of "Escoceses" is derived.

'The reputed members of this association (which is very ancient), are mostly men of moderate principles, and sincere advocates of the cause of independence. Many of them, however, belonged to the Creole army, and consequently opposed the leaders of the first insurrection, while others held situations under the Spanish government upon the re-establishment of the constitution in 1820, and were sent as deputies to the Cortes of Spain, before the declaration of independence, by Iturbide in 1821. It is upon these grounds that they are accused by their adversaries, the Yorkinos, of "Bourbonism," that is, of an attachment to the mother-country sufficiently strong to induce them to wish for a prince of the royal blood of Spain, as constitutional king of Mexico. In this project there would have been no impropriety before the adoption of the present constitution. I do not myself believe, however, that it extended, even then, beyond a very limited number of individuals; and I am convinced that it does not exist as the object of a party in Mexico at the present day.

'The Escoceses may more properly be assimilated to the "Federalists" of the United States, who, on the establishment of the constitution in 1787, thought the government founded upon it too weak, and were consequently reproached by their opponents, the "Democrats," with aristocratical notions, and a desire to convert the republic into a monarchy. Yet General Washington was a federalist, as was his successor, Mr. Adams, the father of the present president. In like manner, in Mexico, many of the most moderate and best-intentioned men in the country may be found amongst the Escoceses, upon whose interest General Bravo (whose mild and yet unvarying patriotism I have had occasion to dwell upon in the history of the revolution), came forward as a candidate for the presidency in 1824. He was defeated by the superior influence of General Victoria; but next to Victoria's name, none stood so high as that of Bravo, and none had deserved more of his countrymen.

'Up to 1825, the Yorkinos did not exist as a party. In the summer of that year, a number of individuals, not connected with the Escoceses, but not violently opposed to them before, were united as a rival sect, denominated "Yorkinos," because they derive their origin from the Masonic lodge of New York, which transmitted, through Mr. Poinsett, the American minister, the diplomas and insignia requisite for the establishment of a branch lodge in the capital of New Spain. Without any disparagement to its members, of whom many are both useful and distinguished men, I may say that the largest proportion of the Affiliés of this society consisted of the *novi homines* of the Revolution. They are the ultra Federalists, or democrats of Mexico, and possess the most violent hostility to Spain, and the Spanish residents; whom the Escoceses have uniformly protected, both as conceiving them to have lost the power of injuring the country, and because, from the large amount of the capital still remaining in their hands, they think that their banishment must diminish the resources and retard the progress of the Republic.

'Having pointed out the characteristics of the two parties, it is neither my wish nor my intention to animadvert upon the manner in which the contest between them has been carried on. In a country just emerging from a great political crisis, there must ever be a bitterness of feeling on political questions, which older nations can hardly comprehend; although a century ago our own annals might have furnished a counterpart to its violence. In Mexico this feeling has been carried very far indeed. The Yorkinos, as new men, struggling to dispossess their adversaries of that power which is the real object of both, were undoubtedly the assailants; but acrimony has not been wanting on the other side, and the personalities in which, for two years, the newspapers of the two parties have indulged, prove but too clearly that, under similar circumstances, nature is always the same; while liberty, in her infancy, only tends to develope more rapidly those passions which appear, in every part of the world, to be most deeply implanted in the human breast.

'The Yorkinos have made up by numbers for what they wanted originally in individual influence. Their plans have been prosecuted with great activity; and as the desperate appeal to the country to which their opponents have just been driven, appears to have failed entirely, if they use their victory with forbearance, the success of their candidate (General Guerrero), at the approaching election for the presidency, seems to be certain. But, upon forbearance, at the present crisis, every thing depends; for of General Bravo's devotion to the cause of his country, but one opinion is entertained throughout New Spain. Should there be any attempt, therefore, to punish too severely a step which all must deplore, although none can judge of its causes, without a knowledge of the circumstances by which the passions, on both sides, have been excited, and the transition from political to personal hostility effected,—blood will be found to lead to blood, and a long series of calamities may still cloud the prospects of the Republic.—vol. ii., pp. 720—726.

Independently of the illustrations, two excellent maps are appended to this work. In concluding our review of it, we cannot but express our unqualified approbation of the liberal and gentlemanly tone in which the able author uniformly speaks of the religion, the morality, and the social habits of the Mexicans. Such a tone is the more to be praised, as besides that it is the proof of a well-informed and properly cultivated mind, it is exactly that which it is most useful to our national interests that our countrymen should on all occasions adopt, when they undertake to exhibit the picture of a foreign people in their pages. To exaggerate their errors, to declaim against their prejudices, to revile their manners, and libel the different orders of their society, as Captain Head and other English travellers have done, is certainly not the best mode of winning their confidence and respect. On this point, Mr. Ward is an example worthy of our best commendation.

Art. IV.—*Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Honourable William Cecil Lord Burghley.* By the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History, in the University of Oxford. Vol. i. 4to. pp. 828. London: Saunders & Otley. 1828.

There are not many of our readers, we dare say, who have much acquaintance with Lord Burghley, except as the chief minister of Queen Elizabeth; and most of those to whom his name is familiar, probably consider his public life as having commenced with the reign of that Princess. Here is, however, a huge quarto of eight hundred pages, professing to be occupied with his history only previous to this date, and to have for its object to detail to us his progress at Court, and the services he did the state under no fewer than the three preceding sovereigns. We marvelled exceedingly, we confess, at first, when we thought of the scanty array of facts which this portion of Lord Burghley's biography has hitherto presented, by what process the ingenious author had contrived to manufacture out of such materials, a volume of such weight and dimensions as that now before us; and were disposed to believe, that he must have really discovered no small number of hitherto unknown particulars regarding the celebrated subject of his memoir, the enumeration of which would convert, what used to be so comparatively brief and bare a narrative, into a long and "eventful history." It is not exactly in this way, however, we find, that the size of the Doctor's publication is to be accounted for. In new facts he deals as sparingly as any of his predecessors; but he is greatly more prolix than any of them in his recital of the old ones—

each of which, upon an average, serves him, we should think, for the subject matter of half a dozen chapters at least.

The learned author has, in fact, under the title of a Memoir of the earlier part of the life of this great statesman, merely transcribed for us a history of England during the whole of the first half of the sixteenth century. The few notices which his volume contains of the personage to whom it professes chiefly to relate, are only to be found—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—scattered at wide distances over an ocean of general narrative and discussion, with which Lord Burghley has little more to do than any of the other distinguished individuals who happened to be alive at the same period. It happens, indeed, not unfrequently in the progress of the work, that his name is hardly so much as made mention of for half a dozen successive chapters; and certainly the book is no more, upon the whole, a life of him, than it is a life of Gardiner, or Cranmer, or Cardinal Pole, or King Edward, or Queen Mary, or Lady Jane Grey—every one of whom (and the catalogue might be easily extended), in fact, figures quite as largely in its pages, as the person whose actions it professes to be more expressly intended to relate.

Of the sixty-four chapters, of which the present volume consists, there are scarcely twenty that contain any thing really appertaining to the life of Cecil. Of the remainder, several are devoted entirely to Archbishop Cranmer, some to Cardinal Pole, and to a variety of other distinguished personages of the time—one to the state of learning in England at the era of the birth of Lord Burghley; one to the commerce of the country in the reign of Edward VI.; about half a dozen to the affairs of Scotland, from the commencement of the century downwards; and fully twenty, or nearly a third part of the book, to the history of the Reformation and the affairs of the Church

William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burghley, was, according to our author, born on the 13th of September, 1520, in the 12th year of the reign of Henry VIII., in the parish of Bourn, or Burn, in the county of Lincoln. The father of Lord Burghley was Richard Cecill, who 'was,' says Dr. Nares, 'in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII., through his father's interest at Court, made one of the king's pages; and in the 12th year of that monarch, the very year in which the subject of this memoir was born, waited on him at the celebrated interview between his Majesty and the French king, Francis I. After having received the elements of his education, first at Grantham, and then at Stamford, both in the county of Lincoln, young Cecil was, in May, 1535, entered a student of St. John's college, Cambridge, where he remained until the year 1541. He then left the University for Gray's Inn. Here he had scarcely resided three months, when he married Mary, the sister of his friend, Sir John Cheke, at that time Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge.' His studies about this period, in addition to law, are recorded to have been principally heraldry and genealogy—departments of antiquarianism to which he continued devoted during his life, as many pedigrees in his hand-writing still remaining attest. In those days also, every scholar, whatever might be his other accomplishments, was, of course, an adept in theological lore; and our embryo courtier certainly cannot but be allowed to have marked out for himself the line of his investigations here, with the most prudent and praise-worthy sagacity.

The doctrine in divinity, to which he directed his particular attention, was, it seems, no other than that newly discovered one of the Royal Supremacy, which, besides being about that period perhaps the most distinguishing tenet of the rising faith, was, for very obvious reasons, a special favourite at Court, and dearer in truth to his Sacred Majesty, then reigning, than all the other articles of his motley creed put together. Nor had Mr. Cecil to wait long ere an opportunity presented itself of turning his acquirements to profit. It was in the same year in which he entered first Gray's Inn, and then the holy estate of matrimony, that, happening to pay a visit to his father at the palace, he encountered in the presence chamber two Catholic priests, chaplains to the Great O'Neale, afterwards Earl of Tyrone, who was then at Court; and having engaged them immediately in a controversy upon the lucky topic we have mentioned, is said (to quote the narrative of the domestic), "to have shewed therein so great learning and wit, as he proved the poor priests to have neither, who were so put down, as they had not a word to say; but flung away in a chafe, no less discontented than ashamed, to be foiled in such a place by a young beardless youth." "It was presently," adds the chronicle, "told the king, that young Mr. Cecil had confuted both O'Neale's chaplains; at which the king called for him, and, after long talk with him, being much delighted with his answers, the king willed his father to find out a suit for him. Whereupon he became suitor for a reversion of the *custos brevium's* office in the Common Pleas, which the king willingly granted; it being the first suit he had in his life."

Mr. Cecil's first wife having borne him a son, died about a year and a half after their union; but after an interval of two years, he formed another similar connexion, by marrying Mildred, one of the five learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, of Gyddes Hall, in Essex, who was then one of the young prince's governors. This lady, one of whose sisters was married to Sir Nicholas Bacon, lived with him, we believe, for nearly half a century, and was among the most accomplished females of her age. She was the mother of his celebrated son Robert, who succeeded him as chief minister to Queen Elizabeth, and was afterwards created Earl of Salisburgh, by James I. Shortly before his second marriage, Mr. Cheke, the brother of his first wife, had been called from Cambridge to Court, to take charge of the education of Prince Edward; and 'Mr. Cecil was now,' says Dr. Nares, 'not only through and by both his marriages, connected with the Court, but with a particular party in the Court; for it was not long before, through the introduction of his brother-in-law, he became known to the Earl of Hertford, uncle to Prince Edward, and probably (for that Mr. Cheke knew him well is upon record) to *Cranmer*, the prince's godfather: the former the head of the Protestant party in the *Court*, as the latter was in the *Church*.'

We pass over the chapters of Dr. Nares's work which are occupied with a retrospect of the affairs of Scotland, during the last seven or eight years of the reign of Henry VIII., and in which the progress of the Reformation in that country is traced after Robertson, Cook, M'Crie, and other popular authorities, although a somewhat different view is taken of the conduct of the English cabinet from that to be found in the Scotch historians. As the founder of the English church, Henry is evidently a considerable favourite with Dr. Nares; and in this part of his volume especially, he is the zealous and systematic apologist of every part of the policy of that arrogant and arbitrary monarch.

The accession of Edward VI. in 1547, and the advancement of his maternal uncle, the Earl of Hertford, to the high dignity of Protector of the kingdom, with the title of Duke of Somerset, seemed at first to open a flattering prospect to the ambition of Cecil, who had already openly attached himself to the fortunes of that able and aspiring nobleman. It is very certain that he accompanied the duke on his expedition to Scotland, being at the time, as appears by Patten's Diary, a judge of the Marshalsea, in addition to other preferments which he had already received.

There is some difficulty about the history of the next step in Cecil's advancement at Court, as indicated by the following entry in his manuscript journal:—"Sept. 1548, co-optatus sum in officium secretarii." Former biographers have held that this only refers to his appointment as Secretary of *State*, a dignity which he attained, according to the king's journal, only about two years after, on the retirement of Mr. Wotton. Instead of supposing, however, with the writer of his life in the Biographia Britannica, and other authorities, that he twice held this office in the reign of Edward VI., Dr. Nares is disposed to think that the entry in the Calendarium Cecilanum refers only to his appointment as Secretary to the *Protector*. Upon the downfall of that nobleman, Cecil, although at first committed to the Tower with his unfortunate patron, does not seem to have found much difficulty, notwithstanding, in making his peace with the triumphant faction. They felt, of course, that it would be wise to avail themselves of the talents of one who would at least stand by them as long as they should retain their present elevation. He was, accordingly, in due time, restored, first to liberty, and then to office: having, on the

5th September, 1550, been appointed one of the Secretaries of State, at the recommendation of the new all-powerful Northumberland, whose deep and persevering intrigues had but a few months before brought his first patron to the scaffold. It is even said, that the Protector had not yet laid his head upon the block, when the ever-watchful Burghley had commenced his obeisances to the rising sun; and that the last days of the unhappy nobleman were embittered by the coldness, and eventual desertion, of his former *protegé* and friend.

Dr. Nares labours hard to exculpate his favourite statesman from the charge of ingratitude and selfishness, to which his conduct at this crisis has not unnaturally exposed him; but we really cannot congratulate the learned biographer very warmly on the success of his attempt at whitewashing, in the present instance. The truth is, Cecil's behaviour on this occasion was quite of a piece with the whole tenor of his political life,—sufficiently dextrous, to be sure, and admirably calculated to attain whatever object he might have in view; but as subservient and temporizing withal, and as little influenced by over-scrupulosity of any kind, as that of any other statesman whom it would be easy to name. His best apology is, the age in which he lived: it was an age, in truth, in which principle was scarcely known in politics. The incessantly shifting aspect of affairs in our own country, by making political apostacy common, had made it hardly disreputable; and Lord Burghley, in abandoning the shipwrecked fortunes of Somerset, for the security and power to which he was invited by the new inheritor of the sovereign authority, was probably considered, at the time, to be not so much yielding to a temptation which few could be expected to resist, as embracing an opportunity of recovering his position in the state, of which he could not, without being supposed to forfeit his character as a man of sense, have declined to avail himself.

Soon after his accession to office under the new *regime*, he received from the king the honour of knighthood, and appears to have been nominated, about the same time, one of a special commission for the punishment of anabaptists, and such as did not duly administer the sacraments according to the Book of Common Prayer. The settlement of religion, indeed, was the chief business of the king's ministers. Sir William Cecil, in particular, as one of the Secretaries of State, and a known adherent to the new doctrines, seems to have been consulted by the leading reformers in all their proceedings, and to have taken a very active part in the promotion of the various objects which they had in view. It is recorded, among other things, that the 39 articles (originally 42), were submitted by Cranmer to his revision and approval; and many letters still remain which were addressed to him on this and similar subjects, by the most eminent personages of the party to which he gave his countenance. He did not fail to take his share, at the same time, of the spoils among which some of his friends were so fond of revelling; but prudently sharpened his zeal by conferring upon himself the reversion of the rectory of Wimbleton, in Surrey, having already obtained the interest of the existing possessor. This was a species of reformation in which, as is well known, Lord Burghley, in the course of his life, particularly distinguished himself—although our author seems to agree with Strype, in holding it "very ungratefully done, especially of the clergy," to look too narrowly into this part of his conduct.

It has been asserted, that notwithstanding his refusal, upon the accession of Mary, to turn Catholic, at her request, Sir William Cecil made several attempts, in the earlier part of this reign, to obtain a place in the government; and was only induced to attach himself so strongly as he eventually did to the interests of Elizabeth, by a succession of repulses from the actual sovereign. It is probable, however, that his conduct is somewhat misrepresented by this account of it, since all the facts that we are able to collect in relation to this portion of his history, while they show his unscrupulous compliance with those demands of the government, which it might have been positively dangerous to resist, evidence at the same time rather an aversion to mix himself up in any shape with the general politics of the court. He was probably clear-sighted enough to discern, very early, the rapidly-growing unpopularity of Mary, and the ruinous tendency to their own cause of the course so pertinaciously pursued by that princess and her counsellors. For it is a truth not to be denied, that the reign of Queen Mary did far more, in the end, for the establishment of Protestantism in England, than the accession of Elizabeth possibly could have done, had that event taken place immediately after the demise of Edward. In restraining his ambition of office for the present, therefore, Lord Burghley, in all likelihood, felt that he was not sacrificing much. By far the most prudent part that he could play, even if we suppose him to have looked to nothing but his own aggrandizement, was to ingratiate himself, not with the present but the future sovereign. To this object, accordingly, he studiously devoted himself. He was, even during the life of Mary, the known friend and adviser of the princess; although he appears to have all along managed matters with such consummate art as, if he did not lull asleep the suspicions of the court, at least to have deprived it of any fair or plausible pretence for interfering with him. Its secret hostility he probably did not much mind, so long as he could succeed in protecting himself from its actual vengeance.

We have thus briefly traced the career of this celebrated person down to the period at which the present volume leaves him. The remaining portion of his history it is not, at present, our business to consider; but every reader is, of course, aware how strikingly the latter and more brilliant years of his life verified the prognostiations of its commencement, by exhibiting him as one of the ablest, and at the same time most unscrupulous and intriguing statesmen that ever directed the affairs of any country. It is the object of Dr. Nares to present him to us as an almost perfect character; and we may anticipate, therefore, in the coming volume, the most unqualified admiration, even of the darkest passages of his policy. This, we suppose, is what the reverend Professor calls writing history like 'an Englishman, an English Protestant, a Church of England man, and a divine.' It is not, at all events, the most philosophical or the fairest mode of acquiring a correct knowledge of the past, thus deliberately to proceed to view it through the dimming and discolouring prejudices of the present; but we give our author credit at least for his frank and somewhat *naive* confession of the plan he had resorted to, in order to secure an agreeable deception for himself and his high-church readers. They cannot do, it would appear, without their calendar of saints; and since they have renounced, of course, those canonized by the Pope, it would be hard to deprive them of their own improved selection. They have worse names on their list, after all, than Lord Burghley, who, destitute as he was, either of heart or principle, was at least neither a bigot nor a lover of blood for its own sake. He is a much more respectable character, for example, than Dr. Southey's favourite, the *sainted* Laud.

Lord Burghley, in truth, was no churchman, but a courtier, to whom the church was nothing, except in so far as it happened to be the creature of the court. Throughout the whole course of his life, it was the throne, and not the altar, before which he knelt and worshipped. In that age, to be sure, every politician was necessarily, to a certain extent, a theologian, the convulsions of states being then chiefly, or merely, the warfare of rival churches. Lord Burghley, therefore, in appearing upon the theatre of affairs, took, of course, his side as a divine, at the same time that he chose his position as a statesman; and, we may add, upon the same principles. He merely adopted the religion, as he did the politics of the court. His first appearance in public life was, no doubt, as an opponent of one of the tenets of popery; but it was as a defender, too, of that particular article of the fluctuating Protestantism of the day, which might be said to constitute the very "head and front" of the royal faith. He was, at that period at least, a Protestant, according to the ordinances of his most sacred Majesty King Henry the Eighth. He was, in like manner, a few years afterwards, a pious believer in the somewhat less eccentric creed of our youthful Solomon, Edward VI. Nay, even in Queen Mary's days, although he is reported to have declined, at first, to abandon his sect, it is certain that he, ere long, complied with the religion of this sovereign too, as he had done with those of her predecessors; cunningly taking care, however, to connect himself as little as possible with a cause, which, although triumphant for the moment, was securing for itself, he had sagacity enough to perceive, by the very means it employed for its support, a speedy downfall. As the Prime Minister of Elizabeth, of course he was once more a zealous Protestant; his royal mistress being compelled, indeed, by the irresistible force of circumstances, to place herself, during her whole reign, in the van of the battle which that party was now waging in almost every corner of Christendom. It was only by accident, therefore, that Lord Burghley was the champion of the Church of England. He espoused her cause, merely because it was, at the same time, the cause of the court; but although thus naturally, and almost necessarily, from his position, her defender, it is very plain that he never would have been her martyr. He had no objection to march under her banner, when it was borne onwards in the hour of unresisted victory, or waved over the proud processions and gorgeous festivals of peace; but he was not the man to have clung to it when, dripping with blood, or trailing in the dust, it most needed a stout arm to grasp it, and resolute hearts to rally round it.

Differing, however, as we do from the view which Dr. Nares has given of the character of Lord Burghley, in reference to the point in question, we protest still more strongly against the manner in which the reverend biographer has thereupon deemed himself entitled to write the Memoirs of this celebrated statesman, and the undisguised spirit of party by which almost every page of his volume is disfigured. The work is, in fact, neither more nor less than a tributary faggot to the dying bonfire of that wretched religious controversy, amid whose flames so much of the peace and happiness of our country has already been remorselessly sacrificed. Not satisfied with the hecatombs that have so long been presented on this burning and bloody altar to the Moloch of theological rancour, Dr. Nares would re-kindle the expiring blaze at the moment when the bigots, who have hitherto been most zealous in feeding it, seem almost wearied of their task, and the minds of all men, recovering from the inflammation and bitterness which have been engendered by the prejudices and the feuds of centuries, are rapidly returning to that sense of justice, and those feelings of Christian charity, from which nothing but the most persevering efforts to blind and misdirect them could ever have led them so far and so fatally astray. Every other plan having failed to re-awaken the No-Popery yell in the Senate, or around the hustings, with any thing like the full chorus of former days, we are now to have presented to us, under the title of a Memoir of Lord Burghley, a farrago of we know not how many pounds weight of calumny, gathered from the most polluted and virulent depositories of party rage and misrepresentation, and leavened by the drivel of the writer's own perverse reflections and inferences, touching every topic best calculated to inoculate, at least, the reading old women of the age, with the fears and the fury of a by-gone generation; and thus to reproduce and propagate, to what extent it may, the desolating epidemic to which our unhappy land owes already so many weary years of distraction and mourning. We think we have reason to complain of this artifice as a somewhat unfair one. If Dr. Nares has any thing to say, worth listening to, upon the question of the emancipation of the Catholics, let him address himself to the subject in either pamphlet or quarto, as it may suit him best, directly and frankly: and those who peruse his lucubrations, however much they may be disappointed in other respects, will at least have no right to say, that under the name of a history, he has served up to them only a dish of flatulent polemics. We do not certainly anticipate much actual mischief from any efforts of the learned Doctor's pen, in whatsoever way it may please him to employ it; but we hold such attempts as the present, to carry an object by stratagem, which it is felt not to be prudent to pursue openly, as unworthy of any writer in any controversy, and calling aloud for reprobation from every impartial critical tribunal. The man who writes a history merely for the purpose of inculcating or insinuating his own political or theological sectarianism, is not in reality a historian, but a controversialist, and should so name and announce his work, that we may understand at once its character, and his own. Unless he do so, he practices, or attempts to practice, a deception upon the public, which cannot, therefore, be too distinctly, too speedily, or too extensively warned of the imposture.

As to the literary merits of the work, we must observe that it is written with almost unparalleled slovenliness, and occasionally with a disregard of grammar that renders it absolutely unintelligible. It may be as the Doctor asserts in his preface, that, 'he has never gone out of his way to round a period, or appear rhetorical, to the sacrifice of sense,' but certainly he has pretty often made the sacrifice without going out of his way. What do our readers think, for example, of the following among many other passages that might be quoted, as specimens of the perspicuous?

'Opportunity, however, (he is talking of the attempts to bring about the submission of Gardiner) was taken by the council to urge his compliance with the injunctions, and to *procure him to receive the homilies, under a farther assurance* of submission on all points of doctrine or discipline, hereafter to be promulgated by the king and clergy.'—p. 997.

'We have been almost *obliged to notice this strange story, in order to destroy its credit, as not generally noticed by historians; for if it had been true, among the malicious insinuations of the enemies of the great man whose life we are recording, it was one of the first, that he had* been instrumental in fomenting these female squabbles, and instigating the Duchess against the Lord Admiral and the Queen.'—p. 291.

'We may conclude, therefore, that, *with regard to the doctrines of religion, he* (Burghley) *was an avowed protestant. and with regard to the practice* but, as circumstances were, enough to retain under Mary a station of such distinction in the court.'—p. 660.

'At this time Gardiner himself was of the company, *Lord Arundel and Paget*, and on the 3rd of June, they passed on from Calais to some village or house near Mark.'—p. 665.

'The queen, indeed, sought to encourage a restoration of the alienated church-lands by her own example, in giving back what had been surrendered to the crown, particularly the first fruits and tenths, but *when it was submitted to Parliament to be made a general Act, that assembly was prepared to take a new part in what was going forward.*'—p. 698.

Of some of the above passages (and they are not the only ones of a similar description in the volume), we confess we can make nothing whatever; but were we to quote all those in which the expression is merely ungrammatical, we should transcribe not a few dozens of the Doctor's pages. We may give, however, the following, as really no unfair specimen of the common style of this learned Professor, who never goes out of his way to round a period or appear rhetorical to the sacrifice of sense, although he modestly allows, that, 'upon some points indeed, he may be found to have transgressed the more precise rules of writing, being aware [now for a confession] that *he has spoken often of Lord Burghley before he actually was Lord Burghley, and called him so perhaps in some instances where he had just before designed him otherwise, as Mr. Cecil, or Sir William Cecil.*'

'The whole matter is so well and so particularly set forth by Strype, and with such correct remarks on the perplexed and embarrassed circumstances of the times, as to induce us to venture upon a longer extract than would otherwise be the case. *After* noticing, in the twenty-fifth chapter of his [Strype's] Third book of the Memorials of Archbishop Cranmer, the correspondence which had taken place between Calvin and the Archbishop, in which the former commending the Archbishop for his charitable wish to see the differences subsisting between the reformed churches removed, if possible, by some liberal and friendly meeting of the pious and wise of all parties; *after* offering his own services if wanted; urging him to proceed, and throwing out some hints that more progress might have been made, *he* [Calvin] concludes with excusing him for going on slower than he could have wished, "in regard to the many and great difficulties he had to wrestle with;" which, says, the considerate Memorialist, 'was certainly most true; insomuch, &c, &c.'—p. 491, 492.

We must beg to inform Dr. Nares, that this is neither English nor any other language that ever was spoken under heaven. It is the mere attempt at writing, of one who does not understand the most elementary principles of syntax, and would, we have no hesitation in saying, disgrace a boy in the lowest form of any grammar school in the kingdom. What then shall we say of an author with whom such chaotic phraseology is so common as to be almost habitual?

The book, finally, in addition to its other demerits, is printed throughout with marvellous inaccuracy. We must attribute to this circumstance (of which we do not know with whom the blame lies) many absurdities that would be otherwise quite unaccountable. Wherever a Latin quotation occurs, in particular, it is almost sure to be disfigured by some gross blunder.

ART. V.—1. *Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo, Ministre de la Police sous Napoléon.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Bossange. 1828.

2. *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo (Mr. Savary), written by himself, illustrative of the History of the Emperor Napoleon.* Vol. i., Parts 1 & 2. London: Colburn. 1828.

A DEED of singular and sanguinary violence had been committed, and the blood of an innocent man had been shed,—the public voice accused Savary, Duc de Rovigo, of having had a deep hand in that act of assassination. The successors of Hugh Capet triumphed a second time at Waterloo over the soldiers of the revolution, and the name of Savary was placed on the list of the proscribed, whose blood was to seal the second restoration. Savary was torn from the vessel which was to convey his fallen master to St. Helena, and he became a wanderer from sea to sea, and from land to land, during a period of three years. At last, weary of the miseries of exile, and pursued by the indefatigable exertions of the diplomatists of France, he revisited his native land, where he had been condemned to death, par Contumace in 1816; but returning in 1819, he demanded a fresh trial, and was unanimously acquitted by the court.

The issue of this trial cleared him of every share in the pretended plot, that was supposed to have brought Napoleon back from the Isle of Elba. Being thus cleared from the imputation of conspiracy, for which a decree, drawn up in the name of the king, but now revoked, had condemned him to lose his head, Savary had still to clear himself from the odium of a more ignominious charge, that of having had a hand in the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien; in the guilt of which, France and all Europe concurred in accusing him of having been an accomplice.

In the year 1823, he gave a detached portion of his very curious memoirs to the public, and explained the part which he had taken in the deplorable business of the unfortunate victim of Vincennes, appealing to the unbiassed judgment of the nation for an impartial opinion. His pamphlet gave birth to a variety of others, and Comte Hullin, as well as the Duc d'Alberg and Caulincourt, Duc de Vincenza; in short, all the individuals implicated in the affair, and compromised by the explanations of Savary, rose with indignation against him. Talleyrand alone, amongst all these personages, remained obstinately silent—he, alone, disdained to have recourse to publication in his own defence.

Unfortunately for the Duke of Rovigo himself, his personal justification was not as full and satisfactory, as he expected it would be considered by the public. He accused, and was accused in turn; and the pamphlets published at that period by Count Hullin, Messrs. Macuant, Meheé de la Zouche, and Achille Roche—the letters inserted in the journals by General Caulincourt, the Duc d'Alberg, and Messrs. Marguerite and Laporte-Lalanne, overturned a great number of the principal facts that he had advanced.

He now, however, publishes his memoirs at large. The two first volumes are now before us—they contain all the principal events that have occurred in France from the first wars of the revolution, down to the hostilities with Prussia in the year 1806. Within this interval, the catastrophe of the Duc d'Enghien is comprised. He adds several new details, with annotations on the letters of the Duc d'Alberg, and some rejoinders to the replies that were addressed to himself on that subject. We shall speedily return to it, but we must first previously describe what Savary was, and what he has performed, before that atrocious proceeding which drew upon him so large a portion of public opprobrium.

Savary was born at Sedan, on 26th April, 1774. He was the son of an officer who had grown grey in the military service, and his father designed him for the same profession. He had scarcely finished his studies when the revolution burst forth. He served with zeal and energy under the standards of the republic, and displayed considerable bravery and talents. He was raised to the rank of commandant at the passage of the Rhine—became aid-de-camp to General Desaix—continued to serve under him in the army of the Sambre and the Meuse—followed him into Egypt, and returned with him into Italy.

The various particulars of the Egyptian campaign are stated with great minuteness in these memoirs; the author's descriptions of marches, countermarches, and battles, are full of animation, but they present us with no new incidents. He scouts with indignation the imputations heaped on Napoleon, about poisoning the men infected with the plague, but not being able to rebut the charge of the massacre of 3000 prisioners by his orders, he lays the blame on circumstances, and coolly observes, that necessity had decided their fate; as if ever any circumstances could justify the massacre of defeated and disarmed enemies. The following passage on the state of matters in Egypt, and the views of Napoleon in that expedition, is the only one that appears to us deserving of attention in the long narrative of that campaign.

"Egypt, as well as all the East, only wants a man—and he must be rather a legislator than a conqueror—for that country has been so often conquered and devastated, that it holds conquerors in detestation, and compares them to the plague. But a sovereign who would check the evils attending the overwhelming yoke that weighs down that country, would be the first of men for that unhappy nation, to which the right of property is unknown, and that has not the ability of acquisition [illegible] Would it not be a measure of wise and sound policy to attach it by means of civilization, and free it from that corruption that frequently accompanies barbarism? The real truth is, that the directory wished to get rid of Buonaparte by sending him to Egypt, and removing out of the way a chieftain who had become renowned and popular by his numerous and brilliant victories." They felt no longer any need of him, and he was equally pleased with being extricated from the grasp of a suspicious and ungrateful government. He felt, besides, the laudable ambition of renewing the prosperity and glory of Egypt. He might have, perhaps, been declared sovereign of that country; and I afterwards heard an expression to that effect drop from him in conversation.'

On his return from Egypt, Savary passed with Desaix into Italy, and was present at the battle of Marengo; it was he that on that very critical day, conveyed to General Kellerman the order of Bonaparte to begin that charge of cavalry which was intended to second the movement of Desaix, and which saved the French army. After the death of Desaix, our author was attached to the person of the First Consul, in the capacity of aid-de-camp, and returned with him to Paris. He attended the triumphant entry of the conqueror of Italy—was employed in the West of France to hasten the equipment of eleven sail of the line, and seven or eight frigates, which were destined for Egypt; and had that fleet arrived there, as Savary affirms that it was afterwards proved that it might have done, the colony would have been preserved to France. The fleet carried out 18,000 regular troops, 50,000 stand of arms, and an immense quantity of other articles necessary for its defence.

Mr. Savary was still at Brest, when the attempt of the infernal machine took place. He enters into very minute details about that criminal enterprise, but being an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon, he shrinks from the task of censuring the tyrannical act of banishing to Cayenne so many unfortunate republicans who were suspected, but not on just grounds, of being concerned in that attempt at assassination. 'They were arrested,' observes he very coldly, 'and embarked for Cayenne, without their finding any support from their revolutionary associates, who were now ranged around the First Consul.'

In 1803, our author attended the First Consul to Belgium, and his memoir recounts the acclamations with which his favourite hero was greeted in the Belgic provinces; he throws the blame on England, of violating the treaty of Amiens, and discusses the chances of a descent on the coasts of Britain; he inveighs against the co-operation of the British ministry with the conspiracy of Cadoudal, in which Moreau and Pichegru were implicated, and which brought on the arrest and subsequent execution of the Duc d'Enghien.

General Savary has been reproached with having been the willing instrument of the emperor, in the insidious treatment of the royal family of Spain, when he induced them to repair to Bayonne. It has been since discovered, that the mission of this same general to Madrid had, for its object, to sound the sentiments of the Spaniards, and to report on the actual state of affairs, as well as to moderate the impetuosity of Murat; it is also well known that the Prince of the Peace, and the canon Esciquiz, were the persons who engaged Charles IV. and Ferdinand to quit Madrid. But a point on which Savary is indefensible, and which, if necessary, the pamphlet published in 1823, by Mr. Mecheé de la Zouche, would corroborate, is, that when he was charged with the "*police secrete de Paris,*" he engaged in scandalous intrigues, and was often commissioned to execute unjust orders. His unqualified devotion to the man of the 18th Brumaire was without bounds, and he carried the fanaticism of subserviency to the extreme degree of sycophancy and servility. The power and glory of Napoleon dazzled the mind of Savary, the bounties which the despot heaped on him, influenced his whole deportment in a manner which is abundantly testified in the present memoirs. Does he ever speak about his imperial master? it is uniformly in the language of panegyric: 'pains have been taken,' observes he, 'to blacken his elevated and noble character.' Does he mention the wars in which he was engaged? 'The emperor,' exclaims he, 'has been described as insatiable of war and bloodshed, and this idea, which will be found to be false, will still find admittance into the minds of good men.' Does he mention the exploit of the 18th Brumaire? 'It was necessary, cries he, in order to save France, that the conqueror of the Pyramids should seize on the supreme power, for without doing that, he might as well have not quitted Egypt.' Does he speak of his own appointment to the post of aid-de-camp to Napoleon, after the death of Desaix? 'I passed,' observes he, 'from the depth of anxiety to the delirium of Paradise and delight; I found myself so happy, and so overwhelmed with deep sensibility, that I could not find words to give vent to the grateful feelings of my heart.' Does he speak, in short, of the creation of the imperial system—the establishment of a new nobility—the suppression of the tribunals—and the slavery of the press? The uniform answer is, the interests of France required that all these measures should be adopted and enforced. 'Apprehensions were entertained, as he declares, in every direction, for the personal safety of the First Consul, and serious remedies were sought for, against the inconvenience of that system of government (the republic), as far as it caused uneasiness to ourselves, and facilities of annoyance on the part of our enemies.' As if, under the republic, France was conquered; and as if at Napoleon's death, liberty would cease to be immortal.

If we are fully persuaded, in common with Mr. Savary, that we must exculpate Napoleon from any participation in the death of Captain Wright; if we admit, with him, that Wright really cut his own glory from despair, after having read the report of the capitulation of Ulm, under the Austrian General Mack; that is, during the time that the Emperor was engaged in the campaign of Austerlitz; if we conceive that it is actually impossible, 'without outraging common sense, and the feeling and sentiment of glory, to admit that that potentate would have attached so much importance to the destruction of a solitary lieutenant in the British navy, as to send from the scene of one of his most splendid victories, an order to put him to death;' if we are still inclined to believe, though with less tenacity, that neither Napoleon nor his agents had any share in the death of Pichegru: that the conqueror of Holland, in order to avoid losing his life on a scaffold, or find himself under the necessity of imploring the clemency of the First Consul, preferred putting an end to his own existence, as the Duke of Rovigo assures us, and as it seems to be indicated, by the work of Seneca that lay on the table, open at the passage where that stoic philosopher asserts, that "he *who dares to conspire, ought not* to fear death;" still the arguments of the Duke of Rovigo appear feeble and inapplicable, in our estimation, when he endeavours to clear Napoleon from the guilt of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. All the assurances that the author gives us of the magnanimity and clemency of his master, fall to the ground, before the words which the historian Montgaillard puts in the mouth of the despot on that occasion, in a full council of state; 'They murmur because I have arrested and executed the Duc d'Enghien! I am told that there is another prince of that family concealed in the house of the ambassador of a great power; but let them know, that if that prince should come to Paris, he shall be arrested, tried, and put to death; and the ambassador himself shall be shot! Nothing shall stop me, when the question is the safety of the state, and the consolidation of the republic. From these points I shall never swerve.' But let us explain, by stating the opinions of several contemporary authors, what were the causes that brought on this audacious outrage, and who were the principal persons that instigated it, and put it into execution.

After the violation of the treaty of Amiens, the French government received information that a conspiracy was forming in England to overthrow the republic, and destroy the life of the First Consul. It is unquestionably true, that the Cabinet of St. James was in the secret, but did it view, in the persons of Cadoual and his accomplices, the character of assassins, or the remains of a party that attempted a new insurrection, to re-establish the monarchy, for that is the real point of inquiry? Whatever may have been the intentions of the parties, it is certain, that the British government lavishly supplied the expenses of the enterprise. George Cadoual had the management of the "materiel" of the expedition; he was connected with Pichegru, and held a correspondence with Moreau. The "double police" of the First Consul soon received intelligence that Pichegru, Cadoudal, and their accomplices, had been landed on the coast of Normandy, and had found their way to Paris; but the places of their retreat were still unknown.

About the same time, General Dumourier quitted England, and repaired to the continent. The French government was persuaded that this excursion was combined with the plots of Pichegru and Cadoudal. After a short stay at Altona, Dumourier returned to England; and Comte de Moustrees, who came ashore with him on the Continent, proceeded to Berlin, and afterwards to Ettenheim, a town situated on the right bank of the Rhine, in the duchy of Baden, where the Duc d'Enghien then resided.

In the midst of these proceedings, George, Moreau, Polignac, Rivière, and the majority of the other conspirators, were arrested, and thrown into prison. They were examined in the Temple, and depositions taken against them; it was soon manifest that Cadoual was only one of the ostensible chiefs of the plot, and that some more important personage was concealed at Paris, and waiting only for the striking of the blow, to shew himself, and enter openly upon action.

'Searches were made in every direction,' says the Duke of Rovigo. 'The attendants of George were interrogated, as well as the occupants of the house where they put up, and yet no effective discovery was made. At last, two of the servants being separately interrogated, declared that every fortnight, or thereabouts, a gentleman called at their master's, whose name they did not know, who seemed to be about 34 or 35 years of age, with a bald forehead, light hair, of the middle size, and of ordinary bulk. They reported, that he was always well clad, with respect to clothes and linen; that he must be some important character, as their master always went to the door to receive him; and when he was admitted, the rest of the company, consisting of Messrs. De Polignac, Rivière, and the others, did not seat themselves till he was gone; and every time he came to see George, they passed together into a private apartment, where they remained till his departure, when George conducted him to the door.'

Invention was set to work, to know who this important personage was, who was so much the object of respect from George and his associates. The names of all the Bourbon princes were called over. The description given by George's servants did not coincide with the age of the Count d'Artois, nor with the exterior of the Duke de Berry. The Duc d'Angouleme was at Mittau, with Louis XVIII., and the Duc de Bourbon was known to be at London. Suspicions then fell upon the Duc d'Enghien. The government of Bonaparte, in spite of the allegations of Savary, was acquainted with the abode of the Duc d'Enghien. That prince came frequently to Strasbourg, and had appeared there several times, at the theatre. He also crossed the Rhine occasionally, to enjoy the pleasures of the chace, at some distance from the city. He sometimes buried himself in the neighbouring forest, and passed many days on the French territory, without exciting any attention or vigilance on the part of the civil and military authorities. As soon as suspicion was directed towards him, the First Consul sent to Ettenheim, to procure information about the proceedings of the duke during the last six months. The spy who undertook this commission, and went from Paris to Ettenheim, made the minutest inquiries. He found that the duke lived in a very modest style; that he received some emigrants; that he loved hunting; that he had a secret connexion with a French female who shared his banishment with him; and that he frequently made excursions, that kept him absent for several days. Yet there appeared nothing very conclusive against the Duke; but as the reporter had heard the name of Dumontiers pronounced as that of a person residing at Ettenheim, he confounded the name with that of Dumourier. He then no longer believed in the stories about the chace, or the amours of the prince; and he repaired to Paris, with a report, in which he stated, that the Duc d'Enghien led a very mysterious life; that he frequently admitted French emigrants; that he gave them money; that he took particular notice of Dumourier, as the agent of England, about the person of the prince; and that the latter was absent several times for eight, ten, or twelve days, without any body knowing whither he was gone.

Bonaparte was greatly alarmed at this intelligence. He assembled a council composed of Cambaceres and Le Brun, the two other Consuls, Talleyrand, Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Grand Judge, and Fouché.

'In this council,' says the Duke of Rovigo, 'the Grand Judge presented a statement of the whole business, and described the conspiracy in the interior. The Minister for Foreign Affairs then read a long report on the various ramifications of the conspiracy in foreign parts, which concluded with a proposal to carry off the Duc d'Enghien by main force, and make away with him.

'In spite of the opposition of Cambaceres, Bonaparte gave orders for the seizure of all the emigrants that were to be found at Ettenheim and Gottenburgh. It was on that occasion that he repeated to Real, a Councillor of State, these guilty expressions:—"I have ordered the arrest of the Duc d'Enghien, and the seizure of his papers; it is too bad to come from Ettenheim to Paris, there to organize assassinations; and think themselves in safety, because they are behind the Rhine. I am not simple enough to suffer all this."'

The Abbe de Montgaillard, in his History of France, tome vi. p. 52, Baron Massias, and the Duke of Rovigo, are unanimous in accusing Talleyrand of having expressed the greatest eagerness to promote the seizure of the Duc d'Enghien. That prince was accordingly arrested on the night of the 15th and 16th March, 1804, and carried off by a detachment of French gend'armes, commanded by Captain Charlot, under the superior orders of General Ordener. He was conducted to Strasbourg, and his arrival there was announced to the government at Paris by a telegraphic despatch. His removal to that city was instantly ordered. He arrived there on the 29th of March, about eleven in the morning; was kept at the barrier till four in the afternoon, and thence transferred to Vincennes, without passing through the city. About five o'clock in the evening of the same day, Savary was sent for into the cabinet of the First Consul, from whom he received a sealed letter, with an order to carry it to the Governor of Paris, then General Murat, who authorized him to take under his command a brigade of infantry, which was to assemble, on the same evening, at the barrier of St. Antoine. Murat, without losing a moment, nominated a military commission, composed of five colonels of regiments, from the garrison of Paris, the President of which was to be General Hullin, who at that time commanded the foot grenadiers of the Consular Guard. Scarcely had the prince arrived at his dungeon, overwhelmed with fatigue, after a long and painful journey, and enfeebled by want of rest and food, when he was interrogated, and put upon his trial. He appeared before the military commission at two o'clock in the morning, which court, according to the expression of the order for its assembling, was "*juger sans desemparer*."

The discussion continued till four o'clock in the morning: the duke disavowed having shared in the conspiracy of Cadoudal; he acknowledged receiving money from England for his own use; he declared heroically, that he had expressed to that government his desire of serving in a military capacity against the enemies of his family, and on this declaration, which was equally frank and justifiable, without a single document being produced against the prisoner, without a single witness appearing against him, without the allowance of counsel, he was condemned by the unanimous sentence of the commission. Almost immediately after his sentence was pronounced, his execution was carried into effect in the fosse of Vincennes, by a picquet of gend'armes, selected by the Duke of Rovigo, and his body, with the clothes on, was instantly thrown into a ditch that had been previously dug for its reception.

Many contemporary writers, and among others, the Abbé Montgaillard, have asserted, that a lantern was suspended from the breast of the prince, to serve as a mark for the select piquet of gend'armes brought from Paris. But this fact is successfully rebutted by Savary, who observes very justly, that the sun rises at six o'clock on the 21st of March, and that it is day-light at five. This apologist of Napoleon is, however, not so successful, when he endeavours to combat the reproach of refusing a priest to the prisoner, since it is not true, that in the year 1804, priests were very scarce, and that it is not probable that the vicinity of Vincennes was without a parish priest. But with respect to the military commission, every form of judicial proceeding was grossly violated by it. The members of that court had only one sentiment, and object, and that was the condemnation and death of the prince at all events. The civil and military agents that meddled with the midnight excursion to Ettenheim, and the murder of Vincennes, set at nought all the received notions of the rights of nature and of nations, and all the forms sanctified by law. In short, every thing was barbarousness and iniquity, commencing with the proceedings beyond the Rhine, till the execution of the prince, and the burial of his corpse in the castle ditch.

The catastrophe of the Duc d'Enghien will always remain a blot on the fame of Napoleon, and history will preserve the names of all that took a share in that murder, to shew that despotism is sure of finding instruments who will be always ready to engage in the most revolting atrocities.

It is impossible to justify Napoleon on this occasion, and the following extract from the memoir of the Duke of Rovigo, though full of errors, mere declamation, and principles morally unjust, will not diminish the guilt of an act with which posterity will not fail to reproach his memory.

The man of candour and impartial character, will take the pains to examine into the conduct of the head of the French government, respecting this tragic event, he will not fail to bring to his recollection the following remarks: the object of George was no more a matter of doubt, than the point of his departure, and the direction of his pursuit. In less than two years, this was the third attempt on the life of the First Consul: the conspirators did not intend to stop there, their object was, besides, to overturn all the benefits of the revolution, and to excite a civil war at the very moment when France was to support a foreign war, and when desperate commotions were raging in the interior. The enemies of France sharpened their daggers against the first magistrate; they proceeded to strike at him in the midst of that very nation, the independence of which he was supporting, and against which they conspired, as much as against himself. Why then should they expect that he would pay regard to rights which they did not observe with regard to him? And when, in order to terminate his existence, they employed illegal means, must he have confined himself within the strict limits of morality and justice, which they overleaped at every step? Besides, was not the First Consul responsible towards the general political interest, connected as it was with his own existence? What would be thought of the solidity of any government, if the head of it should want energy and firmness to protect itself?

Such were probably the sentiments of the First Consul, though very different ones were imputed to him. Some asserted, that by striking at the Duc d'Enghien, he intended to strike terror into the other princes of the house of Bourbon, and to disperse, at once, the hordes of emigrants that were threatening the frontiers. Others maintained, that he wished to conciliate the Jacobins, and afford them a species of guarantee by that measure. To the former I will reply, that the conqueror of Marengo relied upon his sword for the dispersion of his enemies; and of the latter I would willingly ask, whether the Jacobins were any longer formidable after the 18th Brumaire, and whether that day, which was the first of his power, was not the last of theirs? They already began to implore his alpowerful protection. What guarantee therefore was he bound to give them?

But we must tell Mr. Savary, that men must not apply means disavowed by morality and honour, because their enemies set them the example. He labours under a mistake, when he asserts *that after the 18th Brumaire, the republican party was powerless*; the conspiracy of Brest, directed against his master by Bernadotte, destroys that assumption. Does he not know that the presence of the Duc d'Enghien at Paris, who, he asserts, could *have been got rid of more safely* at a *hunting party beyond the Rhine*, was not necessary to the condemnation of Moreau, and to the discovery of the mysterious personage who gave such trouble to Bonaparte, and who afterwards proved to be General Pichegru? Napoleon is guilty. "The Duc d'Enghien was put to death because I wished it to be so," observes he in his last will and testament; and when we recollect the deportation of so many republicans to Cayenne, who were suspected, though really innocent; when we consider the seizure and imprisonment of Toussaint Louverture of St. Domingo, and his frightful death in the dungeons of L'ile de St. Marie; when we see that Mr. de Grisolles (now Lieutenant General, and Governor of the Royal Castle of Pau), though declared innocent by a military commission, was nevertheless conducted to the Bicetre, and confined in a subterraneous dungeon, where he remained ten years, and from which he did not come out till 1814, at the approach of the allied armies, when he was again sent bound hand and foot to the castle of Saumur; we cannot believe, in the face of all these staring facts, that Napoleon would have prevented the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, had not that act even been done too precipitately; nor can we acknowledge, with Mr. Talleyrand, that the First Consul possessed "a character of coolness and prudence that tempered all his enterprises; a calmness of judgment that overruled every error; and in short, a profound feeling of humanity and justice."

Napoleon is, indeed, the principal criminal in the affair of the Duke d'Enghien, but he is not the only one besides the Duke of Rovigo—Talleyrand was the instigator of this double crime.

"" I was alone one day," said Napoleon to his attendants, who had followed him to St. Helena, "and half seated on the table at which I had dined, and was taking my coffee. A new plot was announced to me, and I was reminded that it was high time to put an end to such horrible attempts, and to check the almost daily endeavours to deprive me of my existence, and that this could be *effected only by shedding blood*. The Duc d'Enghien, observed they, must be the victim, as he has been taken in the fact, as one of the parties of the conspiracy. I did not exactly know who the Duc d'Enghien was; the revolution had come upon me when I was very young; I did not go to Court, and I knew not who he was. *They satisfied me on all these points.* If matters are so, cried I, he must be seized, and subsequent measures must be taken. Every thing was previously arranged by the parties; *the documents were all ready—the signature alone was wanting*; and thus the destiny of the prince was decided."'

The person who had arranged and prepared every thing beforehand, the Duke de Rovigo does not hesitate to say, was Talleyrand; it was he who hindered a letter, written from Strasburgh by the prince to Napoleon, to be presented to him. "On his arrival at Strasburgh," says the captive of St. Helena to Dr. O'Meara, "the prince wrote a letter to me, which was transmitted to Talleyrand, who kept it till after his execution." We may, therefore, easily believe what is insinuated by the Duke of Rovigo, that it was also Talleyrand who caused to be inserted in the order of Murat, the words "*juger sans desemparer.*" In short, to complete the climax of atrocity, it was this same Talleyrand, who on the evening of the execution of the prince, gave a ball, to which the whole of the diplomatic body was invited. After that, must we not consider as pure irony the sentence expressed in the Abbé de Montgaillard, "that M. Talleyrand would not have dared to keep the letter of the prince till it became useless; that on the contrary, M. Talleyrand used all his efforts to induce Napoleon to save the life of the prince, and restore him to liberty; the humane character of M. Talleyrand, and the devotion of his heart to royalty, and the house of Bourbon, which he has uniformly manifested, and of which he has given such glorious and honourable testimonies in 1814, permit us not to doubt it." We must also consider, as ironical, another phrase, inserted in the letter to the Duc d'Alberg, that Talleyrand, during his ministry, "did not cease to moderate the violent passions of Bonaparte;" and this expression is to be found in the letter of a man who played an equally base and criminal part in the unhappy catastrophe to which we advert.

Another person, deeply implicated in this transaction, according to the memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, is General Hullin, who was president of the military commission. He conducted the trial in violation of all the forms and principles of justice; the prisoner was allowed no counsel—was left entirely to himself, and to his inexperience, and indiscreet vivacity of character. But even in courts martial, it is usual to give an advocate to the prisoner, when sentence of condemnation is suspended over his head. The sentence had these words, "to be executed forthwith," though the law allows a delay of twenty-four hours between sentence and execution; in short, the prisoner requested an interview with the First Consul, and was refused. This latter fact, General Hullin, in a pamphlet which he published in 1823, throws back upon the Duke of Rovigo himself. According to the opinion of the president of the military commission, the court would have complied with the request of the prince, to hasten an interview with the First Consul, but Mr. Savary represented that the request was irregular, and unseasonable; and accordingly General Hullin gave up the power? What is more, when sentence was pronounced, the president was proceeding to write to the First Consul, to acquaint him with the request of the prince to have an interview with him, and also to beseech him to resist the sentence which the rigour of military law compelled them to pass, and did not permit them to elude—but Savary, at that moment taking up the pen, said, *that is my business;* which induced General Hullin to believe that Savary was going himself to write to the First Consul on the subject.

These charges Mr. Savary rebuts very ably; and the terrible words, *to be executed forthwith,* are too weighty and powerful for General Hullin. But Savary himself, who was fully sensible of the irregularity of the whole proceeding—ought he to have lent his assistance to the execution? In vain does he call to his aid the unconditional submission required from the soldier; we reply to him in the words of the poet—

> "Quand le prince au sujet commande un attentat
> Il presente sa tete, et il n'obeit pas."

To conclude, according to the best information that we have been able to obtain, it was Talleyrand that instigated the seizure of the Duc d'Enghien; and it was a military commission under General Hullin, that condemned him to death. Gen d'armes, under the orders of Savary, performed the execution; and Napoleon, if he did not order, at least allowed all these enormities to proceed, and to be accomplished One man only, and it ought to be mentioned to the honor of humanity, shewed himself to be just and courageous with respect to the fate of the Duc d'Enghien—and that was M. Massias, the French minister at the Court of the Elector of Baden, who, at the moment of the seizure of the prince, wrote to Talleyrand, and was intrepid and honest enough to attest that during his stay in the electorate, the conduct of the Duc d'Enghien had been prudent and irreproachable. The death of the Duc d'Enghien roused all Europe against Napoleon, and led to a new coalition against France. Savary, being now raised to the rank of general, followed the emperor into Germany. He was sent to Russia, to the court of Alexander, with proposals for peace, which that emperor refused. He was also present at the battle of Austerlitz; and in the following year, having taken the fortress of Hameln, after an obstinate siege, he was raised, on the 5th of February, 1806, to the dignity of *Grande aigle de la Legion d'honneur.* At this period the two volumes of the Duke of Rovigo's Memoirs conclude. The author being then a mere aid-de-camp to the emperor, was not initiated in the secrets of the state, to which his employment as minister of police afterwards secured him ample admission. Accordingly, in these two volumes we do not meet with any of those discoveries and important communications, which were held out to us in the preface. Most of the anecdotes recorded in them we had previously met with in

Sir Walter Scott, Montgaillard, and other writers; and the accounts of battles are frequently no more than repetitions from General Jomini, Mathieu Dumas, and other military writers of the period. These memoirs, however, have produced a deep sensation in the *salons* of Paris, and we are not surprised at it. Savary's book must please the admirers of Napoleon, whom he extols with fulsome praise; and it must irritate the royalists by the undisguised frankness of its language respecting the claims of legitimacy. It must, moreover, alarm timid consciences by the light which it throws on the lamentable affair of the Duc d'Enghien. It is whispered about that many persons intend to bring the Duke de Rovigo before a court of justice, as a libeller and a slanderer; and that others have challenged him to single combat on the same grounds. Is it to avoid these unpleasant dangers and encounters, that Savary has set out for Berlin? But this would be conduct unworthy of a warrior who immortalized himself at the memorable battle of Friedland.

Art. VI.—*The British Gunner.*—By Captain J. Morton Spearman, H.P. Unattached. 12mo. pp. 448. London: Parbury & Co. 1828.

In the rapid growth of scientific improvement which, during the last thirty-five years, has extended through every branch of our military establishment, there is nothing more remarkable or more honourable to the national ingenuity and energy, than the changes which have been wrought in the organization of the ordnance service. These changes are such as to render the British artillery, from having been among the worst in Europe, absolutely the very finest and best: an example for the envy of the great military powers of the Continent, and a model for the avowed imitation even of that nation, which has heretofore been held to excel all others in the qualities of martial science. It may be admitted as a conclusion, by universal consent, that of all the people of Europe, the French have habitually, in their national character, shewn most original genius and aptitude for military affairs; and it is, therefore, not a little gratifying to our English pride, to observe these acknowledged masters of the art of war—these boasted instructors of our earlier years—surpassed in their own favourite vocation, and reduced to become, in their turn, the pupils and imitators of our military knowledge and inventions.

This practical homage, on the part of the French, to the decided superiority of our artillery, is a circumstance not only well known to every military man, but publicly and candidly admitted, by some at least, of their own writers. A memoir, by the chef-de-bataillon Parizot, one of the most skilful artillery officers of the imperial school in the French service, details six essential advantages in the

British system of field artillery over that of his countrymen. And Dupin (Force Militaire de la Grande Bretagne), who quotes this memoir of Parizot, adds the assurance of a French general officer, after witnessing the reviews of the Allied Armies of Occupation in 1818, that he had very attentively observed the manœuvres of the artillery belonging to the different powers; he had been struck with the appearance and splendour of the troops composing the army, and with the order and precision of their various evolutions; but *the English took the lead in every respect.*

Of the avidity with which the French, as well as the other military of the Continent, have sought to study the models of our guns, carriages, limbers, ammunition cars, &c., it would be useless to multiply examples. The union of troops of the various nations after the war, in the Army of Occupation, gave the military of the German states the most favourable opportunity for the purpose: but French officers were, meanwhile, in secret, making their observations upon our ordnance equipments, with equal address, notwithstanding their difficulty of obtaining admission within our artillery parks and cantonments. The manner, however, in which one circumstance, that gave more facility to their study, was carefully improved, deserves to be cited as a proof of the anxiety with which the superiority of our constructions was noticed. In 1815, during the short campaign of the "hundred days," the British government supplied the insurgents of La Vendée with a train of six guns and two howitzers, which, after the war, were left in the province. In 1819, the French royal government appropriated these pieces to itself; and advantage was taken of their possession, to investigate every peculiarity in the construction of the whole train. A committee of distinguished general officers of artillery was appointed, to digest the result of this inquiry; and their elaborate report—so important was the subject deemed—was pronounced to "have done honour to the intelligence of the corps of French artillery."

All the improvements which have raised the British artillery to the first rank in Europe, are the work, as we have already said, of our own age. In 1793, at the commencement of our share in the wars of the French revolution, the various ordnance equipments, as well as the whole composition of this branch of the British service, were of the rudest kind, and on the worst organized and most defective plan. The inefficiency of the whole system was palpably betrayed, whenever a force was required to take the field. The artillery was dispersed among the infantry, at the rate of two pieces to a battalion; and it was thus rendered impracticable to concentrate a powerful fire of numerous guns, upon any important point. The guns were horsed in single team, which needlessly both lengthened the column of march and diminished the power of the draft. The drivers, who were not soldiers, but hired waggoners, were on foot, with long whips and smock-frocks, like ordinary farm servants; the gunners also were not mounted; the ammunition was carried in large deal boxes; the waggons which conveyed it were heavy and ill-constructed; and the whole equipment was so cumbrous, that it was impossible for the train to move faster than a foot pace, except for a very short distance: and if increased speed were attempted, before an enemy, the men came into action breathless, and unable to serve their guns.

But before the commencement of the peninsular war, such had been the auspicious energy and spirit of improvement which had arisen in the ordnance department, that a thorough reformation had already been effected. The old system of battalion guns was abolished; and the artillery was brigaded, distinct from the infantry and cavalry, with which it served, in divisions of six pieces: so that the fire of one or more of these powerful batteries could be readily concentrated upon a given point. A body of military drivers—afterwards judiciously incorporated altogether with the corps of gunners—was organized. The horses were harnessed to the carriages two abreast; while, by an ingenious contrivance of the shafts, the power of using single draft in narrow roads, or when any of the horses were disabled, was retained. The drivers were mounted on the near horses; and the gunners themselves, in the proportion of eight to a piece, were carried on the limbers and ammunition cars. The improvements effected in the construction of the carriages of every kind, are too various and minute for detail. But it is sufficient to say, that the whole of the equipment was lightened, to such a degree, that the brigade, even of foot artillery, could move habitually at a gallop; the ammunition, packed on the limbers and cars, was always up with the guns; and the officers and men being all mounted, or conveyed on the carriages, were sure of being brought fresh into action. And finally, a system of manœuvres for the brigades of artillery in the field, was introduced, which gave order and precision to their own movements, and established uniformity between them and those of the troops of the other arms. The best results of these improvements, and of the skill and activity which they produced on actual service, are to be found in the signal share which the artillery contributed to the triumphs of the peninsular war, and the crowning glories of Waterloo. But the admiration with which the British artillery has inspired foreigners, by the rapidity and efficiency of movement of which it had been rendered susceptible, is also strikingly exemplified in the observations of a French general officer, of the same arm, on one of the reviews of our army in France. He describes the fact of a hundred pieces of our horse and foot artillery darting forward *with equal velocity,* from the different columns of the army, some hundred yards in front of the cavalry, and opening a general cannonade.

The facility with which the guns were limbered and unlimbered, did not escape the observation of the French artillery officers. One of the brigades of foot artillery met with an accident in passing, at the gallop, a very precipitous road. Having found the passage obstructed by a calash, the brigade dashed rapidly into a field on the left, to avoid any delay. Only one of the guns was overturned, and but one of the gunners suffered from its fall: the piece was righted in an instant, and joined the brigade * * *. The artillery followed the troops through the steep valley of L'Ecaillon, and through the plain beyond (overcoming every obstacle), to the foot of the heights of Famars, arriving on the ground at the same moment as the rest of the army. This position is covered by a deep ravine, difficult of ascent, which the artillery *cleared like the cavalry.* Some carriages were overturned, but quickly set upon their wheels again. Our French artillery would not have surmounted this obstacle, without much time and labour.'

To afford a Pocket Manual of practical science for the younger members and lower ranks of our artillery, suitable to the necessities of that service, and commensurate with this advanced state of improvement, is the object proposed by the author of the most able and accurate little volume before us. In a needless apology for having undertaken a task, the utility of which will be recognized by every well-informed military man, he justly adverts to the desire that has been generally entertained in the service, of some better book of the kind than the old Pocket Gunner of Adye. Even in the later editions of that manual, which is still in general use in the artillery, many rules of obsolete practice have been suffered to remain; and the information which it offers, is altogether very far from corresponding to the wants of the junior officers, not only of the artillery, but of the general service in the present state of our military art. Captain Spearman's volume, indeed, has much higher pretensions than the superficial instruction of the mere artillery soldier: for without omitting such details as may improve the intelligence and increase the practical knowledge of the under officers and gunners of that department, or swelling the volume to an inconvenient size for their use, he has introduced a great deal of new matter, which will be exceedingly acceptable to young officers of the line, as well as the ordnance, in the performance of their duties in the field. The days are passed in our service, happily for the military strength and reputation of the country, when an officer of infantry was sluggishly content to limit the sphere of his usefulness and knowledge to the routine of parades and reviews; and something more than initiation in the fopperies of dress, or the *metier* of the drill serjeant, is now held to constitute the necessary sum of professional acquirements. A general acquaintance, at least, with the principles of the art, and the business of their application, not only in one but in every branch, is felt to be an indispensable quality of soldiership; and almost as much reproach would attach to the intelligence of a modern officer of the line, who should be ignorant of the parts of a fortress, the construction of a field-work, or the equipment of a field-piece, as of the ordinary manœuvres of his own battalion.

To the infantry officer, Captain Spearman's compilation offers an accurate general knowledge of the practical details of gunnery and ordnance of all kinds; to the artillery officer, a necessary remembrancer, on a thousand points of minute calculation connected with his duties; and to both, a most valuable manual in a campaign, for all those frequent exigencies of the service, on which they may be required to take a share, beyond the precise duties of their own arm, in the operations of field engineering and entrenching, the construction of temporary bridges, and various other mechanical works. To officers of both services, further, it presents a number of judicious and well-written papers, elucidating those elementary principles of exact science, upon the theory of which the whole practice of artillery and engineering is regulated. On the advantage and even necessity of this brief instruction, for all who, in superintending or assisting in warlike constructions, aspire to any knowledge above that of the mechanical labourer of a working or intrenching party, it cannot be necessary to dilate.

Such a little compendium as that before us, however, presents obviously one of those cases in which the author must be far more learned than his book. The merit of Captain Spearman's compilation,the quantity of previous knowledge which was demanded for his task, the minute attention and laborious care, by which alone the laudable correctness of its execution can have been achieved, will be best appreciated by those who are most aware of the extent and variety of the scientific attainments, which go to the formation of an accomplished officer of engineers or artillery. He must be a good general mathematician; a master of geometry at the outset; intimately versed in the whole range of mechanics and hydrostatics in their enlarged sense, both theoretical and practical; a sufficient architect on principle, and by familiarity with construction; something, at least, of an operative chemist and mineralogist; and upon all these foundations, he must build up the severe study of his art, which, even in its strictly military combinations, embraces half the circle of the mixed sciences. If this extent of professional accomplishment be at least presumed in the formation of every competent officer of the ordnance service, it is quite certain that it must have been actually required to the full, in the preparation of such a manual as the British Gunner. Among Captain Spearman's papers on scientific subjects, necessarily brief as they are, we have very creditable and useful articles on the pressure and resistance of Fluids; on the theory of Projectiles; on the principles and powers of Mechanics, and their application; and an admirable paper, at rather more length, on the strength of Materials. There are also a set of excellent geometrical and mechanical problems, with illustrative diagrams, for the determination of heights and distances, than which we know not any thing more useful in military operations.

Among the more exclusively military papers, beyond the simple details of gunnery, which increase the extensive usefulness of the book, we refer to the article on Fortifications; which is the best, within its compass, that we have ever seen. The following paper of explanation, for the laying down of pontoon bridges, we shall quote as an example of the manner wherein the author unites the deductions of theory and the rules of practice; and also because it may not be quite uninteresting, even to non-military readers, to observe the simplicity of that process of passing a river, which is often a prelude to the devastation of a province, or the decision of the fate of an empire.

Bridges.

'In the construction of a military bridge, the two principal points to be attended to are, *strength* and *buoyancy*. Ample information upon the first point will be found under the head of *materials*; with regard to the latter, we shall here add the following necessary observations.

'*Of the Buoyancy of Bodies.*

'If a body be either wholly or partly immersed in a fluid, it will occupy a space which was before occupied by a bulk of the fluid equal in magnitude to the body, or part of it immersed; and, previously to the immersion, the pressure downwards upon the fluid, below the place subsequently occupied by the body, being equal to the weight of the bulk of fluid displaced by the immersion, the upward re-action of the fluid, below the body, will be equal to that weight: otherwise the fluid would not be in equilibrio both before and after the immersion, and the descent of the body in the fluid is impeded by that re-action.

'Consequently, when a body is entirely immersed in a fluid of the same specific gravity as itself, it will remain at rest in it, because the upward re-action of the fluid is equal to the weight of the body; and the body may farther be said to have lost all its weight by the immersion.

'If the specific gravity of the body be greater than that of the fluid, the body will sink, because its weight is greater than the upward re-action of the fluid; but that re-action impedes the descent with a force equal to the weight of the fluid displaced, and the body may be said to have lost just so much of its weight by the immersion, as is equal to the weight of a bulk of the fluid of the same magnitude.

'Again, if the specific gravity of the body be less than that of the fluid, the body will float in it; but at the same time, it will sink to a depth at which the pressure arising from its weight is equal to the upward re-action of the fluid, or till the pressure and re-action are in equilibrio. In which case the weight of the displaced fluid is equal to that of the body immersed. Hence, when a body floats in any fluid, it displaces just so much of it as is equal to the weight of the body.

'From these principles we obtain the following practical rules for computing the buoyancy of materials, and thereby are enabled to apply them to the formation of floats or rafts to support given weights.

‘ I. *To find the number of planks required to form a float to support a given weight.*

‘ First, find the content of one plank, and multiply it by the specific gravity of the wood ; the product will be the receipt of the timber.

‘ Second, multiply the same solid content by the specific gravity of water; the product will be the weight of an equal bulk of water.

‘ Then take the difference of these two products or weights, and it will be the weight one piece of timber will support without sinking.

‘ Hence, by proportion, we may find the number required to support the given weight.

‘ II. *To find the number of casks required to form a Raft to support a given weight.*

‘ First, find the solid content of one cask, in cubic inches, and multiply it by the specific gravity of water ; the product will be the weight of a quantity of water of equal bulk with the cask.

‘ Second, from this product or weight, subtract the weight of the cask, and the remainder will be the weight it will support without sinking.

‘ Then, by proportion, the number required for the formation of the raft may be found.

‘ III. *To find the Number of Boats or Pontoons required to support a given Weight.*

‘ When it is required to find the burthen a boat or pontoon will support, without sinking beyond a given depth, the form of the boat or pontoon being known.

‘ First, find the solid content, in cubic feet, of the part to be sunk, and multiply it by the specific gravity of water.

‘ Second, subtract this product from the weight of the boat or pontoon, and the remainder will be the burthen it will support without sinking beyond the required depth.

‘ Then, by proportion, we may compute the number required to support the given weight.

‘ These three problems, together with the observations upon which they are founded, and the remarks, on the resistances and velocities of fluids, comprise, in a few words, the whole science of coustructing what may, without impropriety, be termed the foundation of a floating bridge.

‘ *Of the manner of laying a Pontoon or other Floating Bridge across a River.*

‘ The situation of the bridge being determined on, and the breadth of the river and the rapidity of its current ascertained, the first operation is to prepare roads from the banks to communicate with those by which the troops are to advance. If the banks are steep, they must be reduced to an easy slope, and those parts on each side, where the extremities of the bridge are to rest, made as solid and firm as possible, by means of hurdles, fascines, or otherwise.

‘ In the mean time, a sheer-line or cable must be stretched across the river, and when fastened to a tree, camp picket, or any thing firm on the opposite bank, hove taught by means of a crab capstan, or temporary windlass, formed of the shafts, axle-tree, and one of the wheels of a pontoon or gun carriage. If the place of each individual pontoon were marked upon the sheer-line, previously to its being stretched, much time, and considerable confusion in afterwards arranging the boats in their proper situations, would be avoided.

'The pontoons, each with its proper proportion of baulks, chesses, &c., and two men on board of it, should be launched into the river, and arranged along the bank in the order they are afterwards to assume in the bridge; that is to say, those intended to form its furthest extremity, should be ranged highest up the stream.

'The boats are floated or punted down the stream to their respective stations along the sheer-line, to which they are moored by the head lashings as soon as the intervals are properly taken up.

'If the river be very rapid, a second sheer-line must be stretched across it, parallel to the first, and at the distance of the length of the boats, and to which the boats must be lashed. The spring-lines are then passed diagonally from pontoon to pontoon, and the belaying sticks are fixed to brace them tight, as soon as it is ascertained they are in their true positions. The anchors, if necessary, should also be carried up the stream, and dropped in such situations that the cables may, as far as practicable, form equal angles with the surface of the water. If this precaution in dropping the anchors be not attended to, the strain upon the bridge will be unequally divided.

'The foundation being thus prepared, one of the chesses is next laid on the edge of the bank, at each end of the bridge, bottom up; these serve to lay the ends of the baulks upon, and as a direction for placing them at the proper distances apart, to fit the chesses that cover the bridge.

'The baulks of the first pontoon should then be laid across the boats, and those of the second bolted to them, and the line thus prolonged across the river. If the gang-boards are laid across the heads and sterns of the boats, from one side of the river to the other, they will, by forming a footing for the men, very much facilitate the operation of laying the chesses.

'Lastly, the gang-boards are laid along the ends of the chesses on each side of the bridge.

'With a well arranged train of pontoons, and expert pontooners, the time required to construct a bridge is at the rate of a minute and a half for each pontoon.

'*Precautions necessary to be observed in passing a Bridge of Boats.*

'Of whatever size a bridge may be, infantry should never be allowed to pass it at the same time with carriage or cavalry. The carriages should always move at a certain distance behind each other, that the bridge may not be shaken by being overloaded.

'Horses should not be allowed to trot over the bridge, and the cavalry should dismount and lead their horses over.

'Larges droves of cattle must not be allowed to pass at the same time.

'For the dimensions, weight, and equipage of a pontoon, see the word *pontoon.*

'When the bridges are made to facilitate the communication between the different parts of the approaches at a siege, they should, if possible, be placed above the town, or the besieged will take the advantage of the current to float down large trees, or other bodies, in order to destroy them.

Two such bridges should always be placed close to each other, in order to prevent the confusion arising from crossing and re-crossing upon the same bridge; the one being intended to pass over one way, and the other to return.

'A pontoon bridge of the old pattern will not, in general, support a greater weight than four or five thousand pounds. When the pontoons are united in a bridge, they will, no doubt, bear more than when acted upon separately: the weight, however, which each will bear, may be easily ascertained, either by the rule already given for that purpose, or by loading it with water till it sinks to any required depth; and then by calculating the number of cubic feet of water it contains, ascertain the number of pounds required to sink it to that particular depth.'—pp. 88—95.

This article, under the head of 'Bridge,'—the arrangement of the volume being alphabetical, like Adye's—may give a sufficient idea of the style in which Captain Spearman's little dictionary of practical military science is composed. He has certainly "done good service" to the state militant in its compilation; and it is interesting to observe that this is not the first occasion on which the ordnance corps has been indebted to his name. To his father, who is well remembered in the artillery as a most active and able officer, and who had been brought into that service from the line, by the Duke of Richmond, when Master-General of the Ordnance, from early discovery of his professional merits—undoubtedly belongs the praise of having recommended the abolition of the old defective system of battalion guns, and the substitution of brigades, or field batteries, as they are now termed. Under his superintendence also, the first brigades were organized for the Peninsular war; and we happen to know that the system of field exercise and manœuvres which he introduced for them, has, even since the latest improvements, been translated by order of the French minister at war, and adopted in that service. With justifiable filial pride, Captain Spearman claims for his parent a great share, originally in Major Adye's "Bombardier," and therefore for himself an hereditary interest 'in a subject that engaged his father's professional attention, and was principally illustrated by his labours.' It is impossible not to applaud the spirit in which Captain Spearman has thus taken up the subject, or the zeal with which he has improved his own regular education for the ordnance, and his scientific apprenticeship in the corps of artillery, to extend the utility of his father's valuable services. We are satisfied that this work ought to bring him into honorable notice; and have no hesitation in declaring our opinion that, in its production, he has very much increased the debt of gratitude which the ordnance department already owes to his family.

Art. VII.—*Eccellino da Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua.* A Poem, in twelve books. By H. A. Viscount Dillon. 8vo. pp. 420. London: Lloyd. 1828.

If periodical criticism had done no other good, it would merit some degree of public respect for the use it has been of in diminishing the number of pseudo poets. The suffering generation of these unfortunate men, of course bore the infliction with little patience, and critics have been so proverbially called ungentle, that it would require some wit and eloquence to do away with the prejudices under which their character labours. It has, however, of late been less necessary than it was some time since, to attack the misguided and noisy votaries of the muses. They have most of them been contented either with circulating their productions in manuscripts of gilt-edged writing paper, or with printing, without publishing them. This has in some measure lessened the severe spirit of criticism. She is satisfied with this sacrifice of vanity to her rigid justice; and the few weak, simple-minded people who now venture to lay out thirty pounds in publishing a volume of poems, are suffered to lose their money and give away their books in peace and quiet. It is not, however, every class of these persecutors of fame whom we can suffer thus to pass unheeded. The writer of a volume of stanzas is a harmless sort of person, who by the size and nature of his publication, only pretends to a nut-shell full of reputation, and if he do not deserve this, is only to be punished for his faults after the same measure. But the authors of tragedies and epics are a very different description of people. They can commence their book with no little modest preface, ascribing their attempt to the advice of friends, the unexpected leisure of some vacant hour, or that most favourite of all ascribable reasons, the hope of being able 'to alleviate for a moment the pangs of sorrow, or call a smile upon the face of affliction.' They can shelter themselves under nothing of this kind, for their very undertaking is a declaration of proud pretensions and confidence. It becomes, therefore, in these cases, the proper duty of a critic, one to which he is bound by his original compact with the public, to examine their works, and pronounce judgment in the true and severe spirit of his ancient progenitors.

It was with some little feeling of uneasiness we commenced the perusal of Lord Dillon's poem, after reading the following passage in the preface, founded on a kind of reasoning which we imagine was never before employed by the writer of an epic. 'Notwithstanding a ten years' residence in Italy, yet drawn away by other studies and pursuits, the Italian muse is unknown to me. I can say the same with regard to the French and Spanish. I have not looked into the classics since I left the University of Oxford. I consider these to be fortunate circumstances; for I should never have had the resolution to have entered into the lists, had I been intimately acquainted with the mighty efforts of poetic genius that have flourished and illumined the world.' We will do his lordship the justice to believe that he would indeed never have attempted to write his present poem, had he better known what poetry is, or been more acquainted with its rules and proper qualities. But that a man of education and common sense should sit down to the composition of an epic, boasting of his ignorance of the models he should have most intimately known, is an inexplicable mystery. Lord Dillon should have remembered that not one of those great works, the excellence of which would have terrified him out of the idea of writing, was not composed till its author had become deeply imbued with a sense of the beauty of the others which preceded it.

It is also sufficient to terrify any one but a reviewer, out of examining a poem, to find its author declaring himself so utterly void of all love for his art, as to have let ten years pass over his head, without reading the poets of any country in the world. There are spirits who can bathe themselves at will in a fountain of love, light, and beauty; whose own feelings are inspirations sufficient to convey them into a world of delight, and who want but a single whisper of memory, or a ray of hope, to call up a thousand sweet and brilliant images; but these, full as they are of the music of nature, seldom extend its expression beyond the narrow bounds of the minor poem. If they want learning, it is not the grand and imposing epic they construct; but the pathetic ballad, or the wild and vivid ode. If, therefore, Lord Dillon possess a poetical mind, but is ignorant, as he confesses himself to be, of the learning of the poet, he should have confined his Muse to these, not lower, but less difficult tracks: by his doing the contrary, he has exposed himself to ridicule, as an empirical pretender, and as deserving to be ranked with those vulgar professors of science, whose confidence rests on their unacquaintance with the real nature of its difficulties. We trust his lordship will take this, as it is meant—a remonstrance with him, for having most unwisely permitted some sudden whim, the caprice of an idle hour, to precipitate him into a school-boy attempt at something beyond his present capacity, and thereby expose himself to the just censure of every one acquainted with poetical literature. How far the author of Eccellino da Romano has thus erred, may be most fairly decided by an appeal to the work itself; and to this we now turn, as affording ample proof of the propriety of what we have just said.

The subject chosen for the poem, is one of those desperate struggles, which give a fearful and deep interest to the history of the middle ages. It is, however, a question with us, whether this period, so fruitful in romance and all its accompaniments, is so well adapted for furnishing the subject of an epic, as our author seems to suppose. For the lay of the Troubadour, or the extended legend of the novelist, none can be finer. The bold adventure, the well-pictured love scene, and the chivalrous pageant, are admirable materials for those writers whose aim is to produce a strong, lively impression on the imagination: but the epic poet has the higher design of impressing it with more enduring forms, and of influencing the grandest of our moral feelings, by the sublime objects which he presents. But of subjects fit for this purpose, the history of the middle ages is comparatively barren. There are few or none which admit of being treated of so as to affect the mind by their entireness of interest and poetic beauty. The history of the period has, in fact, an incidental interest, an interest continually kept up; but neither increasing to a certain end, nor tending to a great and decided era. It hence results, that the records of the middle ages are well fitted to afford materials for romance, but not for epic poetry. They are replete with individual adventure, and have thus a strong hold upon our sympathies and fancy; but while these only are interested, the design of the epic is not attained; and a poem written in that form, becomes an utter failure. Lord Dillon, therefore, would have done right to look at his subject well, before taking it for the foundation of such a work as he has composed. He might have yielded himself, like a minstrel of old, to the inspiration of Italy; but a poem in twelve long books, is nothing like what his predecessors ever thought of thus breathing out to the winds.

Of Eccellino da Romano, the hero of the work, the like doubts may be expressed as to his fitness for the principal character in an epic. He inspired his contemporaries with fear and hate, and has been regarded by posterity with horror; but a brute, ferocious cruelty was his most distinguishing quality; and wherever this is the case, the whole moral character is of too weak and narrow a kind to admit of its being contemplated with poetic interest. A man of high ambition, or led by some other violent passion, may commit a crime at which humanity shudders, and still be an equally grand object for the poet to picture, because it but shows a mighty soul overpowered by a mightier temptation; but cruelty habitually indulged, or carried beyond the first fearful blinding of the heart, totally annihilates that grandeur of humanity for which the poet claims our deep and thrilling veneration. Eccellino has been made the hero of dramas, and with less fault in the author than we are attributing to Lord Dillon; because in these he has not been kept so long before us, and his actions are not given in detail. Our author also has committed an error, in endeavouring to heighten the interest, by giving a half-fiendish character to his hero, and attributing his actions to a visible satanic influence. We have made these observations, because they will justify the censure we must pass on this attempt of the noble author; and show him that we have not formed our indifferent opinion of his production without reason. What, however, we have hitherto said, only applies to the poem as an epic; and Lord Dillon has still a claim upon consideration, when freed from the laws of this particular species of poetry.

Taking up the work, then, not as an epic but as a romantic poem, or any other kind the author may choose to call it, there are two essential points in which it demands our attention. These are its versification, and its imagery and sentiments. We have already censured the author, for the absurd conceit with which he has accompanied his confession of an almost total unacquaintance with the greatest efforts of poetical genius. How far we were right, or how much our censure should be increased, our readers will be able to judge, on looking at the author's verse. Surely, Lord Dillon must not only have forgotten Milton and his classics, but that rythm is in any respect an ingredient of poetry. He must either have done this, or been tempted to some ridiculous experiment in a new species of verse-making, or he could certainly never have written such lines as the following:

> 'Earth yielded here kindly her goodliest fruits.
> The milk white oxen heav'd along the wains,
> Groaning with weight of Bacchus' joyous toil!
> Ceres and Pomona shed around their
> Smiles that met on every side his dark frown,
> Who from his lofty stand view'd that sad land,
> From which his iron grasp squeez'd tears and gore,
> Fast holding, had invested with despair.'

Or these equally remarkable ones:

> 'Scarce had Aurora streak'd the orient sky,
> When stout Florestan rode from out the gate
> With rapid strides, to urge his bounding steed
> Across the plain, and unto Azzo's camp
> To bear the unwelcome news, that Mantua now
> Invested was, and pray relief might soon
> Be sent to its beleaguer'd walls; above
> The gate through which he rode, rose an antique
> And lofty tower, and on that tower sat, long
> Ere break of day, his gentle love, the sweet
> And wanton Viola, who, love-sick nymph,
> Most gentle had become.'—p. 253.

Such passages as these are scattered throughout the volume; and considering that we have more than four hundred pages, they are no slight annoyance to the half-wearied reader. One thing, however, they render certain, which is, that if Lord Dillon considers this poetry, he must imagine himself speaking in verse as often as writing it; for we cannot, for the world, make such lines any thing but prose. It would be to no purpose to produce any further proofs of this unfortunate obtuseness in his lordship's sense of metrical music; and we therefore charitably refrain from availing ourselves of the opportunity he has given us, of torturing him with a dissecting knife. In turning from this temptation, we have real pleasure in allowing, that though our author has committed high treason against the muses, in the bad construction of his poem, he has proved himself to possess no mean portion of true poetic fancy. The character of Eccelino da Romano is, as we have said, of too bloody a description to be well calculated for the poet's purpose, and Lord Dillon has not had enough of experience in the art to mingle a few rays of light with the dark shadows which surround it. But Azzo of Esté, of whom little or nothing is recorded in history, is almost a personage of the writer's own creation, and the character is in many respects a fine and noble personification of old chivalry. Praise of the same kind may be given to the invention of some of the inferior characters, especially that of Hermione, whose first fall and subsequent high self-devotion and penitence are described with considerable vigour. Passing from this mention of the personages brought forward in the poem, to its general narrative and descriptive parts, we have to notice a strange diversity and inequality of merit. As a whole, the work wants unity of design, and every thing else which could have given vigour and strength to so long a poem. But in detached parts it frequently presents many of the excellences of romantic poetry, and several of its episodes are unquestionably of great merit. But the author has almost entirely destroyed the effect of these passages by an incessant, never changing repetition of certain favourite expressions respecting his heroines or their love; and which are, however, often used so superabundantly as to approach very near the utmost limits of modesty. As portions giving a very fair idea of Lord Dillon's power of description, we take the following. The first is from the account of Buffa, a sorceress, on whose machinations much of the plot is made to depend.

'Pass on, and view another scene; three caves,
Whose entrance is besieg'd by dismal crowds
Of antic shapes, of pain and dire disease,
And loss of wits, and hopeless deep despair:
And o'er the portal of each cave is writ,
"Bedlam, or prison-house, or hospital."
Dire are the groans which issue thence, the cries
Of moody madness, suff'ring and despair,
That oft in suicide their respite seek.
Buffa, the sorc'ress, leads the dreadful dance
Of all her train: on her attendant are
A tribe of imps, all rob'd in black, whose looks
Sly and demure appear: with hound-like tone
They scent the track of discord and of guile.
They to their wond'rous nose add force of tongue,
That they can use at will, and still prefer
Falsehood to truth: these meddle in affairs
Of men; and by their magic spells, the rich

To hopeless poverty reduce; and oft blot out
From nation's annals names of brightest note.
Freedom oft-times they laud; their damning praise
Does but on freedom deal a deadlier blow.
These yelping curs their game pursue, and drive
Into the first two caves. Others anon
Follow; the green-eyed monster, Jealousy,
That, like muskito, frisks and stings, and oft
Escapes, returns and stings again, our grasp
Eluding: Envy, fretful knave, that doth
His own heart eat, and suck his blood to spite
Those whom he cannot reach: Scandal was there,
Camelion like, who borrows every hue:
A bedlam vile, with an alarum tongue,
That, like a clock, still strikes, and strikes amiss.'—pp. 78,79.

This is very Spenserian: the following passage, which describes the cave of a Sibyl, is of a different character, and is certainly not wanting in descriptive beauty:

'——— nigh hand, Nature resumes her smiles,
In richest robes array'd, luxuriant there
The foliage of the oak crowning the crest
Of the grey, rocky dale, shades the light spray
Of the clear torrent from the noontide sun.
Sweet odours rise from aromatic herbs,
Mingled with fern trod by the nimble deer,
And every forest plant there riots wild.
This is a hallow'd spot, by wand'ring feet
Unhallow'd never trod: so many paths
Turn devious, none but the instructed know
The clue which to the Sibyl's grotto leads;
But all day long with hopeless toil may stray,
And plunge at night in the dark forest gloom.
Deep in the sacred grove a verdant lawn
In nature's liv'ry cloth'd, some roods extend,
By daisy, crocus, pansy sparkled o'er,
And violet breathing forth its odours sweet,
And cowslip, and pale lily, virgin like,
That drops its modest head seeking support,
Mingled with savoury aromatic thyme.
Round the grey rock of the arch'd grotto play'd
The eglantine, and in the centre stood
An altar hewn of yellow marble, such
As boasts Sienna. Near a bason clear,
Fed by the streams that from cascades above,
In fleecy flakes descended, midst the rocks,
Mirror so clear, that there the wood nymphs might
On their own beauties gaze well pleas'd; the goats
That brows'd around for satyrs might be ta'en
As on their hinder feet erect they stand.
The cuckoo, bird of omen, startled oft
The newly married swain; the raven hoarse,

And melancholy owl, the Sibyl's spells
Enforce; yet oft the nightingale pour'd forth
Her rich and varied note, sweetly attun'd
To streams that murmur'd near. When sultry day
Was spent, the Sibyl oft would move with step
Majestic, like a goddess, in the light
Of the moon's silv'ry beams, to seek repose
From her long toil, that through futurity
Could pierce; and well did she the offspring know
That quicken'd in the dreaded womb of fate.
Within her grot hung singing shells, that sweet
Harmonious music wafted to the ear;
And couches soft with every moss inlaid;
And marble basins, catching trickling drops
Of water, purer than the rain, more cold
Than winter e'er could freeze; and near the spring
Stood the dread urn, pregnant with fate; from this
(A vase of porphyry form'd,) she drew the leaves,
Whereon the mystic words of destiny
Were writ.'—pp. 293—295.

We could select several other passages equal to these in merit, but what we have cited is sufficient to shew the degree of talent which the writer possesses, and which is thus occassionally manifested in spite of its mismanagement. A poem of the extent of Lord Dillon's Eccellino da Romano is a curiosity in these days, nor is it the less so when coming from an author with whose name, as a writer, the public is totally unacquainted. Our first impressions on perusing the work were, we confess, much less favourable than they are after a more attentive examination of it. Nothing certainly can be more monstrously bad than the construction of the verse, or much inferior, to the fable in its general conduct; but there are at the same time so many spirited descriptions of scenery, so many bright and glowing images, interspersed through the mass, that we can neither doubt the poetical temperament of the author, nor disallow the occasional merit of his production. Had Lord Dillon taken the proper course, he might have rendered his acquaintance with all the beauties of Italian scenery, united with his love of Italian history, a much larger source of poetical pleasure to himself and his readers than he has done. He might, by confining himself to the composition of minor imaginative poems, have let his fancy wander at will amidst the scenes and romantic legends of the land of his pilgrimage. By attempting a longer poem, he has gone beyond his depth, and produced a heavy, ill-compounded mass of ten thousand lumbering blank verses. We trust his Lordship will examine his work again after reading our observations. If he have as much poetry in his composition as we are inclined to think he has, our censure will have the effect of teaching him to exercise the divine art, with more reverence for the heaven-taught rules on which so much of its perfection depends.

ART. VIII.—*Della illustrazione delle lingue antiche e moderne, e Orientali, procurata nel Secolo* XVIII. *dagli Italiani: Ragionamento storico critico.* Di Cesare Lucchesini. 2 vol. 8vo. Lucca. 1827.

THE name of Lucchesini is already known in Italian literature. The late Marquis Girolamo, a diplomatist of some celebrity in his time, wrote an essay, "on the causes and effects of the Confederation of the Rhine," a work not without importance in the history of the momentous period it refers to. The present Marquis Lucchesini, has applied himself peculiarly to classical literature; the work now before us, is the fruit of great research, and extensive erudition. It is not a dry philological work, but a well written historical and critical statement, supported by numerous quotations and authorities, of the progress of the Italians during the last century, in classical, philological and Oriental studies.

Our author, lamenting that the learned Tiraboschi's history of Italian literature, should proceed no further than the beginning of the 18th century,* has attempted to supply this deficiency, at least, by noting the works of all those among his countrymen, who have since that period written about ancient or modern languages. 'A supposition has been abroad,' adds Lucchesini, 'that studies of this sort, especially concerning the learned languages, have been neglected in our country. I have taken pains to examine the justice of this opinion'. We think that much of the information contained in these volumes, must prove new to most readers. Until we read the present work, we own that we had no adequate idea of the assiduity of application and patient labour of many an Italian, often a priest or a monk, for the illustration of the modern, the dead, and particularly the Oriental languages.

The first volume is chiefly taken up with writers, on the language of Italy. The author discusses at some length, the questions which divide the Italians, on the origin, and the true models of their beautiful idiom. In answer to those who would give the Sicilians and Bolognese the precedence in the early formation of the language, he asks 'how has it happened, that in those very countries it never became the idiom of the people, while in Tuscany it has been the common language of all, for six centuries past?' We must confess that we think Lucchesini's arguments very judicious and temperate; he is not a bigoted Cruscante, but he certainly favours Tuscany, because he finds there, and at Rome alone, that the language called Italian, is really spoken by the people. The various dialects of Italy have not sprung from the same source; there is not even a family likeness between them. One language is spoken by the Genoese, another by the Lombards, others by the Venetians, Bolognese, Neapolitans, and Sicilians, and all different from that which is spoken in Tuscany, and in one part of the Roman States. Our author concludes that the present dialects are the offspring of the many languages that were spoken in various parts of Italy, even under the Romans, who introduced into them an admixture of Latin, but never superseded them entirely. The Barbarians who came afterwards, added to the confusion; in one country the Longobards, in another the Visigoths; the Normans and Saracens in the South; the Franks and Burgundians in the North; each of these tribes must have given a peculiar impression to the dialect of the respective countries in which they fixed their residence.

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* A continuation of the General History of Italian Literature has been undertaken by Lombardi, librarian to the Duke of Modena. The first volume has just appeared.

Lucchesini, after noticing the various grammatical works and dictionaries that have appeared in the Italian language during the period of which he treats, the new editions of the Italian classics, and the compositions of those writers of the eighteenth century, who have written in pure and classical style, either in verse or prose, closes his first volume with a view of the labours of those Italians who have translated works from the other modern European languages. Speaking of Cesarotti's Ossian, he adverts to the occasional turgidity, and strange phraseology adopted by him. He censures the frequent repetition of the words, son, daughter, and children, used figuratively, as "son of the sword," "daughter of a secret cell," &c. which have, in Italian at least, a ludicrous effect. But the best parody we have heard of, on all this strange progeny, was that of old Fortis, the Dalmatian traveller, who, on taking up a volume of Cesarotti's Ossian, exclaimed to some one present: "Dammi gli occhiali miei, figli del naso." Give me my spectacles, the *children of the nose!*

In the second volume of Lucchesini's work, we find matter of more general interest, for in it we have an accurate exposition of the productions of the Italians, learned in the studies of the ancient and of the oriental languages. Beginning from the Hebrew, our author passes in review the various illustrators of the Lingua Sancta, and above all, the celebrated Abate de Rossi, a Piedmontese, one of the greatest orientalists of our times, and whose works alone constitute a library. De Rossi's great work, "Variæ Lectiones veteris Testamenti," in 4 vols. 4to, with a supplement, was the fruit of immense research, during which, twelve hundred and sixty MSS. of which, seven hundred and ten belonged to his own library, were examined and collated by him. His principal Italian works, on similar matters, are his "Historical Dictionaries of Hebrew, and of Arabian authors and their works;" a dissertation on "the vain expectation of the Jews, for their king Messiah," and another on the vernacular tongues of Jesus Christ, and of the Jews of Palestine. The learned Caluso di Valperga, Alfieri's friend, is also mentioned for his Hebrew studies, as well as a third Piedmontese Hebraist, now living, Mr. Peyron, Professor in the Turin University.

Among the Italian translators from the Hebrew text of the

Congregation appointed two patriarchs, one for Chaldœa, and the other for Syria; two bishops of Constantinople, one for the Greek and the other for the Armenian Catholics, and vicars and bishops to every part of the East. To those districts where there was a sufficient number of Christians, they appointed resident prefects and parish priests; to other parts, missionaries were sent. Those sent by the various monastic orders were also subordinate to the Propaganda in certain respects, but the missionaries sent by the Congregation itself, were not monks, but secular priests, and it was one of the principles most strongly inculcated by this wise institution, that they should in no ways interfere in the temporal affairs of the countries they visited; while at the same time, their instructions were not limited to religious precepts, but extended to the teaching of sciences and useful arts, in order to civilize the people, and thus prepare them for the benevolent doctrines of the gospel. All this the Congregation of Propaganda did; it was like a tree spreading its branches over the four quarters of the globe; it was the centre of an extensive and useful intercourse for purposes which even calumny has been obliged to respect as unexceptionable. It had its lay agents, who attended merely to the financial affairs of the institution. And such was its management and economy, that all its expences were defrayed out of an income which did not amount to ten thousand pounds sterling! The funds consisted partly of endowed property, were partly supplied by the apostolic chamber or treasury, and partly by fees paid by different religious communities, and by the cardinals on their nominations. But in consequence of the abolition of the former, the ruin of the Papal finances, and the dispersion of the sacred college, the sources of the revenue of the Propaganda were exhausted when the French took possession of Rome. The archives were then seized and carried to Paris, and the collection of types, which included the characters of twenty-three oriental languages, would have shared the same fate, had it not been for the interposition of Degerando, one of the French commissioners, to whom Italy has reason to be grateful. But the institution has never recovered, and now it remains the shadow of what it once was.

The works of the principal Italian orientalists are adverted to in detail by Lucchesini. In the Samaritan language, we have again the learned De Rossi, who explained and commented on the celebrated Samaritan code in the Barberini library. In the Syrian, besides the grammar and lexicon of Zanolini, the name of Assemani deserves peculiar and honourable mention. No less than four individuals of that family, of Syrian extraction, but residing in Italy, have distinguished themselves by their oriental learning; the classic work of the eldest Assemani, styled "Bibliotheca Orientalis Clementino-Vaticana;" the "Alexandrian Missal," by Joseph Louis Assemani, and the collection of the "Acts of the Oriental Martyrs," by Stephen E. Assemani, are among their principal works. Father

Benedetti, whose eastern name was Ambarrach, a friend of the Assemani, gave an edition of the works of St. Ephrem, the Syrian. Dr. Bugatti, of the Ambrosian library at Milan, gave a version of Daniel, and of the Psalms, from a precious code, *Syro-estranghelo*, of the eighth century. Father Giorgi, and Cardinal Borgia, are also among the Syrian scholars of whom Italy boasts.

There is at Rome, on the Esquiline mount, a college of Maronite priests, where the service of the ancient Syrian church is still maintained. This little colony is at once an asylum for those strangers, and a means of communication with their mother country. This, and other similar institutions, such as the convent of the ancient Basilian order at Grotta Terrata, where the Greek language and chaunt were preserved, are only to be met with in Italy, where they have favoured the study of oriental letters; and they excite interest in more than one point of view. We remember many a time visiting the little church and pleasant gardens of the Maronites, on their solitary hill. That peaceful retreat was to those eastern refugees, a resting place from the persecution and oppression to which they would be exposed in their native country.

In the study of the Arabic, the Assemanis again stand prominent with their friend, Father Benedetti, who translated a work of Stephen, patriarch of Antioch, on the origin and liturgy of the Maronites. A grand nephew of the elder Assemani, professor Assemani, of Padua, published an essay "on the origin, manners, letters and worship of the Arabs before Mahomet," and a catalogue of the Oriental MSS., in the library of the Venetian family of Nani, with illustrations of Cufic coins, and an account of the Arabic coinage. This is the same professor who discovered the imposture of the Maltese Vella, mentioned in a former number of this Review.

The Sicilian, Rosario di Gregorio, published an interesting history, or collection of histories, on the Arabian domination in Sicily, which includes the works of the Arabian writers and geographers who have treated of that island. This work was printed at Palermo, in 1790, with this title, "Rerum Arabicarum quæ ad historiam Siculam spectant, amplia collectio." The study of Arabian language continues to be cultivated in Sicily.

Lucchesini mentions a dissertation upon the old Saracenic language by De Rossi, which gave occasion to a controversy between that learned man and the Abate Giorgi. Concerning the Turkish language, we find Toderini's work on the literature of that people. The Koordish language was almost unknown to Europe, until a grammar and lexicon of it were published by Father Garzoni, a Dominican missionary, who remained eighteen years in Koordistan. These works were printed at Rome, by the Propaganda, in 1788. Of the Ethiopic or Abyssinian language, the same Congregation published the alphabet, and afterwards a catechism in Amharic and Gheez, by a native prelate, with the assistance of Amaduzzi.

their use. They serve for a contrast, to vary and relieve the broad and faithful delineations of sea adventures, manners, and character, which are thrown off with a sweeping pencil, in free, bold confidence of their fidelity, and not without occasionally exhibiting considerable native power of description, both for the humorous and the pathetic.

Separating the author's genuine nautical sketches from his bad copies of country and town life, we shall just glance at an example or two of the former, in his pages, without in the least troubling ourselves to follow the order or plot of his tales. There are five in number: the first four being entitled—the Captain's, the Master's, the Boatswain's, and the Doctor's Tales; either related by, or relating the career of, a personage of each of those professional ranks;—and the fifth, 'The Prisoner of War,' or a narrative of the captivity of a British naval officer. Contrary to the prescriptive usage of all story-wrights of similar collections from him of the Decamerone, down to the present day, the author before us has scarcely attempted to connect the series of his tales by any imaginary occasion of their common delivery. He has a general 'Introduction,' indeed, to the volumes; but to what end, it would puzzle Martin Scriblerus himself to divine, except it be simply to exhibit a spirited description of his Majesty's ship S——, in a gale, off the coast of Jutland; for the storm is no sooner over, than we are called away, leaving the gallant bark on her homeward passage, to 'proceed with our messmate to the perusal of a manuscript which had been sent to him, accompanied by a letter.' And with this non-sequitur to the storm (as Partridge would surely denounce it) with this *apropos des bottes*, we are plunged, without further ceremony, into the first of the stories in the sky-dropt manuscript.

The history of the captain well details the nature of the career through which a naval officer has to pass in its subaltern grades, from his rough initiation as a midshipman, to his appointment to the rank of commander. Of these scenes, as one of the best, we shall take only the first, which ushers the poor middy into the joys of the cock-pit:—

'Morland followed this hero of the orlop, and dread of the after-guard and mizentop-men, to the dark but merry regions of the cock-pit.

'As they descended from deck to deck, he was not less astonished at the immense size of the ship, and the long tiers of cannon levelled along each side, than at the multitude of sailors and marines, scattered among these tremendous batteries.

'On entering the cock-pit, their ears were assailed by a confusion of noises; but, descending from the day, they could see but little by the dull gleam of the sentinel's lamp.

'Before they reached the door of the mess-place, Peters tumbled over a trunk, which had evidently been placed there for the purpose, and a loud laugh accompanied his fall. He swore at considerable length at certain personages with short and long names, some of whom, although decked with honourable titles in the Court Calendar, received appellations of the most questionable purport; and he vowed vengeance on the clews of their hammocks, if not up by seven bells in the morning.

'This was succeeded by another laugh, and "Bravo, Peter!" (for they sent the *s* to prison), accompanied by a hat, thrown with *malice prépense*, which struck him on the head, as he opened the birth-door over which he presided.

'Two lights burned dimly in the heated atmosphere of a close cabin, showing as motley a scene as could well be imagined, in so small a space.

'At the sides of the cabin were dirks and swords, on the handles of which hung a few stray cocked-hats. Two open buffets, filled with glasses and broken crockery, faced the door, the caterer's seat being in the centre; over which was suspended the rules of the mess. Quad and Quammina, two black servants, occupied a narrow place next the ship's side, called the wing, the secret lodgings of dishclouts and dirty tablecloths, where the rustling of the waves against the ship's side could be distinctly heard, indicating the head to be on a level with the surface of the sea.

'The company assembled in this submarine abode consisted of twelve "young gentlemen," as they are denominated, though more than one of them approached the age of thirty. They all ranked in the class of petty officers, and the assistant-surgeon among the rest.

'One midshipman was playing the violin, or "the violent," as his messmates called it; another the flute; two were occupied at the chess-board; one working a tide out of John Hamilton Moore; and another drawing a pipe and glass of grog in the hands of the rudely engraved personage, who is found on the frontispiece of that old navigation book. Three youngsters, weary with their last watch, were endeavouring to sleep, with their heads on the table; while a fourth tickled their ears with a quill, or burnt them with lighted paper; and the twelfth was a midshipman of the watch, with his hat on, and a cup in his hand, asking Quad for wine; but he departed on the appearance of Peters, who cursed him for a young skulker, and bid him "scud on deck."

'"Saunders," said Peters, as he addressed himself to the discordant catgut-scraper, "here's another of your countrymen caught in the burgoo tub, and brought from the land o' cakes, with a smack load of doctor's mates; or, as Diachylon will have it, surgeons' assistants."

'"I am not a Scotchman," said Morland.

"No one, however, paid the least attention to him; and Saunders struck up, in a broad accent, accompanied by his screeching instrument—

"'On guttling the English their praises bestow,
And boast of the courage to roast-beef they owe;
Of brose let a Scotchman the excellence show;
Oh, the kail brose of Old Scotland! and oh, the old Scottish kail brose."

'"*Erin ma vourneen, Erin go bragh!*" cried Paddy.

'"This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air."

'"Oh, you sentimental bog-trotter!" says one, raising his head from the table; while the unmoved and unmoving flute-player continued to hiss "Dearest Ellen." He was a Welchman.

makes a desperate attempt, at the Scilly Isles, to escape from the frigate, during the night; and his natural relation of this perilous effort is worth copying:

'" We were not more than three quarters of a mile from a barren and rocky island, and I determined to risk every thing to gain it, and get on board one of the merchant ships in the morning.

'" The first thing was to get my money from my bag of clothes, which was snugly tied up over my hammock, on the lower deck. I stole quietly down, and was in the act of searching the bag, when the serjeants of marines and master-at-arms, who were going their half-hourly rounds, nearly caught me; but springing, unobserved, into my hammock, I lay covered till they passed, and was not a little alarmed to find that I was the subject of their conversation.

'" Do you know the number of the pressed man's birth ?" said the serjeant. " I heard the officers say he was worth keeping, and it would be well to keep an eye upon him.

'" I don't know his number," replied the master-at-arms, " but I saw him on the forecastle just after the watch was mustered.

'" So soon as they were on the ladder, I untied my bag and pocketed my purse. You know, Harold, how soundly men sleep after having been well trounced in a gale, and I got both in and out of my hammock without a question from my snoring neighbours. I then mounted the forecastle again, and made a point of being seen by the sergeant; after which I skulked through one of the port-holes under the main channels, as the island lay astern. Having buttoned my jacket tight around me, and tied the bottom of my trowsers, I fastened a rope's end, which was hanging overboard from the channels (a thing almost unknown in the frigate), to the irons below, and slid, without the least splash, into the water; but when my head was just above the surface, I found my legs pressed, as it were, against the bottom of the ship; and it was not till I let go the rope, and struck off a little from the side, that I was disentangled from this effect.

'" I scarcely breathed on the water, and moved my arms and limbs as little as possible, but my heart beat within me as I found myself floating with the tide past the quarter of the ship. I was beginning to feel fresh vigour at observing myself distancing the frigate, when I heard the hoarse voice of an old owl of a quarter-master say to the officer of the watch, 'There is something in the water astern, Sir.' The voice acted upon me like electricity, and I do believe I bounded two-thirds out of the water. ''Tis a man, by all that's holy, Sir!' said the old fellow. 'Ahoi! come back you rascal!' cried the officer; 'fire, sentinel, fire!' and as it seemed to me, the very moment I saw the gleam on the water, I felt a sharp cut on my left heel. Another and another ball followed, but with less success. 'Away there, black cutters of the watch, away!' hallooed the boatswain's mate; but, luckily for me, the boats had been secured for sea, in consequence of which they took more time in being cleared away, and I was half way to the shore before I heard the running crackling of the tackles, and the boat go splash into the water. The noise seemed so near to me, that I looked round, but saw nothing: soon, however, I heard the rolling of the oars in the rullocks, and my hopes began to fail me, when a sight of the fretting surf on the rocks cheered and saved me from sinking with despair.

'"I plied every nerve, and in a few minutes more was close to the breakers: none but swimmers can conceive the narrow limits of the view when the head only is above the surface; every wave is a boundary, and to a person pursued as I was, and in search of a landing-place, mountains could not have been a more agonizing barrier.

'"I at last perceived a black shelving point of rock, on which the surf was rolling heavily on one side; while on the other, the water appeared to be smoother. For this point I immediately swam, as a forlorn hope. On approaching, I found myself between two white ridges of foaming water, and occasionally sunk in the hollow abyss of the waves, and sometimes dashed about amidst the foam on their tops.

'"When about to pass the shelving rock, I was thrown head-foremost on to its margin by one of those sovereign waves which seem to lord it over all the rest, and left in a kind of niche, which prevented its recoil sweeping me back.

'"On recovering from the stun I had received, I found that my head was cut and bleeding, but that the wound on my heel was of no consequence. Soon the noise of oars and voices assailed my ears, and I distinctly heard the midshipman of the boat say, 'the fellow never could land here; he must have been dashed to pieces on the rocks, or drowned in the surf, and we shall find his body in the morning.'

'"This convinced me I was not discovered; and I shrunk into the niche of the rock, as a snail would do into his shell, and there lay for two hours, not daring to lift my head; and when I did so, it was with the greatest caution, knowing I should be punished as a deserter if discovered. This was an anxious night, believe me, Harold; and as the morning began to dawn, and St. Mary's light waxed dim, all my fears returned."—vol. ii. pp. 32—37.

Though he effects his escape upon this occasion, and gets as far as Portsmouth on his way to his Mary, he is there detected, notwithstanding a disguise, to be a sailor, and is a second time impressed, and put on board a sloop of war under orders for distant foreign service. Here finding his fate inevitable, he studies to recommend himself by his intelligence and good conduct, saves the life of a midshipman who had fallen overboard, is promoted to be a master's mate, and finally distinguishes himself in a boat action, which is related in a very graphic manner:

'"Nothing remarkable occurred on our voyage home, till we arrived in the chops of the channel. By our reckoning we were between the Scilly Islands and Ushant; but could discern neither, being enveloped in a thick dripping mist, which prevented us seeing our own mast-heads. There was a moderate breeze, and we were gliding smoothly on, when the sunbeams dispersed, for a few minutes the vapour, and showed us a lugger on our weather-bow within gun-shot: 'She's about,' cried several tongues at once, and the bow-guns presently spoke to her in harsh language through the mist: 'Give her some grape,' said the Captain, 'our round shot goes over her;' but scarcely had these orders been given, when the dewy curtain fell, and hid her from our view.

'"We had no doubt it was a French privateer prowling about for our homeward-bounds ships; and as the breeze died away, orders were given to prepare the boats in case it should clear up, and muskets, pistols, boarding-pikes, and tomahawks, were put into them,

' " An hour of calm had not elapsed when the sun overcame the fog, and showed us, at the same instant, the French land and the lugger sweeping towards it, though she was still not very distant from us.

' " The boats were instantly manned, armed, and dispatched, under the command of the first lieutenant, one of them being entrusted to my charge, and another to the young midshipman, whose life I had saved.

' " We rowed in a line abreast, having orders to board two on each quarter; and when on board, to direct our efforts as much as possible in one body, reserving the fire of our pistols till we were actually on the deck.

' " As we advanced to the attack, the lugger swept her broadside towards us, and let fly her beam guns, which, though small, were aimed so well that their shot had nearly proved fatal to the pinnace. One had struck her bow; but with great presence of mind and admirable coolness, the lieutenant called out, 'Put a plug in, my boys, and give way along side!' while at the same instant he sprung forward to obey as it were his own orders, unshipped the oar from the rullock of the dying man who was struck by the shot, and stood erect with his sword in his hand in the bow, cheering his men to the advance, while his steady cockswain rolled his quid, and directed the boat's course for the quarter of the vessel.

' " The Frenchmen, who now seemed to wait the close approach of the boats, slackened their fire, as if to reserve it for one great effort, while our marines still shot at intervals from the stern sheets, at those who occasionally directed their musketry over the tafrail, under which the dark muzzle of a cannon projected. As the boats came near to the side of the lugger, a rush of fire issued from her guns: the aim was deadly; and when the smoke cleared away, the gallant boy and his boat had sunk to rise no more, but the rest of us were along side. One rally and we were on her deck, one cheer and she was all our own.

' " The tri-coloured flag was plucked from its staff, and the English union hoisted above it: but the loss of lives was considerable, though the capture was so small; and we had little cause to rejoice as we towed the lugger towards our ship, where we were received in the most enthusiastic manner by our shipmates." '—vol. ii. p. 67—70.

For his conduct on this occasion, Cramer is recommended for examination for a master's warrant, but asks only for his discharge, that he might go home to his wife. At this moment the wreck of his happiness reveals itself; and the first news he receives on reaching England, informs him that 'he is a lone and a childless man in the world.' The account of his impressment had thrown his wife into premature labour. That night had been her last; she and her infant had perished in the same hour; and seeing nothing but misery before him, Cramer had remained in the service in which his messmate found him 'as the likeliest way of losing a life which had become burthensome to him.'

The Boatswain's tale is cast in another mood, but also supposed to be related by its hero. Our author entitles it a 'forecastle yarn,' endeavoured to be spun in nautical phraseology; and it certainly abounds in a great deal of a true sailor's whim, oddity, and humour. We have room only for the introductory portrait of the *bo'son*, himself, which is not the worst, or least characteristic part of it:

'Tom Pipes at this time was a man who had passed the years of maturity without arriving at those of discretion. He was of the middle size, and his complexion had been darkened and his skin wrinkled by severe service in various climates.

'He wore a thick and long cue, not tied so tight as to prevent him shutting his eyes, but just sufficiently so to permit, what Tom called in woman a crowfoot, to farm at the margins of them when he blinked, which was frequently.

'His friends only accused him of "clipping the King's English;" but high commentators on language insist that he must have been imprisoned for a considerable time, by which he lost the syllables of many of his words, and, unfortunately for harmony, he had a coarse voice, and was once detected in spelling a word in the middle of a song. He drank grog profusely, and was often seen hovering near the mate of the main-deck at seven bells, when that rum-and-water beverage was preparing.

'His character was rough and ready, and his motto might with justice have been "*Nunquam non paratus;*" but the herald had forgotten to record it on his shield, though it was written in legible characters on the shield of his face.

'Tom, when he was impressed into his Majesty's service, had taken the "purser's name" literally "*un nom de guerre,*" of Thomas Call, in which his warrant as boatswain was subsequently made out. By some of his equals he was hailed Tom; by others, Pipes; by "those imps of darkness with the curse of God on their collars," as Tom called them, the Mids, he was always designated Tom Pipes; by the lieutenants, the boatswain; and by the Captain, Mr. Call.'—vol. ii. p. 81—83.

In the Boatswain's story is introduced a very lively account of the warfare on the American coast, in 1814, and the debarkations at Washington, Baltimore, and New Orleans, in all of which Tom served on shore as a "small armed man." But for the highly characteristic style and interesting manner in which these shifting scenes "by sea and land" are depicted, we must refer our readers to the amusing original. We shall only add, that the last two stories of the Doctor, and the Prisoner of War, seem to be mere make weights, and are complete failures in their way; affording scarcely any nautical adventure, and no interest whatever.

Art. X.—*Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England.* By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.I.A. 8vo. pp. 415. London, Westley & Davis. 1828.

Any intelligence concerning the actual state of a country, which is at this moment the theatre of a most important war, must be highly acceptable to the public, particularly when conveyed in the concise, intelligent, and popular manner, which seems so familiar to the author of this narrative. He appears to have resided for some years at Constantinople, as chaplain in the suite of Lord Strangford; and although, from the loss or absence of his original memoranda, and also, we suspect, from certain restrictive injunctions, imposed upon him by that narrow-minded diplomatist, his details on political topics are not so copious as we might wish them to have been, they are, nevertheless, as far as they go, interesting, and we doubt not, authentic. The peculiar attraction of his work, however, arises from his description of that portion of his journey which reaches from Constantinople to the Danube. He pursued the same road which will most probably be traversed by the grand army of Russia, now on its march towards that capital: and although we are aware that it has often been described before, together with the provinces through which it leads, yet we are anxious to read an account of the condition in which it was found by one of the latest of European travellers. Pointing his attention to the gratification of this natural and legitimate curiosity, our author has carefully marked the features and resources of the countries which he visited on his route: and he has given his observations upon them in that style of natural composition, which is always suitable to common subjects, and may be easily raised to the level of loftier ones. He never enters into dissertations upon favourite themes; he proceeds straight-forward in his career, noticing only those subjects which are calculated to awaken the attention of every reader. If he observe a scene more than ordinarily engaging, he sketches it in a few outlines. If he meet with a pleasant party, he does not think it necessary to tell us how many buttons they wore, but, by a few characteristic touches, he places them before us. He is one of the best-tempered travellers we ever met. Exposed, as he was, to many and severe annoyances, he nevertheless betrays no acerbity of disposition: he takes the world as he finds it, with its mixture of pleasure and misfortune; and represents it fairly, as it appears to his contemplation.

Dr. Walsh might easily have expanded his unpretending octavo into a respectable quarto; and, as the fashion is, have rendered it a costly and inaccessible volume, by decorating his pages with inscriptions and illustrations. But he is aware that the time for these artifices of trade has passed by, and he has preferred rather to be read by the multitude, than treasured only by the few. His habits seem, indeed, altogether of a benevolent and popular tendency. His praises are bestowed with cordiality, and his animadversions have little of the tone of reproach. On matters relating to national manners, he is well informed, and liberal. He has his own principles of religion, which he thinks superior to any others in existence; yet he treats those which differ from his creed, with that mildness and forbearance, which are peculiarly becoming in a minister of the Gospel.

The line of our author's journey was a very interesting one. It led him through Burghaz and Kirklesi, in Roumelia, over the Balkan, by Shumla and Rustchuk, in Bulgaria, across the Danube, through Wallachia, over the Carpathian mountains, and so into Transylvania, Hungary, Austria, and the Netherlands, to England. The description of that part of his journey which lay between Constantinople and the Danube, will be read with peculiar feelings of interest at this time, as it is here that the Russians and Turks will mingle in fiercest encounter. The Sultan, it is said, will make his first great stand at Shumla: if beaten from that fortress, he will retire to the passes of the great chain of Mount Hæmus, which presents a most formidable barrier to the enemy.

With respect to Constantinople itself, it would seem to be by no means in an impregnable condition. It is supplied with water from the neighbouring mountains, by means of aqueducts, which might easily be destroyed. It is true, that in different parts of the metropolis there are immense cisterns, which were excavated by order of the Greek emperors, for the purpose of containing a sufficient store of that essential element, in case the external supply should be cut off. But these cisterns are all in ruins, with the exception of one, which is said to be large enough to furnish water to seven hundred thousand inhabitants, for sixty days. Of this cavern, called 'The Stranger's Friend,' Dr. Walsh gives a curious account:—

'It is partly filled with earth, but still of great depth, having an arched roof supported by 672 marble columns, each column consisting of three, standing on the top of each other. The whole cavity is capable of containing 1,237,939 cubic feet of water, when full; and as the usual consumption of water at present is 267,678 feet in twenty-four hours, this cistern would contain a supply for the whole city for sixty days. It is now, however, dry, and a number of silk twisters have taken possession of it, and ply their trade at the bottom, in almost utter darkness.

'Besides this, there is another, which Dr. Clarke searched for in vain, and supposes that Gillius, who describes it, must have confounded it with the one mentioned. I, however, having more time and opportunity than Dr. Clarke, discovered it rather accidentally, after a long search, and found it exactly as Gillius describes it. We entered a private house, descended a deep flight of steps, and found ourselves on the borders of a subterranean lake, extending under several streets. The roof was arched, and supported by 336 magnificent marble pillars. A number of tubes descended into the water, and supplied the streets above; the inhabitants of which, as Gillius justly observes, did not know whence the water came—"Incolas ignorare cisternam infra ædes suas positam." Of all the reservoirs which the prudent precautions of the Greek emperors established, this is the only one which now exists as a cistern; and such is the apathy and ignorance of the Turks, that they themselves, it appears, did not, in the time of Gillius, three hundred years ago, and do not at present, generally know of its existence. The Turk through whose house we had access to it, called it Yeré batan Sarai, or the Subterranean Palace; and said that his neighbours, whose houses were also over it, did not know any thing about it. Indeed, from the state of neglect in which the walls and every thing about it appeared, it seemed probable that it had not been visited or repaired since the Turks entered Constantinople. Should the Russians ever approach and lay siege to the city, a supply of water will be its first object. In its present state, if the besiegers cut off the communication with the bendts, which it is presumed they would do in the first instance, the city could not hold out for a week.'—pp. 24—26.

It would be a proof of foresight and prudence, not very common among Turks, if the Sultan had this and the other caverns cleaned out and repaired, and applied to the purposes for which they were originally intended. The walls of the city are also in a dilapidated condition. It is built in the form of a triangle, of which two sides are washed by the sea; the third, or base, stretches across the mainland. The walls and fortifications by which it was strongly defended in former times, are now so decayed that the Turks will not have time to repair them, unless the Russians be detained on their march by unforeseen obstacles.

Whatever may be the origin of it, it is a curious fact, attested by Dr. Walsh, that the Turks have long expected that the Russians would ultimately be masters of Constantinople. For this reason, they prefer being buried on the Asiatic shore, as they are under a firm persuasion that they will be compelled to return to the continent, from which they originally came.

'This impression on their minds is confirmed by ancient prophecies, which are current among them, and by other causes equally slight, which nevertheless have a powerful influence on the weak and superstitious fancy of a Turk. Among them is a coincidence of names, which is rather curious. Constantinople was taken and lost at different times, by persons who bore the same name. The Latins, under a Baldwin, obtained possession of it; and under a Baldwin, they were again driven out of it. The city was rebuilt, and made the seat of the Greek empire, by a Constantine, the son of Helena, and in the patriarchate of a Gregory; it was taken, and the empire of the Greeks destroyed under a Constantine, the son of Helena, and in the patriarchate of a Gregory; the Turks obtained possession of it under a Mahomet, and they are firmly persuaded they will lose it under a Mahomet—and that Mahomet the present reigning Sultan: and, to complete this chain of names, at the time the Greek insurrection broke out, a Constantine was the heir apparent to the Russian throne, and a Gregory was the patriarch of Constantinople. They hanged, at the time, one of these ominous persons, and the other has since abdicated the crown. Still they are persuaded that events will happen as they are decreed, and the fatal combination of Mahomet, Gregory, and Constantine, will yet destroy their power in Europe.'—pp. 37, 38.

Among a people ignorant and superstitious as the Turks, notions like these, founded as they are upon the shallow basis of popular credulity, may produce a more disastrous effect, than one might at the first blush be led to imagine. They are but a few of the many tokens of decline and ruin, which mark the modern history of the Ottoman empire. The destruction of the corps of Janissaries, during the last year, though a measure of profound wisdom, as far as it concerned the internal tranquillity of the state, must prove highly favourable to the success of the Russian invasion. The Sultan destroyed, indeed, a body of soldiers, who mutinied upon slight occasions, and who, in fact, held the sovereign power in their hands. But he has not yet had time to supply their places by legions equally well brought up to the use of arms, however undisciplined, and equally attached to the glory of the crescent. The Turkish empire is, therefore, as our author truly observes, 'in a perilous state of imbecility: the old military destroyed, the new unorganized; their courage subdued, their attachment alienated; and just at the critical moment, threatened with a combination of force, such as they never, in their highest state of power, had to encounter.' The following remarks exhibit the character of the present Sultan in a just point of view:—

'He is a man, not in the prime, but still in the vigour of life. He succeeded his brother Mustapha in the year 1808, and so has been on the throne twenty years. He is now the only survivor, I believe, of thirty children--fifteen boys and fifteen girls—which his father left; and is the last of the male race of Mahomet of an age fit to reign: and it is to this circumstance, they say, he is indebted for his inviolability: had there been another of the sacred race, old enough to substitute in his place, the janissaries would have long since deposed him. He had two sons; one about the age of ten, to whom their eyes were turned as his successor, when he should arrive at competent years: and he knew, by experience, it was as easy for them to do this as to say it; for both of his predecessors had been strangled—one of whom was his own brother. His son prematurely died; and it was reported that he had been made away with by his own father, lest he should be set up in his place. It is known, however, that the boy died of the small-pox, and that his father has given an extraordinary example to his subjects, by having his surviving children vaccinated; and so has shown, in one instance at least, a disposition to adopt European improvements in things not merely military. He is, moreover, a man well versed in oriental literature, writes and understands Arabic well; and his Hatasheriffs, which he always dictates, and sometimes writes with his own hand, are admired for their style and composition. He is not a man of a morose or cruel disposition in his own family: on the contrary, he has several daughters by different mothers, to all of whom he is affectionately attached; and in his ordinary intercourse in private life, he is urbane and affable. His public conduct, however, has been marked by extraordinary fierceness and unrelenting rigour, not only to Rajas, but to Turks themselves; and in this he has shown an impartial disregard to human life, and not a strict adherence to human obligations. But whatever his conduct has been to his own subjects, to those of other nations he has afforded the most inviolable protection. He has discontinued the barbarous practice of his predecessors, in sending ambassadors to the Seven Towers: instead of which, whenever they disagree, and are disposed to depart, he affords them every facility; and those of their nation who please to remain, are in security. During the frenzied excitement of the populace, which took place at the breaking out of the Greek insurrection, the odium and prejudice of the Turks extended to all Christians; yet the Franks were perfectly safe, while the Greeks were shot without mercy, wherever they were met by the mob; and notwithstanding a few accidents which occurred to individuals in the confusion, we never hesitated to walk abroad, either in the town or its vicinity, for business or amusement, though every Turk was armed with a yatagan and case of loaded pistols, which he was ready to use on the slightest provocation. On more recent occasions, where such real cause of complaint and irritation existed, it is but justice to the present Sultan to say, that his moderation and good faith have afforded examples, which the best Christian nations in Europe might be proud to follow.'—pp. 76—78.

The neighbourhood of Constantinople, on the land side is, like that of Madrid, a lonely, uninhabited desert. The soil, however, is extremely fertile, consisting of downs, like those of Sussex, and capable of being turned to the greatest advantage. A few attempts at cultivation appear to have been made upon it by some of the lords among whom it is portioned out; but they have uniformly failed, in consequence of the insecurity of the titles by which the grants are held. When the proprietor of an estate is strangled or banished, his tenants, fearful of being involved in his fate, seize whatever property they can lay their hands on, and fly the country. Hence it is left in a state of nature. The only road through it is a wide beaten path, which in winter, when the rains set in, is impassable. It is a striking instance of the declining state of the Ottoman empire, that Klinlikli, the first town through which our author passed, after turning inland from the sea-shore, now consists of only three miserable houses. Twenty years ago it contained a large mass of inhabitants, and appeared in a flourishing condition. It was the scene of a contest between the two parties who were engaged in the revolution of 1807-8, and the devastations of that period have never since been repaired. A similar remark applies to Tchorlou, about three hours' distance from Klinlikli. The country around Tchorlu is compared by our author to Salisbury plain, with the exception, that it presented no trace of human life. Indeed, from Constantinople to Kirklesi, a distance of about one hundred miles, not a tree is to be seen: so that the Russians, as they approach the capital, will have a magnificent plain to carry on military operations. The principal towns and villages between Kirklesi and the Balkan range of mountains, are inhabited by Bulgarians—a hardy race of agriculturists, who have been encouraged to leave their native province, in order to re-people the deserted plains of Thrace. They have, however, but partially accomplished that object; and from the various acts of oppression of which they have been the victims, they are by no means friendly to the rule of the Sultan. They are, moreover, Christians of the Greek church, and consequently might easily be induced to co-operate with the Russian troops.

The first ascent of the Balkans, on the southern side, consists of a low range of mountains. An immense plain stretches between it and the high ridge of the chain; and exhibits to the view several handsome Bulgarian villages. Our author was delighted with that of Beeni, where he and his guide Mustapha stopped to sleep.

'The good people had no second room, and we were domesticated with the family. It consisted of the Tchourbadgee, or man of the house, so called because he is the giver of soup, or the dispenser of hospitality; the boba, or woman, three children, and two shepherds. The house was of wicker work, as the others, but the walls so low, that I could only stand upright in the middle, and lie at length close by the sides. The hut was, however, clean, sweet, and fresh. The floor was swept and the carpets spread, and a large fire blazed in the chimney; and while I stretched myself among the kind, good people, and saw their honest faces brighten in the blaze, I felt myself quite at home. We had brought with us some mutton from Rousou Kestri, in the apprehension that we should arrive too late at Beeni to get any meat. This the boba* roasted for us; and laying on the other side of the fire an iron circular plate, like a Scotch griddle, she poured on it a mixture of water, flour, and eggs, so as to form a thin cake: when this was done, she took it off, placed it on a dish, and proceeded to make another; and having interposed cheese and butter between them, she laid the second on the first. In this way she raised a pile of pancakes. To these she added a dish of sour cabbage, a pitcher of wine, and a mug of raki, and sent up supper on a stool, with a comfort and dispatch that would do credit to an English kitchen. During this preparation, she had a distaff stuck at her hip, and a reel spinning at the end of it, which she kept constantly in motion; and from this simple but incessant machine, the whole family was supplied with clothes. After supper, the good woman made me some coffee, which Mustapha carried in his bag; and then we all lay down together to rest for the night. The man, his wife, three children, two shepherds, surrogee, Tartar, and I, lay amicably side by side, rolled in the carpet, with our feet to the fire, and slept in peace and good-will. Towards morning I awoke, and found the industrious woman and one of her children, by the light of the fire, spinning cotton on their distaffs. They were looking at me, and singing a low simple air. I thought of my distance from home, and the kindness of these good people to a stranger, and of Mungo Park and his affecting account of a somewhat similar scene; and, like him, was affected even to tears.'—pp. 140—142.

Haydhos, a town at the foot of the ridge where the high Balkans commence, is celebrated for its warm springs. Doctor Walsh contends that the source of these springs is the spot near which Darius erected two pillars, to commemorate his expedition through that region. Dr. Clarke was equally confident that he found the Tearus, under the corrupted name of Dearaderi, at Burghaz; so much do travellers differ in their speculations upon matters of antiquity. Whatever be its classic origin, Haydhos is in every respect, at present, a Turkish town, that is to say, a town differing strangely from all others in points of national usage.

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* Woman of the house.

'The barber pushed the razor from him—ours draws it to him; the carpenter, on the contrary, drew the saw to him, for all the teeth were set in—ours pushes it from him, for all the teeth are set out; the mason sat while he laid the stones—ours always stands; the scribe wrote on his hand, and from right to left—ours always writes on a desk or table, and from left to right: but the most ridiculous difference existed in the manner of building the house. We begin at the bottom and finish at the top: this house was a frame of wood, which the Turks began at the top, and the upper rooms were finished, and inhabited, while all below was like a lanthorn. However absurd these minutiæ may appear to you, they are traits of Turkish character, which form, with other things, a striking peculiarity. It is now more than four centuries since they crossed the Hellespont, and transported themselves from Asia to Europe; during all that time they have been in constant contact with European habits and manners, and, at times, even penetrated as far as Vienna, and so occupied the very centre of Christendom. Yet, while all the people around them have been advancing in the march of improvement, in various ways, they have stood still and refused to move; and such is their repugnance to any assimilation, that almost all the men who attempted to improve them, have fallen victims to their temerity, or the Turks themselves have perished in resistance; and, with very few exceptions, the great body of them are, at this day, the same puerile, prejudiced, illiterate, intractable, stubborn race, that left the mountains of Asia. And so indisposed are they to amalgamate with us in any way, that they still preserve a marked distinction in the greatest as well as in the minutest things—not only in science and literature, but in the movement of a saw and a razor.'—pp. 145, 146.

The Balkans abound in large plains, filled with villages, cattle, corn fields, and vineyards. These are usually surrounded by mountains, reminding the English traveller of the "Happy Valley," which Dr. Johnson created for Rasselas. The manners of the villagers are in keeping with their romantic scenery. We must give our author's account of the pleasant reception which he experienced at Lopenitza.

'This village is at the bottom of the descent of the High Balkan, and those who arrive at it congratulate themselves as having now crossed the mountains. We had other reasons to welcome its approach; we were wet, cold, tired, and hungry, and never was a resting place more welcome. We rode into a farm-yard, surrounded by a wall of wicker work. Within were several buildings, but one stood apart, which looked peculiarly inviting. It was new, and fresh, and clean, having been recently coloured with some grey composition. It was filled, however, with people, and already preoccupied. In a moment after, they were all in motion; the floor was swept out, the thick carpets spread, a large fire blazed in the chimney, and when I entered the porch, I thought I had not seen, either in England or Wales, so neat, so picturesque, or so comfortable a cottage. I now divested myself of my drenched clothes, and having stretched myself before the fire, I never experienced more comfortable sensations.

'While reclining in this state, I saw a number of girls enter the porch, and in a short time, after some preparation without, they entered the room. Here the tallest and handsomest, with a white handkerchief in her hand, led the way, and the rest following, they commenced a dance, accompanied by a very sweet song, in which their voices were all pleasantly blended. The dance consisted in a movement where they all passed each other with grace and regularity; and the song was a hymn of welcome to the stranger, praising his beauty and fine qualities. They were dressed in blue cloth jackets and petticoats, with large chemises which folded over their necks and arms; their hair was braided, and hung with coins of gold and silver; they wore long pendant earrings, and round their arms were one or two broad bracelets of silver; and their petticoat was gathered up with a leather girdle, that it might not impede the motion of their feet. When the dance and song were ended, the leading beauty threw her white handkerchief into my lap; and they all retired. Not well comprehending the nature of this challenge, I hesitated what to do, when Mustapha informed me it was a demand for a few paras. I immediately placed them within, and followed the dancers into the porch with the jingling handkerchief. Here I distributed the contents among them, and they departed with great modesty and good humour.

'The boba killed for us two fowls; one she roasted, and the other she stewed with great skill: to this were added pancakes, wine, and raki, and we had an excellent supper. Among the acts of kindness of these good people, they always make an enormous fire; they set long logs of wood standing endways on the hearth, and in a short time they kindled into a fire, six feet high: like Russians, they seemed to enjoy the intense heat it caused, but I soon found it intolerable, and requested them to remove it, which they did with some surprise.'—pp. 151—153.

The town of Shumla, to which we have already adverted, as the first place where the Turks are likely to offer serious opposition to the Russians, lies in an angle of a valley, on the northern side of the Balkans. The word Balkan signifies a difficult defile, and the chain which forms a formidable natural boundary between the Turks and their invaders, is approached on each side by a range of low hills, which gradually swell into ridges and mountains to a great height. On the side of the Danube, they appear almost inaccessible. They 'run along the horizon in a right liue, like a vast wall, which ascends gradually to the clouds.' The ancients fabled, that the Typhon selected their summit as the nearest step to heaven. Hence, their name of Hæmus, from ἅιμα, the blood of the rebel who was dashed back to the earth from whence he sprung. The chain extends from the Gulf of Venice to the Black Sea, a distance of about five hundred miles. Including the lower mountains on each side, their breadth may be estimated at about one hundred miles; the breadth of the lofty ridges does not much exceed the one-fourth of that number.

In the neighbourhood of Shumla, the mountains form an amphitheatre, from the base of which an immense plain extends as far as the Danube on the north, and the Black Sea on the east. Thus, in fact, a vast flat surface, intersected by the Balkan, stretches from Constantinople to the Danube; and if the Russians cross the mountains, they can meet with no resistance, save that of opposing forces, in their march to that capital. Their operations will also be aided by a fleet in the Black Sea, which may afford transport to some of the troops, and thus enable them to avoid the difficulties of the Balkan.

Shumla* contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. It is divided into an upper and lower part, the former occupied by Turks, the latter by Jews, Armenians, and Greeks. We wish that our author had given us more ample details concerning the state of its fortifications.

> 'Shumla has some irregular fortifications standing. We entered the town across a deep fosse, and through ramparts of clay, by which the Russians were repulsed, in their last invasion of Turkey; their main body had advanced from Rasgrad to this place, while their Cossacks pushed across the mountains, as far as Burghaz. They were, however, obliged to retreat, without taking the town. As a military station, Shumla seems to have been of great importance to the Turkish empire; it is the point at which all the roads leading from the fortresses on the Danube concentrate. Its fortifications would be weak and contemptible in the hands of European troops, but are a very efficient defence when manned by Turks. They consist of earthern ramparts and brick walls, in some places flanked by strong-built watch towers, each capable of holding eight or ten tophekgees, or musqueteers. They stretch for three miles in length, and one in breadth, over a ground intersected with valleys; and the extent and irregularity of the surface, prevent the possibility of their being completely invested. It is here the Turks form their entrenched camp, in their contests with Russia, and the Russians have always found it impregnable. Twice they have advanced as far as Shumla, and been repulsed, without being able to advance farther. Romanzov was obliged to retire from before it in 1774, and Kaminsky in 1810, after a bloody conflict.'—pp. 162, 163.

Though Shumla may probably oppose some difficulties to the progress of the Russians, yet if it be not better fortified than our author represents it, it seems hardly calculated to stand three days before the improved discipline, augmented strength, and powerful arms of the invaders. Neither can the Sultan reckon upon any thing like a guerilla system of hostility being acted upon by the peasantry in his favour. These consist chiefly of Bulgarians, who have within the last twenty years spread themselves beyond the artificial limits of their province, and have already advanced across the Balkan a considerable way into the interior of Roumelia. Our author describes them as quiet and industrious; their religious sympathies, the strongest perhaps which determine the friendship or hostility of mankind, would lead them rather to unite with the Russians than with the Turks, if their agricultural and pastoral habits had not latterly disinclined them to warfare altogether. They live in small hamlets, 'forming clusters of houses, which have neither the regularity, nor deserve the name of towns.' Indeed, their chief employment in the way of manufacture, consists in 'the preparation of the essential oil, called otto, or attar of roses. A large district, in the neighbourhood of Selymnia, is laid out in gardens for this purpose; and the abundance of rose-trees adds another feature to this beautiful country. A great part of the produce is brought to England; and we are indebted to these simple peasants for the most exquisite and elegant perfume in nature.' Such being the pursuits of the Bulgarians, they will most probably shun the din of arms as much as possible; if they do not aid the Russians, they will certainly take no part against them.

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* It is here the most celebrated tinmen and braziers of the Turkish empire reside.

After passing the Danube at Rutschuk, our author leaves behind him the theatre of war. Before he quits it, however, he offers a few observations on the probable issue of the campaign, which, as being founded on local knowledge, are entitled to consideration.

'The Russians are now about to renew their desperate conflicts, and dye the Danube again with blood; and the general opinion is, that they will meet with no effectual opposition to their further progress; but certainly the events of the last campaign should induce us to adopt a different opinion. They availed themselves of a moment of their enemies' weakness, and advanced, with little opposition to that river: here they stopped; and after a very sanguinary and persevering conflict of six years, we find them at the end of that period, still on its shores. Whenever they attempted to proceed beyond it, they were driven back with carnage, and a single town scarcely fortified, as contemptible in the eyes, as it would be weak in the hands, of European troops, effectually arrested their career.

'Should they force this artificial barrier, they have to encounter a natural one, infinitely more formidable; and that is, the Balkan Mountains. Over this great rampart there are five practicable passes. One from Sophia to Tartar Bazargic; two from Ternova, by Keisanlik and Selymnia; and two from Shumla, by Carnabat and Haidhos. The three first lead to Adrianople, and the two last directly to Constantinople. Of these, the roads by Ternova are the most difficult, as they pass over the highest and most inaccessible hills of the chain; that by Haidhos is the most frequented—the chasm in the face of the mountain affording a greater facility of ascent than elsewhere. Any of these passes, however, do not appear to be impracticable for Turkish Spahis. These are a kind of feudal cavalry, possessing hereditary lands, on the tenure of appearing in the field when called on. If they have no male children, the lands devolve to the commander, who assigns them to others on the same terms, and so the corps is kept up. It consists of sixteen legions; who are, perhaps, the best mountain horsemen in the world; though nothing can seem more unfavourable to their firm seat and rapid evolutions, than their whole equipment. Their saddles are heavy masses of wood, like pack-saddles, peaked before and behind; and are the most awkward and uneasy in the way they use them. Their stirrups are very short, and their stirrup irons very cumbrous—resembling the blade of a fire-shovel;

the angle of which they use to goad on the horse, as they have no spurs: this heavy apparatus is not secured on the horse by regular girths, but tied with thongs of leather, which are continually breaking and out of order. On this awkward and insecure seat, the Turk sits, with his knees approaching to his chin; yet I never saw more bold and dexterous horsemen, in the most difficult and dangerous places. When formed into cavalry they observe little order, yet they act together with surprising regularity and effect: but it is in broken ground and mountain passes they are most serviceable, where the surface seems impracticable for European horsemen. They drive at full speed through ravines and mountain torrents, and up and down steep acclivities; and suddenly appear on the flanks or in the rear of their enemies, after passing rapidly through places where it was supposed impossible that horsemen could move. Some of their troops are called, for their headlong and reckless impetuosity, Delhis, or madmen; and the desperate enterprises they undertake justifies the name. Such cavalry, in the passes of the Balkan, must oppose a formidable resistance to the most effective and best disciplined troops; and no doubt the Russians, if they ever attempt this barrier, will find it so.

'Another obstacle will be afforded by the season of the year. The only time for operation is the spring: the country is then exceedingly beautiful and healthful, the rivers are full of sweet water, the grass and fodder abundant, and the air elastic and healthful; but as the summer advances, the rivers dry up, vegetables disappear, and nothing is presented but an arid, burning soil, intolerable from the glare of the sun by day, and dangerous from the cold and the damp of the heavy dews by night; and the morbid effects of these every army has experienced, campaigning in those countries at that season, both in ancient and modern times. To pass this chain in winter, with an army, seems still a more hopeless attempt: the morasses saturated with rain, incapable of supporting the heavy burthen of waggons, or artillery: the ravines filled with snow or mountain torrents, and passed over by tottering bridges of wood, so rotten as to break with the smallest pressure; the numerous defiles, which a few can defend against a multitude, affording so many natural fortresses, behind which the Turks fight with such energy and effect; the scattered villages which can afford neither shelter nor supplies;—all these present obstacles, of which the Russians themselves seem very conscious. In their last campaign, they were in possession of the whole of the country, from the Balkan to the Danube, with the exception of Varna, Nyssa, and Shumla, in which the Turks were shut up; and they had nearly 100,000 men in the plain below, completely equipped, and were at the very base of the mountain, and the entrance to the passes; yet they never attempted to ascend, with the exception of a few straggling Cossacks, who made a dash across the ridge, and returned as speedily back again.

'The Turks seem to have no apprehension of an approach to the capital on this side: relying on the natural strength of this chain of mountains, they have not fortified any of the passes, nor do I recollect a single fortress from Shumla to Constantinople. Their great apprehension is, that the invasion will be made by sea; and in this persuasion, not only the Dardanelles, but the Bosphorus, resembles one continued fortress, from the Sea of Marmora to the Black Sea. In the year 1821, when a rupture was apprehended with Russia, all the castles were completely repaired, and additional batteries were erected on every point of land which bore advantageously on the channel, so as to present a most formidable obstruction to any approach by water. These batteries, however, were altogether untenable, if attacked on the land side; the high ground, above the shores of the Bosphorus, everywhere commanding them: and if a landing were effected anywhere in the rear, which it was at that time said was the plan of the Russians, they must be immediately abandoned. But it seems as if the Turkish power in Europe was fast hastening to ruin, which the few convulsive efforts they occasionally make cannot avert or delay.'—pp. 185—190.

If we may depend on the intelligence communicated through the newspapers, the Russians have already crossed the Danube at three different places, and the Turks have but a mere tumultuary force assembled to oppose their farther progress. We must add our author's general reflections on the state and prosperity of the Ottoman empire.

'I had now travelled more than three hundred miles through the Turkish dominions in Europe, from their capital to the last town they possessed at the extremity of their empire. When I contemplated the extent of the territory, the fertility of the soil, the abundance of the resources, the cattle and corn it produced, and the interminable capability it possessed of producing more; the large cities of Adrianople, Shumla, Rutschuk, and the multitude of villages scattered over the country; when I considered the despotic government that had absolute power over all these resources, to direct them in whatever manner, and to whatever extent it pleased; and that this was but a small portion of the vast empire which extended over three parts of the globe;—it seemed as if the Turkish power was as a sleeping lion, which had only to rouse itself and crush its opponents. But when, on the other hand, I saw the actual state of this fine country—its resources neglected, its fields lying waste, its towns in ruins, its population decaying, and not only the traces of human labour, but of human existence, every day becoming obliterated; in fine, when I saw all the people about them advancing in the arts of civilized life, while they alone were stationary, and the European Turk of this day differing little from his Asiatic ancestor, except only in having lost the fierce energy which then pushed him on;—when I considered this, I was led to conclude that the lion did not sleep, but was dying, and after a few fierce convulsions would never rise again.

'The circumstance most striking to a traveller passing through Turkey, is its depopulation. Ruins, where villages had been built, and fallows where land had been cultivated, are frequently seen, with no living things near them. This effect is not so visible in larger towns, though the cause is known to operate there in a still greater degree. Within the last twenty years, Constantinople has lost more than half its population. In eighteen months three sanguinary revolutions took place, which destroyed two Sultans, and about thirty thousand of the inhabitants. These were followed by the plague, in 1812, which swept away, according to some two, and according to others three, hundred thousand more. It was known that at one time a thousand persons a day were brought out of the top Kapousi gate, to be buried; and the gardener of the English palace told me he was the only survivor of a family of thirteen persons. He was seized with delirium and stupor; and when he recovered, he found himself in the house, with twelve dead bodies. In 1821, the Greek insurrection broke out. The population of the Fanal, and other places, consisted of about forty thousand Greeks; by death and flight, they are now reduced to half the number. In 1827, the Janissaries were extinguished, and the contests on this occasion carried off, it is supposed, on both sides, about thirty thousand persons. If to these casualties be added the frequent conflagrations, two of which occurred while I was at Constantinople, and destroyed fifteen thousand houses; the Russian and Greek wars, which were a constant drain on the janissaries of the capital; and the silent operation of the plague, which is continually active, though not always alarming;—it will be considered not exaggeration to say, that within the period mentioned, from three to four hundred thousand persons have been prematurely swept away in one city in Europe, by causes which were not operating in any other,—conflagration, pestilence, and civil commotion. The Turks, though naturally of a robust and vigorous constitution, addict themselves to such habits as are very unfavourable to population: their sedentary life, polygamy, immoderate use of opium, coffee and tobacco, and other indulgences still more hostile to the extension of the species, so impede the usual increase of families, that the births do little more than compensate the ordinary deaths, and cannot supply the waste of casualties. The surrounding country is, therefore, constantly drained, to supply this waste in the capital, which nevertheless exhibits districts nearly depopulated. If we suppose that these causes operate more or less in every part of the Turkish empire, it will not be too much to say, that more of human life is wasted, and less supplied there, than in any other country. It is thus that the gifts of bountiful nature are thrown away upon this people. It is in vain that God has issued his great law—“Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth;” and has conferred on them every means of fulfilling it—comely persons, robust constitutions, mild climate, fertile soil, and beautiful country, when their own perverse propensities, and antisocial habits, counteract the blessings of a good Providence. We see, every day, life going out in the fairest portion of Europe; and the human race threatened with extinction, in a soil and climate capable of supporting the most abundant population.’—pp. 190—194.

We must glance rapidly over the remaining portion of the author’s journey, which, though highly interesting in itself, has no connection with the present posture of political affairs in the east. On his arrival at Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, he found that the plague had broken out there, and thrown the whole town into alarm. Crossing the Carpathian Chain by the pass of Rothenturn, he proceeded to Transylvania. The peasantry here conversed with him in a barbarous kind of Latin. ‘A young woman presented a plate of apples and pears to our author, at the post house of Prepora. We asked the master if she were his sister, to which he replied,—“Non soror, Domnee esti uxor.” Upon some money being given to her in return for her present, the husband again said—“Ago tibi gratias, Domnee.” ‘I now prepared to depart,’ adds the Doctor, ‘and not finding sufficient hay in the little cart, (the vehicle in which he travelled), I made a sign for more: the man said, "pone fen," and the cart was filled. When I got in, I felt no cord, as usual, to support my feet, and pointed to what I wanted.' The man said, "Ligate funi haich," pointing to the place, which was immediately done.' Our author quitted these descendants of the old Romans, for such they are, with a *valete*, which they repeated.

On entering the Austrian territories, which adjoin the confines of Wallachia, our traveller was obliged to undergo a severe quarantine. His description of his sufferings on this occasion, contains the only unpleasant passages in his volume. Indeed the species of imprisonment to which travellers are subjected at this station, is annoying in the extreme. Instead of being calculated to restore impaired health, it would seem as if every arrangement of the establishment, were intended for the purpose of depressing the spirits, and of breaking down the most vigorous constitution. Tyranny in the management of it, bad air, filthy apartments, and unwholesome diet, render it rather an hospital for hopeless invalids, than a place of trial and purification for persons only suspected of disease.

Passing through the plains of Transylvania, our author visited the pleasant town of Hermanstadt, and the towns and villages belonging to the Saxons, of which he gives a very interesting account. He notices several traditions relating to the origin of these establishments, the most consistent, and probable of which is, that they were founded and settled by those Saxon families, who, flying from their native land, during the first troubles of the reformation, were permitted to find an asylum in this remote angle of Hungary. Here they formed a barrier against the Turks, and in return for their services, several important privileges and immunities were conferred upon them. They are of the Calvinistic religion, and enjoy a great degree of prosperity, the manifest result of the civil franchises which they have so long possessed. It is worthy of being remarked, that there are still almost 120,000 Roman Catholics, mingled with these Calvinists, and that they live together in the most perfect tranquillity. The reason is this, that they all enjoy 'an equality of civil rights.' 'The great cause of human excitement being thus removed,' as our author well observes, 'and the line of demarcation obliterated, the parties have amalgamated, and an harmony and good will are established, as if no difference of opinion on any subject existed.'

Doctor Walsh crossed the Danube once more at Buda, and pursued his way to Vienna, whence he took the usual route to England. We regret that we have had no room to notice his very interesting account of the death of the celebrated Ali Pasha, and his biographical sketches of the families of the Greek Princes, from the members of which, previously to the late revolution, the governors of Wallachia and Moldavia were selected. The pages devoted to these two subjects, are full of information, which must prove in a great measure, novel to the English readers. Indeed the whole work, is deserving of his attention, and we fearlessly recommend it as one of the most engaging volumes that have lately seen the light.

Art. XI.—*Italy, a Poem.* By Samuel Rogers. *Part the Second.* 12mo., pp. 188. London: Murray. 1828.

Italy, and other Poems. By William Sotheby. 12mo., pp. 342. London: Murray. 1828.

It was the remark of a celebrated Swedish statesman, that wonderfully small was the quantity of wisdom requisite to those, to whom was entrusted the government of empires. In the same vein of philosophy, without at all intending to be satirical, we may observe, that marvellously penurious may be the gifts of nature, to those who are destined to gain a poetic reputation. One man shall be found full of genius, his mind glowing with the fervour of true inspiration; his verses shall be well constructed, his imagery original and admirable, and yet his effusions may never find their way beyond the narrow circle of an obscure village. Any attempt to extend his celebrity is looked upon as a mere display of enthusiasm, and is rendered, by the laughter of the fashionable world, ridiculous and ineffectual. But surround another man with a few of the accidents of fortune; let him keep a hospitable and luxurious board; let him deal in bon mots, and expect his guests to applaud them; then let him write verses, and have them published by a favourite bookseller, and we see all the town running after his volume, and extolling it to the skies. Thoughts which are merely vapid, are held up as the very model of gracefulness; epithets softened to imbecility, are looked upon as reflecting the impressions of good society; a loose, rambling kind of measure, is no more than the licensed negligence of a lounger; and the least spark of talent, the smallest scintillation of fancy, is worshipped as a fire just descended from heaven! Such is the power of fortune in this life! Such the omnipotence of fashion.

Mr. Rogers, perhaps, has more cause to congratulate himself in this respect than Mr. Sotheby. We do not know that the latter has ever made any great noise. He seems to have occupied his mind with poetic literature, rather for the pleasure, than for the fame, or profit, which it was likely to afford him. Lodged in the remote and impenetrable wilds of Epping Forest, he appears to have lived, indeed, in a world of his own. When we reached to the end of his present volume, and found a whole page filled with a catalogue of his works, amounting in all (including this his new tribute to the Muses) to no fewer than twelve separate publications, we were lost in astonishment at our ignorance of the mass of unexplored poetry, which is still to be found in the ware-rooms of our booksellers. Of Mr. Sotheby's translation of Oberon, we had heard some years ago; his splendid edition of the Georgics of Virgil, with metrical translations in the Italian, Spanish, French, German, and English languages, we have lately seen, and we recommend it to the attention of all those who have any fancy for curious books. But his "Battle of the Nile," his poem of "Saul," a formidable epic we guess, and his " Constance de Castile," have hitherto, we must plainly admit, eluded our discovery.

The reader, perhaps, may ask why we propose to treat of the new poems of Messrs. Rogers and Sotheby in the same article? One of our reasons is, that they are both devoted to the praises of the same object, the fair and ever fascinating land of Italy. Another reason is, that they were both brought forth, we believe, at the same hour. The same dawn witnessed their birth; they are twins; they have walked into the world hand in hand together; and as they seemed resolved to remain united in life, it were a pity that in death they should be divided.

Only six years, if we rightly remember, have elapsed since the first part of Mr. Rogers's poem on Italy was published. We are afraid that we are among those who would have forgotten it altogether, if the words "Part the Second," had not appeared in the title-page of his new volume. We were, therefore, constrained to search out, amid a pile of works belonging to the past ages, the former portion of this Poem; and having glanced over it, we have been extremely edified to find the perfect identity which, during the lapse of so considerable an interval, Mr. Rogers has been so happy as to preserve. His mind is still precisely the same that it was when he wrote " Part the First." Notwithstanding all the changes that have happened within that period, still is the even tenour of his way unchanged and undisturbed: not one new idea has lighted on his fancy during all that time. Our venerable predecessors said of him then—that " he was gifted with considerable powers; but that he permitted a certain subdued tameness to deteriorate his compositions:" he does so still. They had the hardihood to tell him, that he laboured " under the absurd and erroneous conviction, that occasional feebleness is ease; and that, in order to be familiar, it is necessary to be negligent." Under that conviction, " absurd and erroneous " though it be, he has the fortune still to labour, and he will take it with him to his grave.

This second part, however, opens with a delightful picture:—

' It was an hour of universal joy.
The lark was up, and at the gate of heaven,
Singing, as sure to enter when he came;
The butterfly was basking in my path,
His radiant wings unfolded. From below
The bell of prayer rose slowly, plaintively;

And odours, such as welcome in the day,
Such as salute the early traveller,
And come and go, each sweeter than the last,
Were rising. Hill and valley breathed delight
And not a living thing but blessed the hour!
In every bush and brake there was a voice
Responsive!'

But as if to compensate himself for the exertion which he must have made, in order to bestow some appearance of melody on these lines, our poet proceeds in a somewhat *bathetic* mood (the epithet is fairly coined), to talk of the 'Thrasymene, that now slept in the sun;' and of a

—'shore that once, when armies met,
Rocked to and fro unfelt, so terrible
The rage and slaughter;

and of a brook, that 'in the day of strife,
Ran *blood*, but now runs *amber!*'

and of a 'path that *led* him, *leading* thro' a wood;' where he discovers a pilgrim. Wondrous discovery! This was the first pilgrim ever seen by our poet, save—mark his strict regard to truth, and the moral with which it is accompanied,—

——'save in a midnight masque,
A revel, where none cares to play his part,
And they, that speak, at once dissolve the charm.'

We hereby are given to understand, that Mr. Rogers never had seen a pilgrim before, except at a masquerade, at the west end of the town. Having exchanged with his new acquaintance a traveller's greeting, 'as all are wont,' he thought that he perceived a light playing 'round and round' the Pilgrim, reflected from 'some attendant spirit.' Straight the wanderer won his favour; and they enter into conversation. The first question which our poet asks him, is a very natural one—'whence art thou?' The next was equally proper—'whither journeying?' The stranger answers briefly enough. But this would not satisfy our traveller—he must know his whole story. A pilgrim was not a "lion" to be met with every day: he would cut a figure in verse—the opportunity was not to be lost. 'I would not, for the world, put an improper question; but really I am dying to know your biography, my friend—it will be so interesting in England.'

'I would not transgress,
Yet ask I *must*.'

He was driven to it by his fate, and he could not help it. The pilgrim reveals his whole story, which is a mere common place. He had made a vow, to visit a holy shrine at Padua, in consequence of the recovery of his mother from a fit of illness. So much for the first canto, entitled 'The Pilgrim.' The next is named 'The Interview.' It recites a very agreeable adventure which occurred to our poet. He was wandering in the woods, and approached a green sward, where he saw a number of servants making preparations for a cold collation. Viands, fruits, and flasks of delicious wine, were produced in abundance, from which our traveller was turning away in despair, when he saw the party for whom they were intended, approaching. Most fortunately he recognizes them as old acquaintances, and spends the day in glory. The scene is really prettily described.

> 'Below and winding far away,
> A narrow glade unfolded, such as Spring
> Broiders with flowers, and, when the moon is high,
> The hare delights to race in, scattering round
> The silvery dews. Cedar and cypress threw
> Singly their length of shadow, chequering
> The green sward, and, what grew in frequent tufts,
> And underwood of myrtle, that by fits
> Sent up a gale of fragrance. Thro' the midst,
> Reflecting, as it ran, purple and gold,
> A rain-bow's splendour (somewhere in the east
> Rain-drops were falling fast) a rivulet
> Sported as loath to go; and on the bank
> Stood (in the eyes of one, if not of both,
> Worth all the rest and more) a sumpter-mule
> Well-laden, while two menials as in haste
> Drew from his ample panniers, ranging round
> Viands and fruits on many a shining salver,
> And plunging in the cool translucent wave
> Flasks of delicious wine.
> 'Anon a horn
> Blew, thro' the champain bidding to the feast,
> Its jocund note to other ears addressed,
> Not ours; and, slowly coming by a path,
> That, ere it issued from an ilex-grove,
> Was seen far inward, tho' along the glade
> Distinguished only by a fresher verdure,
> Peasants approached, one leading in a leash
> Beagles yet panting, one with various game,
> In rich confusion slung, before, behind,
> Leveret and quail and pheasant. All announced
> The chase as over; and ere long appeared
> Their horses full of fire, champing the curb
> For the white foam was dry upon the flank,
> Two in close converse, each in each delighting,
> Their plumage waving as instinct with life;
> A Lady young and graceful, and a Youth,
> Yet younger, bearing on a falconer's glove,
> As in the golden, the romantic time,
> His falcon hooded. Like some spirit of air,
> Or fairy-vision, such as feigned of old,
> The Lady, while her courser pawed the ground,
> Alighted; and her beauty, as she trod
> The enamelled bank, bruising nor herb nor flower,
> That place illumined.

> 'Ah, who should she be,
> And with her brother, as when last we met,
> (When the first lark had sung ere half was said,
> And as she stood, bidding adieu, her voice,
> So sweet it was, recalled me like a spell),
> Who, but Angelica?'—pp. 10—13.

Arrived at Rome, our poet can hardly speak or breathe, so overwhelmed is he with rapture. 'What has befallen me?' quoth he—'I am in Rome,' is the reply.

> 'And I am there'!

Indeed! This is something new. Had he said 'and I am here!' we should have understood him. But how he could be *here* and *there* at the same time, or rather how he could have said 'I *am* there,' when he should have said, being on the spot, 'I am here,' is incomprehensible, unless it be allowed that in consequence of his rapture he really did not know whether he was either *here* or *there!* Now for a burst of the *Bathetic!*

> 'Ah, little thought I, when in school I sate,
> A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn,
> Glowing with Roman story,' &c.

A school-boy on his bench, glowing with Roman story! What part of him? Here will be a piece of work for the commentators! We commend to their attention the whole canto. It is an epitome of the History of Rome, from Remus and Romulus down to the Pope.

After a *triste* description of a funeral, and various wise reflections thereupon, Mr. Rogers imagines that he varies his poem with a canto in plain prose, as if the greater part of the composition were not in the latter style. An assassination rouses his indignation against Rome, and its government and laws. But a little reflection soberizes him, and he delivers a homily, a very good one no doubt, on the injustice of national prejudices. He takes us over all the curiosities in and about Rome—weeps over a nun—terrifies us with banditti—and after writing all he thinks fit in verse and prose about the "eternal city," of course proceeds to Naples. On his way, he tells a long story about a 'Bag of Gold,' which is highly amusing, not for the point of the tale, for it has none, but for the gossiping pleasure which our author appears to feel in relating such a trumpery affair.

We are not disposed to criticise this work minutely; but we must ask by what process of misconception it was that Mr. Rogers has printed the following lines in the form of verse?

> 'One of two things Montrioli may have,
> My envy or compassion. Both he cannot.
> Yet on he goes, numbering as miseries,

What least of all he would consent to lose,
What most indeed he prides himself upon,
And, for not having most, despises me.'—p. 120.

We now proceed to Mr. Sotheby. The style of his verse, is as different as possible from that adopted by Mr. Rogers. He treats his subject much in the same way. He detaches from the general picture certain favourite parts which he works up in his own manner—a manner, we must observe, that is not at all to our taste. Mr. Rogers writes prose and calls it poetry. It is impossible ever to mistake Mr. Sotheby's lines for prose; they are most elaborately measured: whatever becomes of the sense, sound and cadence they almost uniformly possess. Mr. Rogers approaches us in a morning gown, with his *bonnet de nuit* still upon his head. Mr. Sotheby makes his appearance in full dress. He wears knee buckles and silk stockings, even at breakfast. Mr. Rogers smiles and chuckles, and very often says what he really means—nothing. Mr. Sotheby is always full of meaning, though he has not a method of conveying it. Fine words and magnificent aspirations, classical allusions, and classical names, come thick from his pen on almost every subject. Mark what a crowd of words and things is heaped together in the following sentences.

'Yet, underneath the mount, whereon I lay,
While with tir'd foot the pilgrim wander'd lone
In the drear silence of the sacred way,
'Mid wastes with weeds o'ergrown;
Onward, methought, I saw far nations flow,
As to their central home;
And the wide desart, fluctuating, glow
With restless multitudes; and one the voice
That rose from all: that voice, the shout of Rome.
Methought, before me past, in mournful weeds,
Kings, uncrown'd kings, whose link'd captivity
Made proud the Roman eye:
And ivory images aloft display'd
Of conquer'd realms; and laurell'd chiefs array'd
With victory; and in robes of snowy fold,
Priests, and their victims, that Clitumnus fed,
Jove's milk-white bullocks of gigantic mould:
And battle-breathing steeds,
Their manes in wild luxuriance floating o'er
Pards, and the brindled forms that Libya breeds:
The war-neigh mingling with the lion roar.'—pp. 11, 12.

In the very next page a still more formidable specimen of this gallimatia offends against every principle of good poetic composition.

Ye! on whose sires of old the galling yoke
Lay heavy! ye, on Danube's blood-stain'd soil,
Where Victory pil'd Rome's trophy'd spoil:

Or where dark Nile her swarthy myriads fed:
Or where, 'mid gliding Euphrats' golden meads,
Sprang the couch'd lion from th' o'ershadowing reeds;
Or Tygris, like an arrow sped,
Severing the green isle from the sandy main:
Or where, athwart the Parthian plain,
The archer, flying, shower'd behind
Shafts that outstript the wind:
Or where the Briton turn'd with hunter spear
The legion's mail'd career;
Ere yet before Rome's present god
The Cambrian monarch calmly trod,
And sternly grasp'd his lion chain:
Stern, as when conqueror in his scythed car
He mow'd the ranks, and strow'd on Britain's plain
Rome's iron field of war,
And still'd her rout beneath the roaring main;
Calm, as when peaceful on the ocean's side,
At eve's slow turn of flood,
He leant upon his buckler's shaggy hide,
And saw the surge along the sea-line foam,
Heave back the golden shield, and eagle helm of Rome.'—
pp. 13, 14.

Of such passages as these, consisting of lines which move like a battalion of cavalry, in heavy uniform, loud-sounding pace, the three cantos, which our author has peculiarly dedicated to Italy, are made up. We do not deny that a few stanzas may be found among them of a better character than those which we have quoted; but they are not sufficient to redeem the poem from the leaden weight which oppresses it, and deprives it of the remotest chance of popularity. One stanza, however, we have marked as singularly elegant. In order to render it intelligible, we must give also that which precedes it, which, by the way, is a precious example of bombast.

'Hark! hear you not the festive shout?
Shouts as of conquerors gathering up the spoil
Bring in the gladsome toil.
I see the ivy-wreath'd, the revel rout:
Earth widely reels around,
Rent heaven yields back the sound:
The roar that swells the choral song, recalls
The orgies of the god—Evoe's festivals.

'Such was the shout that rous'd the Menades:
So from their brow was seen to fall
Flow'rs that wreath'd their coronal.
Thus the profusion of their streaming hair
Tangled its glossy darkness on the breeze:
So flash'd their timbrels trembling on the air,
While, with swoln clusters crown'd,
They wav'd the thyrsus round:
And one, far lovelier than the rest,

The dappled fawn-skin floating round her breast,
Tim'd to the cymbals' clash her step and song,
And led the panther car
That bore in youth's bright bloom the God of joy along.'—
pp. 38, 39.

The construction used in this latter stanza is compact, and remarkably harmonious; we almost see the timbrels flashing in the air, and see and hear the priestess,

'Time to the cymbal's clash her step and song.'

Mr. Rogers could never write a stanza like this; neither has he produced any description of St. Peter's, at Rome, that would stand a moment's comparison with the following magnificent picture of that stupendous edifice. It is certainly too tumid, but it cannot be denied the merit, nevertheless, of being highly poetical:—

'Far higher yet,
And with a holier feeling deeply fraught,
Beneath the dome where daring Angelo
His vast conception wrought,
And grav'd on the colossal pile below
The grandeur of his soul,
And call'd on Time, age after age, to grace
And harmonize the whole:
Within the sanctuary, at the hallow'd shrine
Where Art is sacred, and the imag'd stone
A worshipp'd form divine;
Where, emulous of Raffaelle, marbles glow
With hues like linked harmonies,
And the mosaic's fairy-paved dies,
In colours challenging eternity,
Start from the massive pillars, and illume
The aisles slow-lengthening into sacred gloom:
Where all the air is incense: where each sound
A voice of hymned melody,
And pour'd throughout the Temple's space profound,
The spirit feels a present Deity,
Enthusiast! there sublime thy soul
Freed from the visual world, and earth's unfelt control.

'Away, where Genius calls,
Lone dweller in the Sistine's hallow'd walls:
There meditate the mortal's bold design;
There trace the mind divine
That, with creative pow'r endu'd
His pencil, as its lightning speed pursu'd
The quick conception of each winged thought:
As if the spirit had the vision wrought
Upon the humid clay,
Colouring the fleeting shade ere yet it fled away.

'Vast is the scene, and various: it unfolds
All Nature—her first rise—her final doom:
Time that once was, the form of years to come,
Earth and her generations:—it upholds
On tablatures, whose glowing colours fall
Like prophet visions on the pictur'd wall.
The empires, and their changes,—all foretold
By lips that spake of old,
Sibyl and Seer, whose forms yon roof illume.
It dares embody in its sweep sublime
Invisible imaginings, when Time
Fledg'd his new wing: it dares draw forth the hour
When, from his rest, the Infinite in pow'r,
With outstretch'd arms, that part the elements,
Came floating down, and silencing the storm,
From darkness and confus'd chaotic strife
Call'd out the sun, the moon, and things unborn,
As tho' they were, and gave the formless, form,
And to the lifeless, life.—

'It dares, in one tremendous view, pourtray
The realms of heav'n and hell,
And on the vision of the Eternal dwell:
Sublimely picturing to our earthly eye
The awful doom of that predicted day,
When, at th' Archangel's voice, the trumpet's sound,
God's wonder work shall pass in flame away,
And Time subside into Eternity.
The heav'n of heav'ns unfolds! the Seraphim
Veil their prone brows, and kneel with folded wing
Omnipotence encompassing!
No golden harp rings out the glory hymn.
Hark! the last trumpet peals the final sound:
All nature hears the dreadful summoning.
Lo! Death, uprising from the deep profound,
Gives back his prey: and the wide grave of earth,
The dust from whence we rose, wherein we lay,
Reanimate with birth,
Teems, as its wrecks the form of flesh resume,
To meet the Maker on his judgment throne;
Where God, in light, alone,
In unapproachable light, th' eternal God,
Severing the sons of man, dooms each his last abode.' pp. 49—52.

We know not by what fatality it has happened that Mr. Sotheby has chosen to throw a funeral pall over every part of Italy, with which he was most enchanted. We are all aware that a day of judgment will come, when the whole world is to be destroyed; but we do not perceive the use, speaking simply in a poetic point of view, of destroying those delusions, which it is the very business of poetry to create, by closing the description of every engaging scene with anticipations of its final ruin. Thus, for instance, he prophecies the fall of Rome:—

‘ Rome! thou art doom’d to perish, and thy days,
Like mortal man’s, are numbered: number’d all,
Ere each fleet hour decays.
Tho’ Pride yet haunt thy palaces, tho’ Art
Thy sculptur’d marbles animate:
Tho’ thousands, and ten thousands throng thy gate;
Tho’ kings and kingdoms with thy idol mart
Yet traffic, and thy throned Priest adore:
Thy second reign shall pass—pass like thy reign of yore.—

‘ Hast thou forgot, when, girt with thunder, came
The Hun, the Exterminator, call’d of God,
And thron’d in pow’r the sword and flame between,
On thy bow’d neck, thine Monarch-People! trod,
And shouted unto earth that Rome “had been?”
Hast thou forgot how the unsparing axe
Flash’d, and the hewers, as thy glory lay
On earth, the shatter’d branches lop’d away,
Bough after bough? So fell thy strength of yore:
Thus thou again shalt fall:—thus fall—and rise no more.

‘ I see the sign foretold.—Ye, too, come forth;
Ye, who, ’mid Rome, an interdicted horde,
Steal out, when Morn unbars your guarded gate,
Beneath the uplifted sword:
And whom, late Eve with watchful eye beholds
Returning to a house, but not a home,
Like beasts in crowded folds.
Lone dwellers in the melancholy place,
Where ye are doomed your wretchedness to hide:
Come from the haunts where Tyber’s wondering tide
Views the throng’d Ghetto multiply the race
That under wrath abide:
While they who, on the sun-lit heights above,
By crystal fountains wont with health to rest,
And tune the lute to love,
Chas’d by the tainted wing that bears the pest
Fly the paternal roof, and golden grove,
And halls where Painting speaks, and breathing marbles move.

‘ Hebrew! come forth!
Miraculous and mystic link between
The Gospel and the Law!
Thou! that confirm’st the signs thy fathers saw
Of old, the marvels wrought on Ægypt’s coast,
When, to their foot, on passage, upward stood
The wall of waters, and o’er Pharoah’s host
Clos’d the returning flood:
Thou, wanderer without home, wherever driv’n,
That bear’st upon thy forehead, broadly seen,
The seal and sentence of avenging heav’n:
The expiation of that day of dread
And darkness, when the veil was rent in twain,

Earth stagger'd, and the graves let loose their dead,
When by th' eternal Godhead glorified,
In bitterness of grief, and shame, and pain,
Christ bow'd the head, and dy'd.

'Thou, living wonder of Jehovah's word!
Thou, that without or priest, or sacrifice,
Ephod, or temple, lone 'mid human kind,
Cleavest to thy statutes with unswerving mind,
As tho', enthron'd upon his mercy-seat,
The spreading of the cherubims between,
Jehovah yet were seen!
Hebrew! come forth! dread not the light of day:
Dread not th' insulter's cry,
The arch that rose o'er the captivity*
No more shall turn thee from thy destin'd way.
The marble moulders, and the trophies fall,
That Salem's sculptur'd spoils and captive Ark recall.

'That arch was bas'd in strength: and they, who rais'd
The pile, and on each stone a trophy grav'd;
And Rome, that on the sculptur'd triumph gaz'd;
Deem'd that the fabric would have tow'r'd sublime
O'er generations yet unborn, and brav'd
The beating of the iron wings of Time.
They deem'd that there the stranger would have trac'd
The last memorial of th' infuriate brood,
Who Rome, in her omnipotence, withstood,
And perish'd.—Lo! her trophies, day by day,
Moulder, and pass away.
But they, the race despis'd, the race abhorr'd,
The scatter'd remnant of Rome's merciless sword,
From north to south, from east to west, o'er earth,
Beneath the shadow of Jehovah's word,
Tell out from realm to realm the wonders of the birth.

'It comes—th' appointed hour.
Hebrew! beneath the arch of Titus, pause!
And in the closing scene of Rome's last pow'r
Thy Prophet's roll unfold.
Then view on that eventful theatre,
Where slow-born ages swept like shadows by,
Time, loftier tow'ring as the woe draws nigh,
'Mid the gigantic wrecks that round him low'er,
From the symbolic image seen of old
Casts back the mantle of obscurity;
And beck'ning on the vengeance of the Lord,
Points out the sign foretold;
"Lo! round Rome's iron feet the dust and ashes roll'd."—

'So take thou up the harp, that whilom hung
Mute on the willows, as the wave flow'd on

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* The arch of Titus.

That drank thy tear at Babylon:
And from their graves the shadowy kings recall,
That mock'd the Golden City's fall:
And strain the loudest chords to exultation strung.

'Lift up thy voice!—The Day-spring from on high
Warns that the hour draws nigh:
The far seas, and the multitude of isles,
All in their tongues have heard,
Each lips the living word.
Hebrew! on thee Redemption's angel smiles.
The stone cut out without a hand
Now spreads its shade o'er earth, and shall to heav'n expand.

'Tell the dispers'd, kings with their fleets shall come
To bear the wanderers home,
Their queens shall fold thy nurseling on their breast:
And light o'er earth shall flow
From Sion's hallow'd brow,
And there the Lord' thy God, enthron'd in glory rest!

'Then, ask of Rome,—Where now the realms whose sway
Bad earth their voice obey?
The gold—the silver—and the brazen?—gone—
The mountain falls on Babylon.
Where art thou, Rome! the second empire o'er?
Gone! like the chaff from out the summer-threshing floor.'—
pp. 64—69.

In the same way he prognosticates the destruction of Venice; and gives a warning to England herself.

More than half this volume is occupied with short pieces, on a great variety of subjects. They are, in general, written in the same high-flown style to which we have already had occasion to object. We shall spare the reader any extracts from them, as we could not find one, among them all, which we could transcribe with the least feeling of pleasure. We must observe, however, that they exhibit unequivocal indications of a poetical temperament; and their pervading defect is to be found rather in the want of apposite and happy language, than in poverty of thought, or mediocrity of invention.

NOTICES.

Art. XII.—*Our Village: Country Stories, Scenes, Characters, &c. &c.* By Mary Russell Mitford. Volume iii. 8vo. pp. 315. London: Geo. B. Whittaker. 1828.

We have so often had occasion to eulogize the productions of Miss Mitford, particularly those delightful and incomparable sketches of rural life, which are contained in her work, entitled "Our Village," that we deem it unnecessary to repeat our opinions of their general merit. Here is a third volume of that enchanting collection of tales; and we could still wish for another and another, if we were not afraid that she might exhaust her resources. We should be sorry to see Miss Mitford write herself out of reputation; as female writers are, for the most part, too apt to do. The present volume, however, bears about it no marks of declining intellect or decaying spirit: on the contrary, it presents us with several tales, written in Miss Mitford's happiest style. Several of them having already appeared in periodical and other works, we feel ourselves limited in the range of our selection. But we think that, whether it be old or new to the reader, the following sketch, glowing with the life and fragrance of summer, cannot fail to be acceptable to him:—

'The pride of my heart and the delight of my eyes is my garden. Our house, which is in dimensions very much like a bird-cage, and might, with almost equal convenience, be laid on a shelf, or hung up in a tree, would be utterly unbearable in warm weather, were it not that we have a retreat out of doors—and a very pleasant retreat it is. To make my readers fully comprehend it, I must describe our whole territories.

'Fancy a small plot of ground, with a pretty low irregular cottage at one end; a large granary, divided from the dwelling by a little court running along one side; and a long thatched shed open towards the garden, and supported by wooden pillars on the other. The bottom is bounded, half by an old wall, and half by an old paling, over which we see a pretty distance of woody hills. The house, granary, wall, and paling, are covered with vines, cherry-trees, roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, with great clusters of tall hollyhocks running up between them; a large elder overhanging the little gate, and a magnificent bay-tree, such a tree as shall scarcely be matched in these parts, breaking with its beautiful conical form the horizontal lines of the buildings. This is my garden; and the long pillared shed, the sort of rustic arcade which runs along one side, parted from the flower-beds by a row of rich geraniums, is our out-of-door drawing-room.

'I know nothing so pleasant as to sit there on a summer afternoon, with the western sun flickering through the great elder-tree, and lighting up our gay parterres, where flowers and flowering shrubs are set as thick as grass in a field, a wilderness of blossom, interwoven, intertwined, wreathy, garlandy, profuse beyond all profusion, where we may guess that there is such a thing as mould, but never see it. I know nothing so pleasant as to sit in the shade of that dark bower, with the eye resting on that bright piece of colour, lighted so gloriously by the evening sun, now catching a glimpse of the little birds as they fly rapidly in and out of their nests—for there are always two or three birds-nests in the tapestry of cherry-trees, honeysuckles, and China-roses, which cover our walls—now tracing the gay gambols of the common butterflies as they sport around the dahlias; now watching that rarer moth, which the country people, fertile in pretty names, call the bee-bird; that bird-like insect, which flutters in the hottest days over the sweetest flowers, inserting its long proboscis into the small tube of the jessamine, and hovering over the scarlet blossoms of the geranium, whose bright colour seems reflected on its own feathery breast; that insect which seems so thoroughly a creature of the air, never at rest; always, even when feeding, self-poised, and self-supported, and whose wings, in their ceaseless motion, have a sound so deep, so full, so lulling, so musical. Nothing so pleasant as to sit amid that mixture of the flower and the leaf, watching the bee-bird! Nothing so pretty to look at as my garden! It is quite a picture; only unluckily it resembles a picture in more qualities than one—it is fit for nothing but to look at. One might as well think of walking in a bit of framed canvas. There are walks to be sure—tiny paths of smooth gravel, by courtesy called such—but they are so overhung by roses and lilies, and such gay encroachers—so over-run by convolvolus, and heart's-ease, and mignonette, and other sweet stragglers, that, except to edge through them occasionally, for the purposes of planting, or weeding, or watering, there might as well be no paths at all. Nobody thinks of walking in my garden. Even May glides along with a delicate and trackless step, like a swan through the water; and we, its two-footed denizens, are fain to treat it as if it were really a saloon, and go out for a walk towards sun-set, just as if we had not been sitting in the open air all day.

'What a contrast from the quiet garden to the lively street! Saturday night is always a time of stir and bustle in our Village, and this is Whitsun-Eve, the pleasantest Saturday in all the year, when London journeymen and servant lads and lasses snatch a short holiday to visit their families. A short and precious holiday, the happiest and liveliest of any; for even the gambols and merry-makings of Christmas offer but a poor enjoyment, compared with the rural diversions, the Mayings, revels, and cricket-matches of Whitsuntide.

'We ourselves are to have a cricket-match on Monday, not played by the men, who, since a certain misadventure with the Beech hillers, are I am sorry to say, rather chap-fallen, but by the boys, who, zealous for the honour of their parish, and headed by their bold leader, Ben Kirby, marched in a body to our antagonist's ground the Sunday after our melancholy defeat, challenged the boys of that proud hamlet, and beat them out and out on the spot. Never was a more signal victory. Our boys enjoyed this triumph with so little moderation, that it had like to have produced a very tragical catastrophe. The captain of the Beech-hill youngsters, a capital bowler, by name Amos Stone, enraged past all bearing by the crowing of his adversaries, flung the ball at Ben Kirby with so true an aim, that if that sagacious leader had not warily ducked his head when he saw it coming, there would probably have been a coroner's inquest on the case, and Amos Stone would have been tried for manslaughter. He let fly with such vengeance, that the cricket-ball was found embedded in a bank of clay five hundred yards off, as if it had been a cannon shot. Tom Cooper and Farmer Thackum, the umpires, both say that they never saw so tremendous a ball. If Amos Stone live to be a man (I mean to say, if he be not hanged first), he'll be a pretty player. He is coming here on Monday with his party to play the return match, the umpires having respectively engaged Farmer Thackum that Amos shall keep the peace, Tom Cooper that Ben shall give no unnecessary or wanton provocation—a nicely-worded and lawyer-like clause, and one that proves that Tom Coper hath his doubts of the young gentleman's discretion; and of a truth so have I. I would not be Ben Kirby's surety, cautiously as the security is worded,—no! not for a white double dahlia, the present object of my ambition.

'This village of our's is swarming to-night like a hive of bees, and all the church bells round are pouring out their merriest peals, as if to call them together. I must try to give some notions of the various figures.

'First there is a groupe suited to Teniers, a cluster of out-of-door customers of the Rose, old benchers of the inn, who sit round a table smoking and drinking in high solemnity to the sound of Timothy's Fiddle. Next, a mass of eager boys, the combatants of Monday, who are surrounding the shoemaker's shop, where an invisible hole in their ball is mending by Master Keep himself, under the joint superintendence of Ben Kirby and Tom Cooper. Ben showing much verbal respect and outward deference for his umpire's judgment and experience, but managing to get the ball done his way after all; whilst outside the shop, the rest of the eleven, the less-trusted commons, are shouting and bawling round Joel Brent, who is twisting the waxed twine round the handles of the bats—the poor bats, which please nobody, which the taller youths are despising as too little and too light, and the smaller are abusing as too heavy and too large. Happy critics! winning their match can hardly be a greater delight—even if to win it they be doomed! Farther down the street is a pretty black-eyed girl, Sally Wheeler, come home for a day's holiday from B., escorted by a tall footman in a dashing livery, whom she is trying to curtsy off before her deaf grandmother sees him. I wonder whether she will succeed.

'Ascending the hill are two couples of a different description. Daniel Tubb and his fair Valentine, walking boldly along like licensed lovers; they have been asked twice in church, and are to be married on Tuesday; and closely following that happy pair, near each other, but not together, come Jem Tanner and Mabel Green, the poor culprits of the wheat-hoeing. Ah! the little clerk hath not relented! The course of true love doth not yet run smooth in that quarter. Jem dodges along, whistling "cherry-ripe," pretending to walk by himself, and to be thinking of nobody; but every now and then he pauses in his negligent saunter, and turns round outright to steal a glance at Mabel, who, on her part, is making believe to walk with poor Olive Hathaway, the lame mantua-maker, and even affecting to talk and to listen to that gentle, humble creature, as she points to the wild flowers on the common, and the lambs and children disporting amongst the gorse, but whose thoughts and eyes are evidently fixed on Jem Tanner, as she meets his backward glance with a blushing smile, and half springs forward to meet him; whilst Olive has broken off the conversation as soon as she perceived the pre-occupation of her companion, and begun humming, perhaps unconsciously, two or three lines of Burns, whose 'Whistle and I'll come to thee, my love," and "Gi'e me a glance of thy bonnie black ee," were never better exemplified than in the couple before her. Really it is curious to watch them, and to see how gradually the attraction of this tantalizing vicinity becomes irresistible, and the rustic lover rushes to his pretty mistress like the needle to the magnet. On they go, trusting to the deepening twilight, to the little clerk's absence, to the good humour of the happy lads and lasses, who are passing and repassing on all sides—or rather, perhaps, in a happy oblivion of the cross uncle, the kind villagers, the squinting lover, and the whole world. On they trip, linked arm-in-arm, he trying to catch a glimpse of her glowing face under her bonnet, and she hanging down her head and avoiding his gaze with a mixture of modesty and coquetry, which well becomes the rural beauty. On they go, with a reality and intensity of affection, which must overcome all obstacles; and poor Olive follows with an evident sympathy in their happiness, which makes her almost as enviable as they; and we pursue our walk amidst the moonshine and the nightingales, with Jacob Frost's cart looming in the distance, and the merry sounds of Whitsuntide, the shout, the laugh, and the song echoing all around us, like "noises of the air."—pp. 145—152.

Miss Mitford seems to have been born for the description of these village scenes, as well as for the enjoyment of the pleasures which they afford. We most sincerely wish that she may long continue to feel and to paint them.

Art. XIII.—*Second Statement by the Council of the University of London, Explanatory of the Plan of Instruction.* 8vo. pp. 168. London: J. Taylor. 1828.

We congratulate the country upon the rapid and successful progress which has been made with respect to the London University. It is little more than a twelvemonth ago since the first stone was laid of the building, in which its plan of education is to be carried on, and yet we have now before us a statement announcing that it will be open, for the reception of pupils, in October next. This statement contains a most interesting exposition of the whole scheme of education which has been devised for the University; it details 'the days and hours when the professors are to teach, and the fees to be paid by pupils, out of which the professors are to be remunerated, and the annual charges of the establishment to be defrayed!'

The statement assumes, that the junior students will come to the University possessed of that elementary knowledge which boys are generally supposed to have acquired, who leave school at the age of fourteen or fifteen years. At the same time, the University is to be open to all who comply with its rules and regulations, 'without limitation as to age, and without examination as an indispensible preliminary.'

'Persons who wish to attend the Lectures of one Professor only will be admitted; but those who intend to apply for University Certificates and other distinctions, must go through certain courses of study; for these testimonials will be granted to such students only, as upon examination at regular intervals in the successive stages of their progress, are found to possess that knowledge by which the value of the Certificate or of the academical honour will be determined. Other privileges will belong to those who enter the University for the purpose of following a regular course of education, which cannot be extended to occasional students.'—pp. 5, 6.

The lectures are to continue, unless otherwise expressed, during the whole academical session, which for the general course of education will commence on the 1st of November, and terminate about the middle of July. The lectures for the medical classes will be begin on the 1st of October, and close towards the end of May. There are also to be short vacations at Christmas and Easter.

The statement then procceds to detail the names and fees of the professors who are appointed to teach the Latin, Greek, English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew, and Hindostanee languages, Oriental literature, mathematics, natural philosophy, and astronomy, chymistry, mineralogy and geology, botany, logic and philosophy of the human mind, moral and political philosophy, political economy, jurisprudence, ancient and modern history, English law, aud all the branches of medicine and surgery. The fees are in general very moderate. We calculate that a pupil might attend the lectures in Latin, Greek, English, and French, for twenty-seven pounds a year. When he is sufficiently master of the French, he might proceed to Italian, and German, at an increased expense of five or six pounds, and if he choose to exchange either of these for Spanish, or Hindostanee, the expense would remain much the same. That is to say. for about thirty-five pounds a year, a pupil may be perfected in the dead languages, and well grounded in the modern languages of Europe and Hindostan. An episcopal chapel has been purchased contiguous to the university, where accommodation will be afforded to the students for attendance at divine service, and where a course of divinity lectures will be regularly delivered during the academical session. We remark this circumstance with the more care, as a rival institution, to be called "The King's College," has been just set on foot, under the impression that the versity was upon too liberal a plan in matters of religion.

ART. XIV.—*Poems*. By Eliza Rennie. 12mo. pp. 182. London: Lloyd & Son. 1828.

IT is so seldom we meet with a pleasant little collection of poetry like that contained in Miss Rennie's volume, that we are inclined to treat it with more than our usual measure of indulgence. She is not, indeed, a poet of the first class, but she promises well, and certainly writes in a chaste, pellucid, and picturesque style. The following verses will afford some idea of her powers:—

'STANZAS ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1824.

THE year's brief course is in the wane:
  And soon time's swift and noiseless sea
Will bear the circle far away,
  To blend with past eternity.

Yet still the earth, the deep, the sky,
  Remain unalter'd to the sight,
Nor record give of days gone by,
  Nor token of time's ceaseless flight.

Yet deem not that the year hath left
  Nor speech, nor tongue, its power to tell,
Oh! there are hearts of hope bereft,
  Will chronicle its history well.

Go ask the youth before whose eye
  A wreath of future glory shone,
Where are the flowers?—a bitter sigh
  Tells the year wither'd every one!

Go ask the maid, who fondly deem'd
  That love and truth shall never fail,
Where is the bliss of which she dream'd?
  Her faded cheek will tell the tale!

Go ask the mother, who when first
  The fleeting year above her rose,
A smiling, blooming infant nurs'd
  For that fair babe at this year's close.

Go ask the grave, if none have press'd
  Its bosom, while the year hath fled?
Twill show its dark and gloomy breast,
  Fill'd with the hosts of mouldering dead!

Oh! who each word, and wish, and thought
  Can fearlessly or calmly trace,
Or ponder on the acts he wrought
  Within one year's eventful space!

How many a wayward wild regret
  My lip has breath'd, my heart has known;
What burning tears my cheek have wet,
  Since the last changeful year hath flown!

Farewell, farewell—thou closing year,
  With joy I almost part from thee;
For thou hast brought me sorrow drear,
  And days of bitterest agony.

Oh! may the year which soon shall rise,
  To me, to all, bring joy and peace;
May each improve it, as it flies,
  Nor feel remorse when it shall cease!'

There is a good deal of feeling expressed in the following lines:—

'SHE NEVER SMIL'D AGAIN!

Her soul grew dark, when hope's bright ray
Pass'd like the rainbow's light away:
Yet none who gaz'd upon her face
The blighted heart's decay could trace;
Her brow was still as moonlight fair,
Still gleam'd like gold her sunny hair;
And still, though varying, pale, and weak,
The rose's blush bloom'd on her cheek;
Time hush'd the deep convulsive sigh,
And check'd the tears which dimm'd her eye
But from the hour which saw her lover slain
On battle's field, she never smil'd again!

Who—who can paint his dreary state,
Who walks midst pleasures—desolate!
With feelings chill'd, affections changed,
The heart from each fond hope estranged!

Oh! meet *Her* in the splendid crowd,
Or festive throng, where mirth is loud;
No more her laugh, without control,
The wild, free, joyous, burst of soul,
Falls on the ear—her voice is still
And sad—for dead is rapture's thrill!
And from the hour which saw her lover slain
On battle's field—she ne'er has smiled again!

We observe that the volume is dedicated to Mr. Campbell, in terms that must be very acceptable to that gentleman.

Art. XV.—*The Oscotian; or Literary Gazette of St. Marys.* Edited by the Students of Oscott College. Vol. i. Second Edition. Birmingham: R. P. Stone. 1828.

Oscott College is one of the most respectable establishments for education, of which this country can boast. It is, we believe, exclusively attended by Catholic pupils, several of whom are brought up for the ministry of that church. The professors, who conduct the business of the institution, are generally ecclesiastics, and are all distinguished for their piety, learning, and talents.

Those of our readers, who are already acquainted with the origin and plan of the "Etonian," will at once understand the nature and pretensions of 'The Oscotian.' It is got up in monthly numbers, the papers of which it is composed being all contributed by the students of the college. A novel feature of this academical periodical, which we believe to be quite peculiar to it, is this, that not only have its contents been originally written in the college, but also originally printed there, under the guidance of the students. We are not sure whether some of them have not even occasionally acted as compositors and pressmen. Leaving, however, this point over for future investigation, we feel great pleasure in observing that the work is highly creditable to the young gentlemen who have produced it. There are several small poems in the collection, which evince not only the general attention of the pupils to the practice of English composition, but also a very eminent degree of success in cultivating it. Some of the verses exhibit, of course, a confusion of metaphors, and an ambition of brilliant writing, which far from censuring, we are rather inclined to applaud, as they are always the outward signs of imagination and energy of intellect. Many crudenesses of expression also occur, which, among boys, are naturally to be expected. But we own that we were not prepared for the cleverness, the vivacity, the humour and eloquence, which we found pervading most of the prose articles. Here and there College associations and local topics occur, which the uninitiated cannot understand. But we know enough of Academic and University habits, to feel an esprit de corps on these subjects, and we have enjoyed them as much as the most enthusiastic son of St. Mary's. We shall favour the reader, and we hope he will take it as such, with an extract from a "Journal of a day," at Oscott.

'Roused at half past five by the *old piece of Exactness.*—Felt a splitting head-ache under my night cap, but couldn't make out a case for a *soak*; so whipped up, and dressed myself by six o'clock.—Shouted for water till within two minutes of *time*.—Mem. Dramo John* never pumps water until it is not wanted.

'At a quarter past eight,—Breakfast—Speculated for two hot toasts and a bowl of coffee—Thought two hot toasts and a bowl of coffee, no bad breakfast.—Poured the *grouts* into Toby's hat.—Toby's face as brown as a Gipsey.

'Hand in tune for the double ball-place.—Struck the *dead drop* twelve times successively.—Poor P— very sulky, lost his tarts and temper too.

'At a quarter before 9,—into the study-place.—Conned over 60 lines of Cicero, and four pages of the Greek Grammar.—Fretted and fumed at the verbs in *mi*. What's the use of verbs in *mi?* If I had been Achilles or even Agememnon, the Greeks should have had no verbs in *mi*.—Only Barytones—and no *reduplication* in the preter-perfect tense.

'Tossed Grammar into desk, and wrote a *squib* for the Repository.—Uncommonly witty this morning,—*judice me*.—Couldn't tell what was coming.—Suppose some lucky planet must have started.—"Take the gift the Gods assign thee."—Mem. Bottle half the wit for my next Review, and fire the rest at "Julius Vindex."—Risit Apollo;—and so did I. Upset the ink-stand, and bolted out of the study-place at half-past ten.

'Found an old duck's nest, with two addled eggs.—Put one into L———'s pocket.—L———sits on the skirts of his coat, to soften his seat.—L———smelt sublimely—"*Olet Gorgonius hircum*." Boys interrogated *nominatim*. Couldn't deny the fact—Very unlucky, but won't tell a lie.

> '——nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
> Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.

'Drafted off for a *rump and dozen*.—Don't mean a dozen of wine. B——— sent to hoist.—B——— a good natured blubbering Spaniard, can't speak English.—Spaniard shall cover my rear, thought I. So with a dextrous manœuvre, hoisted up spluttering Spaniard, and got flogged by *proxy*.—*Cujus a me corpus*,—forget how the passage runs. A good practical joke;—an English flogging *done into* Spanish. B———didn't like the *translation*.

'A 1 o'clock, dinner. Veal and ham, Pease pudding and pork! Pretty good stuff! Old housekeeper wondrous kind! never knew the baggage so good natured. Meat good—appetite good—all good except the peas. Peas rather musty and tough. Very like a boiled bag of marbles.

'After dinner turned off to Butts. Struck a balance with P— in Cranbury tarts. P— presented a Brummagem note. Butts hoped it was a *good one*. Didn't mind how many were made, *if people would but make 'em good*.—Bless your paper-scull, my good woman, said I, and walked away. Found Tim reading the newspaper, *Devil a ha'p'orth of news*, says Tim, and tossed the paper in my face.—pp. 461—463.

Tales, sketches, essays, dramatic pieces, biographical notices, reviews, and short poems, form the staple of this publication. We hope that it may long continue to flourish, and we pledge ourselves to afford it all the support in our power.

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* '*Dramo John* was, for a number of years, the faithful and devoted servant of the College. Since putting the above to press, we regret to learn that he died within the last few weeks.'—Ed.

ART. XVI.—1. *The Cartoons of Raphael*, after the originals at Hampton Court and inscribed, with permission, to Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. By G. Foggo. 10*s.* plain, 15*s.* India paper.

2. *Breaking-up.* By G. Childs. From a picture by Boaden. 4*s.*

3. *The Drowsy Messenger.* By Thomas Fairland. From a painting by Farrier. Prints 3*s.* 6*d.* Proofs 5*s.*

4. *Views of Windsor Castle.* By W. Gauci. Nos. 1 and 2, each containing 6 prints. 9*s.* plain. 12*s.* India.

5. *Female Heads*, viz. *Inez*, *Musidora*, *Reflection*, *The Visionist*, *Ernestine* and *Childhood.* London: Engelman, Graf, & Co. 1828.

THE progress of lithographic printing in this country has been, within the last five or six years, so rapid, that we believe our establishments connected with that interesting, useful, and elegant art, now fully rival, if they do not exceed, in the number and perfection of their publications, the lithographic presses of France. It is impossible to pass through our streets, and see the many exquisite specimens which are exhibited in every print-seller's window, without stopping to admire them, and to wonder at the expedition with which all the actual difficulties of printing on stone have been surmounted. We have recently seen several lithographic proofs, which are fully equal to engravings that would have been deemed matchless a dozen years ago. Among these, we must enumerate all the prints, the titles of which stand at the head of this article. The cartoons, particularly, are executed with all the skill of an experienced draughtsman. We have seen other prints more exquisitely finished; but these have much of the great originals about them, and display what is most necessary in such a work—the hand of a painter. They are the productions of artists long used to historical works on a large scale.

The second print on our list is a highly finished drawing, much resembling in style the works of Mr. Lane, who had deservedly attained a high celebrity in this new profession. The drawing is objectionable as regards the feet of the figure. They are gouty, and exceedingly malformed. We know not whether the painter or the lithographer is to blame for this serious defect, but it certainly mars the merit of this otherwise interesting print. The drawing, also, would have been much improved, if the column which runs up at the side of the front had been rendered either fluted or clearer; as it is now it is a mass of shade, without the least relief, and scarcely distinguishable for what it is intended to represent.

The third (*The Drowsy Messenger*), is, we think, the very best drawing that has been produced in lithography, and must establish the draughtsman (Mr. Thomas Fairland) as among the most eminent, if not the very first, of lithographic artists. It is, in our opinion, superior to any of Lane's productions; and it possesses more of the clearness of engraving than any drawing on stone that we have seen. The foliage of the trees, and the old stump projecting over the head of the sleeper, are admirably drawn. The lighter tints are skilfully managed, and the dark shades are effective without being muddy. The middle distance, and the perspective beyond, are drawn with much cleverness and truth.

The two numbers that are published of the Views of Windsor Castle, display the advancement of the lithographic art to be no less striking in architectural and landscape drawing, than Mr. Fairland's Drowsy Messenger does in subjects of domestic character. The New Gateway and the New Square, in the first number, are excellent both in natural effect and true resemblance to the subjects sketched from. A View of the Castle from Sunning Hill, in the second number, is a most beautiful specimen of landscape drawing; the perspective is admirable. There is also much feeling in the seeming effect given to the view of the Octagon Tower.

The Female Heads, though published separately, are the commencement of a series of studies, chosen from subjects remarkable for grace and beauty. The style of execution is well adapted for colouring, and the tinted impressions have all the appearance of finished water-coloured drawings.

ART. XVII.—*The Law Magazine, or Quarterly Review of Jurisprudence.* No. 1. June, 1828. Benning, Fleet-street. 5s.

THAT this is the age of reform, no one can doubt, who witnesses the activity manifested even by lawyers, in effecting that improvement in jurisprudence which the public are so earnestly calling for. Half a century ago, one of the most enlightened men this country ever knew, (we of course allude to Romilly), was exposed to calumny, as an idle theorist, for proposing a tenth part of the innovations, on which the Home Secretary has founded so much celebrity. Within these few years even, the profession has refused its aid to any species of inquiry; and when attacked, stood boldly on the defensive, contending that every thing was right. Now they sedulously provoke discussion, in speeches, pamphlets, and periodicals, the most bigotted of which admit the necessity of reform. The publication before us is an instance of this; proceeding, as we understand, from individuals, some of whom are intimately connected with the practice of the law. Though its main object evidently is, to furnish a journal of professional proceedings—to search out doubtful questions, and suggest materials for settling them—and to notice new statutes and decisions—still the principal articles engage in the theory of jurisprudence, and discuss proposed amendments: in which, notwithstanding some show of candour, a strong professional bias is discoverable. Thus, the article on Pleading, clings most tenaciously to whatever is defensible—fastens exultingly on the mistakes of its adversaries, and assails their real or fancied ignorance with considerable force and severity. Yet the writer is forced to acknowledge the excessive absurdity of many of the forms, in use at present, and the wide departure from common sense and logic, discernible in legal documents. Again, the lucubrations on the "Reforms in Chancery," conclude with a quotation from Mr. Sugden, in which that gentleman says, that "the rules of law are as perfect as human intelligence can make them;" though, in the preceding remarks, it had been admitted, that the said models of excellence were not inconsistent with a long list of inveterate abuses.

The publication, therefore, is valuable, for the testimony it bears to the practicability of many schemes of amelioration, which the spirit of the time demands. Not merely the lawyer, but any intelligent man may read with interest the more prominent articles, as well as the concluding summary of the events of the quarter: but we cannot help observing, that in the former, some distinguished practitioners are rather inconsiderately commented on. The Digest of Cases, and Abstract of the Acts, if carefully attended to, may prove very useful, but we think the arrangement might be improved. Of the four divisions of the Digest,—Common Law, Real Property, Equity, and Bankruptcy, the second and last might surely be dispensed with; and the contents be placed under the first and third, if not under one alphabetical head, like other similar works. This would remedy a repetition, which has occurred in the present number, of four or five cases being mentioned under the Real Property and Equity heads, and which was almost unavoidable, according to the present arrangement. The logical doctrine of division ought not to be too strictly adhered to, in matters of this kind. On the whole, the work is well designed, and likely to prove useful, particularly to that part of the profession who have not time or opportunity to consult more voluminous publications.

ART. XVIII.—*Fürsten und Völker von Südeuropa im* 16 *und* 17 *Jahrhundert.* Vornehm lich aus ungedruckten Gesandtschaftsberichten. Von Leopold Ranke. Erster Band. Hamburg. Perthes. 1827.

The Princes and People of Southern Europe, in the 16*th and* 17*th* Centuries. Principally from unpublished Reports of Ambassadors. By Leopold Ranke. Vol. i. 1827.

WITHOUT pretending to claim for the present generation that decided superiority which so many imagine they can discover, it cannot be denied that the course now adopted by historians is much more likely to lead them to a knowledge of the truth, than when in former times, contenting themselves with a few generally asserted facts that passed like heirlooms from one writer to another, men strove to erect a superstructure according to their own views and imagination. Not that there is in our present historians any lack of conjecture, but being fettered by a greater number of those stubborn things, facts, brought to light by the persevering labours of professors and librarians, the reader has a firmer hold upon his author. The work has been principally compiled from reports which the ambassadors sent to their Sovereigns, or made after their return home, of the countries in which they had resided. Collections of these reports, of which Cardinal Vitelli's may be considered the original, exist in several cities of Europe;—the Royal Library at Berlin alone, contains forty-six volumes, mostly by Venetian ambassadors, under the title "Informazione Politiche." The author of this volume was assisted by some of the librarians of the great libraries in Germany, but the deficiencies that exist respecting many of the subjects of his work, make us regret that he did not at least consult the MS. Reports in the Paris collection. He has at present confined himself to the consideration of the Turkish and Spanish monarchies. Having so recently reviewed M. Von Hammer's work, we shall confine ourselves to a short account of the manner in which the other part of the subject is treated. Much light is thrown upon the Spanish state and constitution, the policy of the kings, the opposition which their decrees found in the different states, and many parts of the Spanish history, which are connected with the beginning of the thirty years' war, are ably discussed.

Descending from the general principles of the constitution, to the particular provinces, we have much that is new and interesting on the Grandees, the Cortes, the Clergy, the Inquisition, &c., in Castile, Arragon, the Sicilies, Naples, Milan, and the Netherlands. In the fourth chapter, which treats of the Revenues and Finances under Charles V. and the two Philips, the revenues derived from the American mines, which are usually rated much too high, are considered. The causes of the decay of the Spanish kingdom, are to be found in the total disregard on the part of the government, of every thing that constitutes the welfare of a people, the sale of offices, the indolence of the people, the neglect of the laws relating to trade, and the overwhelming number of the monastic clergy.

Art. XIX.—*Dissertazione intorno alle fabbriche di velluti di Ala.* 8vo. Rovereto. 1827.

This is a short but interesting account of the history of the silk manufactures in Italy, and especially of the velvet manufactures of Ala, in the Italian Tyrol. It was under Justinian, that silk worms were first introduced into Greece, by two Persian monks. Six centuries after, Roger, the Norman King of Sicily, established silk manufactures at Palermo; and in the sixteenth century, the rearing of silk worms became a branch of Italian industry. The silk and woollen manufactures contributed greatly to the prosperity of the Italian states in the middle ages, and especially of Florence. With regard to the velvet of Ala, the manufacture was first introduced by two Genoese refugees, in 1640. The Rector of the place encouraged the new works. The frames amounted in the course of the last century to three hundred, which gave yearly three thousand six hundred pieces of velvet, of twenty-five yards each in length, worth two hundred and seventy thousand florins. When Joseph II., in order to favour his German manufactures, enacted prohibitory laws, Ala felt all the horrors of distress acting upon an accumulated population, which, when the Emperor himself witnessed in passing through Ala, 1783, he wisely revoked the restrictions. Tyrol was given by Napoleon to Bavaria, and the Italian states were closed against its manufactures, but by the peace of Paris, it being again united to the Austrian monarchy, the market of all the Austrian states is now open again to the industrious inhabitants of Ala. We see an assertion in this narrative, that silk worms cannot be reared further north than the 46th degree of latitude, and the authority of Locatelli is quoted from his "Observations on the scheme of rearing silk worms in England."

Art. XX.—*Herr Von Schnidt Phiseldeck un die öffentliche Meinung* [Herr von Schmidt Phiseldeck and public opinion].

In a late number of this Journal, (vol. vii., p. 230), we presented our readers with an account of a work which was written by Count Munster, for the purpose of vindicating his Majesty from certain accusations that were brought against him by the reigning Duke of Brunswick. The charges which appeared to us, by the way, to have been triumphantly refuted, were founded on certain measures which his Majesty, as the guardian of the Duke and his brother, adopted with a view to their proper education. Count Munster's publication, which appeared only we believe in Germany, has since given rise to various pamphlets on both sides of the question, the title of one of which stands at the head of this article. It may be remembered that the author of this pamphlet, Mr. Schmidt, was one of the ministers to whom his majesty confided the care of the Duke's territories during his minority, and that when that minority expired, Mr. Schmidt was requested to remain with the Duke as long as he could serve under him, with a promise of an appointment in Hanover, in case he should find his situation in the Brunswick states, unsatisfactory. The case provided for soon occurred. The Duke, upon his accession to the government of his states, did many things for the purpose of annoying Mr. Schmidt, and particularly charged him with some defalcations in his accounts. That respectable minister immediately claimed the protection of his majesty, and went to Hanover, where the promised appointment was given him. The Duke thereupon gazetted him as a fugitive. Several writers also, willing no doubt to flatter the Duke, and to fatten on his credulity, have drawn up learned arguments in order to prove that Mr. Schmidt was guilty of high treason, in quitting Brunswick, and betaking himself to another country. In answer to these and other accusations, Mr. Schmidt has published this pamphlet, written in a tone of moderation, which forms a favourable contrast with the doctrines published by the Duke, or by his foolish flatterers, with his authority. The ex-minister relates all the troubles which he experienced, the dangers which he suffered, and shows that nothing short of dire necessity compelled him to seek an asylum elsewhere, from the persecutions of his former pupil. He defends his administration, and accounts, and fully and successfully replies to the libels that have been circulated against him. This Duke of Brunswick appears to have in him much of the spirit of his late royal aunt. Obstinacy, wrong-headednes, and vindictiveness, seem to run in his blood, and to promise him any thing but a reign of peace, contemptible though the circle of his dominions may be.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign and Domestic.

Nibbi, the Roman antiquary, has published a description of Hadrian's celebrated villa, near Tivoli, with a plan of the same, in which are described the various buildings, gardens and places of entertainment it contained.

The second volume of the History of Mantua, from the earliest times to our days, by the late Camillo Volta, Professor in the Lyceum of that city, has just appeared.

A Collection of the Laws, Edicts, and Decisions of the Courts of Piedmont, under the old Monarchy, previous to the French invasion, is now publishing at Turin. This work throws considerable light on the nature and spirit of the old institutions; a light most valuable to the historian, the philosopher, and the legislator.

The great work on Anatomy; of the late Mascagni, proceeds in its publication at Florence. The 5th number has just appeared. The work will not be completed before the year 1831.

The fourteenth and last volume of Suhm's History of Denmark, from the earliest period down to the accession of the House of Oldenburgh to the throne, has been lately published at Copenhagen. Notwithstanding the works of Saxo Grammaticus, Svend Aagasen, and others, Denmark had not till now a complete history of its early times. Suhm undertook the task—he published seven volumes in his life time, and his friends have edited, from his MSS., seven more after his death.

Professor Bernouilli, of Basle, continues his publication in numbers, of the "Swiss Archives of Statistics on National Economy." We find that in Switzerland the number of persons detained in prison amounts to 89 upon every 10,000 inhabitants, and that the number of small gaols in each canton, forms an item of heavy expenditure to the country; that prisoners' labour produces hardly any thing, and Mr. Bernouilli recommends the establishment of large prisons, one of each for several cantons together, as a means of economy. We have also some important remarks on the distress of the manufacturers in Alsace, and especially at Mulhouse. It appears that they could not rival foreigners, and especially the English; that the first materials, machinery, and hard labour, *are dearer than in England;* that they do not understand the principle of the division of labour; and that, in short, they worked much more than they could sell to pay themselves.

Literary Journals are multiplying in Italy; we have seen some numbers of the *Giornale Ligustico*, a Genoa periodical, which began last year. One of the benefits that will result from these productions, imperfect as they must be at first, is, that they will open means of communication between the literati of the various cities of the Italian Peninsula. Men of letters there are in each, but they are little known beyond their narrow municipal sphere, there being in Italy no universal capital, no great focus of general learning. Among other things in the Ligurian Journal, we have a review of Navarrete's work on Columbus' discoveries, in which the Genoese justly feel a sense of national pride. We see with pleasure that Navarrete's work is translated into Italian. They have also published at Genoa, a Literary History of Liguria, by Mr. Spotorno, and a collection of portraits, accompanied by short biographies of the natives of that part of Italy, who have distinguished themselves either in the political or in the literary annals of their country.

The Vaterlandisches Museum, of Bohemia, has given in its recent numbers some excellent statistical accounts respecting that country. From these it appears, that since the seven years' war, the population, which amounts to 3,732,061, has increased about 200,000, and since the time of Joseph II. about 788,000. The products too have kept pace with this increase, and even afford some exports, whereas formerly it was in some measure dependent on Foreign countries. Since Joseph the Second, 41 new towns, 662 villages, and 158,908 houses have been erected. The clergy are to the mass of inhabitants, as 1 to 1011; in the capital, however, as 1 to 200—the nobles 1 to 264—persons in city offices, &c. 1 to 438—artists 1 to 60—peasants 1 to 25⅔—Jews 1 to 65. In the country, the illegitimate births are to the legitimate as 1 to 8 ⅔, but in Prague, as 1 to 3. The deaths in Prague, as 1 to 24½, in the country 1 to 40, and among the Jews 1 to 92. There are 35 deaths yearly by murder, 21 by hydrophobia, and 82 by suicide. Prague has 6000, and Vienna 40,747 more female inhabitants than male.

The Commissioners for inquiring into the expediency and manner of publishing the inedited documents, in the different libraries of the Netherlands, of importance to the history of the country, have, under the presidency of the Minister of the interior, announced their intention of publishing a Collection of Chronicles, under the title, Scriptores rerum Belgicarum. It is expected to extend to about 30 volumes.

A festival has been recently held at Frankfort on the the Mayne, in honour of the celebrated natural historian Sommering. His friends have subscribed to found a Prize, called the "Sömmering Prize," to be bestowed from time to time, on the authors of meritorious works, in medicine or natural science.

Dr. Meyer, Librarian at Trogen, in the canton of Appenzel, is about to publish an account of the writers of that country, who are still living, or have died since 1801, under the title, "Gelehrte Schweitz," or learned Switzerland.

Dr. Brunner, of Bern, has recently published his rambles in Liguria, Elba, Sicily and Malta. They were undertaken in the summer of 1826, principally with a view to examine the botanical products of the different districts, but the work contains many observations and descriptions, that are likewise interesting to the general reader.

Don Marriano Torrente, has published at Madrid, the first volume of his Geografia Universal, Fisica, Politica y Historica.

Bouterweck's History of Spanish Poetry and Eloquence, has been translated into Spanish, and published at Madrid; but with so many notes and additions, as to have enlarged the work to three volumes.

A public subscription has been opened, to erect a monumental statue of Lord Byron. The names of some of our first living poets, and other literary characters, are on the list of the committee.

Some German journals predict the approach of a comet, which will destroy our world in 1832. A like catastrophe, it may be remembered, was threatened in a communication to the French academy of sciences, in May, 1773, by M. Delalande, when people died of fear, women miscarried, and the clergy sold places in Paradise, at a large profit.

Under the title of, the Manuel of the Amateur of Oysters, a treatise has just been published at Paris, in which oysters are considered, in every point of view, literary, medicinal, and gastronomic. They are subdivided into forty-six kinds; and the kind which is deemed the most delicate, frequently goes by the name of "the English oyster."

A Universal Prayer, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery, author of "The Omnipresence of the Deity, &c." is announced.

Mr. Martin, the late M. P. is, we hear with anticipations of delight, writing an account of his life and times.

An octavo edition of Mr. Waterton's Wanderings in America, is announced.

That indefatigable writer, M. Niebuhr, (the author of the celebrated Roman History), has undertaken the superintendence of the republication of the Byzantine Historians. Agathias has already appeared, and will soon be followed by Cantacuzenus.

A new map of France, on a large scale, is at present executing under the direction of the Royal Corps of French Geographical Engineers.

A jubilee, in honour of Albert Dürer, the greatest artist of whom, in the fifteenth century, Germany could boast, was held on the 6th of April, last, (the anniversary of his death), at Nuremburg. A statue in bronze, to the expense of which, that enlightened friend of artists and the fine arts, the King of Bavaria, has contributed 3,000 florins, is also about to be erected to his memory.

A work is announced, under the title of Journal of a Voyage to Peru, Journey across the Pampas, and a Passage across the Cordillera of the Andes, by Lieutenant Brand, R. N., who performed the journey on foot, in the snow, during the severe winter of 1827.

Sixteen new pieces were introduced at Paris, in the month of May, viz., two comedies, one drama, two melo-dramas, and eleven vaudevilles. The drama, one of the melo-dramas, and two vaudevilles, were successful; the rest were either damned, or treated with neglect.

An expedition is about to be sent by America, on an exploratory voyage to the Pacific Ocean and the South Seas.

A work on the French Pyrenees, by the Chevalier Arbanère, will shortly make its appearance, in two volumes, 8vo. It will contain a complete description of that very interesting chain of mountains, and of its principal valleys, from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic; with observations on the character, manners, and customs of the Biscayans, on the properties of the several springs, and a sketch of the different classes of visitors to the bathing establishments of the country.

A History of Portugal, from the origin of the Lusitanians to the regency of Don Miguel, is announced for publication, in ten volumes 8vo., by the Marquis de Fortia d'Urban, and M. Mielle. It will include a reprint, with corrections and alterations, of La Clede's History, which has been long out of print.

M. Thiers, having completed his History of the French Revolution, (ten volumes octavo), is now engaged in writing the "History of the Empire."

A History of the Order of the Knights Templars, chiefly from hitherto unemployed sources, by W. J. Wilcke, in two vols. 8vo, is one of the most important historical works that have lately appeared.

The monument intended to have been raised at Rome, to the memory of Tasso, has been abandoned, it appears, from want of funds.

The first number of a selection of inedited Monuments of Pompeii, has just made its appearance, under the editorship of Messrs. Raoul-Rochette and Bouchet.

M. Quizot is considerably advanced with the third volume of his "Histoire de la Revolution d'Angleterre."

A collection of the select works of the Greek and Latin Fathers, in the original, under the editorship of M. Caillau, assisted by thirty learned ecclesiastics, is about to be commenced at Paris. It will be published in livraisons of two volumes, one of which will appear every two months; and is estimated to form about thirty volumes.

M. Jules Renouard, of Paris, is about to publish a complete and elegant edition, in one volume 8vo, of the "Works of Schiller," in German, with a prefatory Essay on his life and writings, and including his unpublished correspondence.

Grillparzer's new tragedy, entitled, The Faithful Servant, ("*Ein treuer Diener seines Herrn,*") has been brought out at Vienna, with great effect, and possesses much dramatic capability, in which respect it is considered much superior to his already successful "King Ottokar."

An interesting work has just been published at Nuremberg, under the title of "Relics of Albert Dürer."

The most northern library in the world is that at Reikiarik, the capital of Iceland: it contains about 3,600 volumes. That of the Farroe islands has been recently considerably augmented. Another is establishing at Eskefiorden, in the North of Iceland.

The fourth volume of Benjamin Constant's work, "De la Religion," is expected to appear next month.

A History of the Parliament of Paris, is shortly expected, from the eloquent pen of M. de Barante.

MONTHLY LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Smith's Compendium; Floræ Britannicæ, 5th edit. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Arnott's Physics, 8vo. bds. 1*l.* 1*s.*
Fankay's Rhymes in Geography, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* half-bd.
Knight's Modern and Antique Gems, 12mo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; imperial 8vo. 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Gauci's Views of Virginia Water, Part I. 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.*; India proofs, 10*s.* sewed.
Milne's Plan for Floating-off Stranded Vessels, 8vo. 3*s.* sewed.
Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters, by Dallaway, 5 vols. royal 8vo. 10*l.* 10*s.*; India proofs, 15*l.* 15*s.* bds.
Light's Views of Pompeii, folio, 3*l.* 10*s.* bds.; India proofs, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Wood's Letters of an Architect from France, 2 vols. 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.*; India proofs, 5*l.* 5*s.* bds.
Woodbridge's Rudiments of Geography, 18mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* sheep.
Fenner's Ancient and Modern Atlas, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Lardner's Elements of Euclid, 8vo. 7*s.* bds.

BIOGRAPHY.

Vaughan's Life of Wycliffe, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
Sharpe's Memoirs, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.*
D'Israeli's Charles I. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* bds.
Ely's Memoir's of Mary Anne Ely, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* bds.
Memoirs of Savary, Duke of Rovigo; English verse, 8vo. 16*s.* bds.
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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1828.

Art. I.—*Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First, King of England.* By T. D'Israeli. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

If the reign of Charles the First were not, as it has so often been characterised, "the most momentous period of English history," we should begin to fear that the frequent necessity which has of late been imposed upon us of reverting to its consideration, must have fatigued the attention, and consumed the patience of our readers. But here our notices, as becomes our vocation, have only reflected the spirit of contemporary literature. The multiplicity of new treatises on the events of one celebrated age, while they demand our critical observation, in themselves sufficiently prove the intense and inexhaustible interest of the subject, and the avidity with which it is studied by men of all political opinions. The fierce republican invectives of Brodie and Godwin, have been opposed, with at least equal prejudice, to the monarchical prepossessions of Hume, and a crowd of inferior Tory partisans. The passionless integrity of Lingard has calmly narrated the facts of the great struggle between the royal and parliamentary causes. The dignified philosophy and enlightened judgment of Hallam, in the splendid work which he has consecrated to the history of our constitution, have balanced the angry exaggerations of faction. And, lastly, Mr. D'Israeli, with his inquisitive love of minute research, has here come forward to glean an additional harvest of conjecture, doubt, and explanation, from the same fertile soil of historical dispute.

Nor is the zeal with which the important transactions of Charles's reign have been thus examined, any longer confined to our own country and language. It is a striking sign of the new spirit of political study which has arisen in France, that our lively neighbours have betaken themselves, with a deep and serious anxiety, to the examination of those principles and precedents of constitutional government, which are so broadly developed in the history of the struggle for English liberty. With a kindred taste for that grave and manly discussion of political law, which among us cherishes and refreshes the free institutions of our country, the educated and thinking classes of French society are now found eagerly examining the same models, and applying to their constitutional system the same rules, from which our national liberties have been constructed and deduced. The modern character of their literature has had an honorable share in promoting this change in their national tastes, or at least in assisting the intellectual wants incident to their new political condition. Happy would it have been for themselves and for Europe, in the last generation, if this reflecting spirit of historical investigation had been prepared but half a century earlier; if, when the abuses of their old despotism had outraged the public mind beyond endurance, they had possessed such a circle of writers as that which has now grown up among them, to familiarize the better part of the nation with the lessons of historical wisdom, to guard it from the wild contagion of impracticable and ruinous theories of universal equality, and to direct its aspirations to that monarchical form of representative government, under which it has at last reposed in order and prosperity.

It is, indeed, as Mr. D'Israeli well remarks, among the extraordinary instances of the great change operating in the national character of France, that the subject of our constitutional history has there become an universal study:—that a late French writer, (M. Guizot), 'has been enabled by the sole patronage of public opinion, to complete a collection of original memoirs of the times of Charles the First, and the curiosity of his readers was not overcome by the twenty-fifth volume; a collection of our own history which,—shall we record it to our shame?—we possess not! It is another circumstance, almost as remarkable, that several French writers have recently composed the history of this period. The life of Cromwell has furnished an elaborate subject to M. Villemain; and a voluminous drama to a M. Victor Hugo; while M. Mazure, in his History of the English Revolution, by his admission to the State Paper Office of France, has even added to the original stores of English History.'

On the deep and universal application—as a subject of political study to all ages and nations, and under all modifications of limited monarchy—of the transactions of Charles the First's reign, it would surely at this day be idle to dilate. The events of the long struggle between the King and his successive parliaments, which at last deepened into the Civil War, may be truly said to involve the consideration of almost as many practical and important cases as there are settled and unsettled problems in the theory of public principles, free government, and political right. Or, the age of Charles was, in a word, as M. D'Israeli has correctly defined it 'an age when undetermined opinions and contested principles produced such a variety of human conduct, that all that has happened, or is happening since, seems only a repetition of attempts at what was then first discovered to be impossible; a consummation of what was then left unfinished; or a furtherance of what then remained imperfect.' The history of such an epoch cannot be too often discussed; its events cannot be too frequently investigated and related; and there is not a feature in its story which does not deserve to be studied over and over again, and to be viewed under every possible aspect and bearing.

With our opinion, however, of the value of the contribution which M. D'Israeli has himself afforded in the present volumes to the history of this memorable epoch, we fear that he will not be altogether satisfied. We have been able to discover in them, to say the truth, very little of that elucidation of the 'secret history of the period' which it seems to be his pretension to unfold. His Commentaries, according to his own statement, are intended to offer 'a necessary supplement to our knowledge, by combining secret with public history—for these reflect light on each other:' but it would be very difficult to point to any portion of his attempt in which he has positively succeeded in throwing new illustration upon the transactions discussed. The real poverty of the few new materials which he has here displayed as the fruits of his researches, cannot be disguised even, under the attractive form of detached commentaries, into which he has, with the cunning skill of his art, thrown his meagre work. He is very careful, as we have seen, in the outset, to explain why, 'after long consideration' he has chosen this novel form of 'Commentaries,' rather than the usual style of narrative history for his purpose: but the true reason of his preference appears to us to lie much nearer the surface, than this laboured pretence of affording 'a necessary supplement to our knowledge,' would intimate. No one knows better than Mr. D'Israeli, from the long practice of composition, how much more easy it is to string together a bundle of disjointed essays, than to weave the connected and continuous thread of regular history. It is a task of a very different magnitude, to select a few minute points for dissertation, relieved from the painful necessity of following out the intricate concatenation of a whole mass of events; from that of conducting the great story of empires, and unfolding the whole complex drama of political revolution: it is one thing to peer with microscopic eyes into the mere 'Curiosities of Literature;' but quite another to survey with enlarged contemplation the whole mighty scene of national agitation. We should not be inclined to quarrel with the secret consciousness of inadequate strength, whether mental or corporeal, or the indolent dread of encountering a gigantic labour, which would shrink from the undertaking of a formal work of voluminous history: but we lack the complacent disposition to admit Mr. D'Israeli's modest boast of superior merit in a plan, obviously adopted in consonance with those habits of desultory inquiry, which he has pursued through a whole literary life—and perhaps, also, because his experience has suggested it as the readiest contrivance *for making a book.* The fact is, that the present volumes, though with infinitely less merit of novel and original research, resemble to a tittle, in style, manner, and substance, Mr. D'Israeli's former illustrations of the small points of history; and the 'Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First,' are no more than a third and inferior series of the 'Curiosities of Literature.' They consist, chiefly, in some two dozen papers or chapters, of inquiries into such things as the 'secret history' of the French and Spanish 'Matches,' which engaged the diplomatic perplexity of James I.; the 'secret history' (Mr. D'Israeli loves the term) of Charles's First Ministers;' of the 'Household of his Queen;' and of the 'Loan of English ships to serve against the French Protestants:' inquiries into the character of Buckingham, and the 'First Patriots' of Charles's Parliaments:—dissertations on 'Royal Favourites,' on 'Political Etiquette,' and on 'Political and Royal Marriages:' Essays on 'The study of Polemical Divinity, prevalent in the seventeenth century;' on the 'Genius of the Papacy;' on the 'Origin of the Anti-Monarchical Principle in Modern Europe:' and so forth.

On the real amount of new information that Mr. D'Israeli has brought to bear upon the transactions of the period which he has here undertaken to illustrate, we shall offer only one instance in his 'Secret History of the Spanish Match.' The following is his imposing exordium to the inquiry.

> 'Modern history affords no parallel to the narrative of the projected, proffered, accepted, and at length broken off match of Prince Charles of England with the Infanta of Spain. In the suspended march of that mysterious story, the thread so finely spun, and so often dropped, is still taken up with "the eagerness and trembling of the fancy." We have to trace the open shows of things, and their under-workings—the contrasted characters of the illustrious actors in the combination of uncommon incidents—the chivalry of the English Prince, embraced by Castilian magnanimity—the honour of two great nations awaiting the issue of a love story, and the winding up of its action in the grand, unexpected catastrophe of a naval war. When the reality exceeded the probabilities of invention, there was enough for "the Spanish fancy to frame one of those romances which are frequent among those barren rosemary mountains, the fume whereof is pleasant and helpful to the brain." Tilts and tournaments had become obselete; and no single knight-errant was suspected to be abroad on a pilgrimage of love, when Charles, by one audacious flight, startled the slumbering genius of the folio romance.
>
> 'The Spanish Match is one of those passages in our history, which, inexplicable to its contemporaries, has been found equally perplexing to our latest historical inquirers. This political enigma still remains for solution. Of the parties concerned, who were the deceivers, and who the deceived?

Or, if there were any sincerity in the treaty, what causes broke off the projected alliance? Sir David Dalrymple observed, "how imperfect all the printed accounts were of the Spanish Match; yet the learned in British history," said he, "*well know* that these secret and interesting transactions may be explained from papers hitherto unpublished." Dalrymple must have alluded to that ample correspondence which, twelve years after this announcement, Lord Hardwicke drew from the Harleian Collection, for his "Miscellaneous State Papers." Since then, I have discovered a memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the secret agent of James and Charles, which has thrown a clearer light on this involved piece of secret history, and with the aid of some fresh materials, holding this "goodly clue," of many threads in our hand, we shall perhaps now feel our way through the labyrinth.'—vol. i., pp. 51, 52.

After having thus swollen the dubious negociation of the 'Spanish Match,' into a solemn historical enigma, and thus pledged himself to dissipate the mystery as pompously as he had created it, let us see to what extent Mr. D'Israeli's conclusions have in reality differed from previously received authorities, or improved the state of our knowledge upon this mighty proposition. The latest of our standard national historians, who has treated of the reign of James I., expressly points to the recovery of the Palatinate for his son-in-law, as the principal motive of the king in desiring the Spanish Match for the Prince of Wales; Mr. D'Israeli does the same. The historian has no motive to conjure up a doubt of the sincerity either of James or the Spanish court in the negociation. Mr. D'Israeli, in the issue, only echoes the same opinion. After carefully starting the question, 'of the parties concerned, who were the deceivers and who the deceived?' he as carefully determines upon detailed reasons as plain as daylight (p. 181), that he 'cannot therefore believe, as is usually maintained, that the Spanish Match was merely a bait designed to be gorged by James's credulity. Neither had Philip been duped by James. The sincerity of both the principal parties therefore is unquestionable.' The match we are here told was not a feint of the Spanish court '*as is usually maintained.*' Maintained by whom? Certainly not by the latest and best authority for that portion of our history; for Dr. Lingard concludes, that 'from a careful review of all the proceedings connected with the Spanish match, it may be fairly inferred that, had the treaty been left to the address and perseverance of the Earl of Bristol (the English ambassador at Madrid), it would have been brought to the conclusion which James so earnestly desired.'

Next, for the solution of the second of the most appalling difficulties which Mr. D'Israeli has gratuitously built up, only that he might kindly afford both occupation for himself, and edification for his readers in demolishing them. He asks—'or, if there were any sincerity in the treaty, what causes broke off the projected alliance?' And how is he here forced to conclude?—only that the impatient insolence of Buckingham, and the gross licentiousness of his conduct, outraged the Spanish court, and precipitated a rupture where he would have hastened the union; that his quarrel with Olivarez in the sequel made him turn 'utterly anti-Spanish;' and that, if the sincerity of the principal parties be unquestionable, 'the rival jealousies of Buckingham and Bristol, and the mighty hatred of Olivarez are not less so; and their masters, the young Princes, were but the state puppets, which the hands of their intriguing ministers secretly moved with an artificial life.' And what was Dr. Lingard's previous judgment, but the same—that, 'the frequent quarrels of Buckingham with Olivarez, had created a deadly enmity between the two favorites: the levity of his manners, the publicity of his amours, and his unbecoming familiarity with the prince, daily shocked the gravity of the Spaniards; and the king himself had said, or was reported to have said, that his sister never could be happy as a wife, if so violent and unprincipled a man continued to enjoy the confidence of her husband. The duke knew that he had forfeited the esteem of the Spanish court, and resentment on the one hand, interest on the other, led him at last to oppose that match, which it had hitherto been his great object to effect.' Here then, the reader may judge how much new elucidation Mr. D'Israeli's 'secret history' has thrown upon the origin and failure of the Spanish match; and yet our author complacently closes his paper with a 'trust that he has now been enabled to throw a clearer light on one of the most puzzling passages in our history'—one in regard to which Hume himself has remarked that, "James having by means inexplicable from all rules of politics, conducted so near an honourable end, the marriage of his son, and the restoration of his son-in-law, failed at last of his purpose, by means equally unaccountable." Thus it is that as a reason for first weaving, and then unravelling, the plot of this paper, we have the comment of Hume dragged forward on a subject on which either that historian's imperfect materials, or his indolence, had left him uninformed, while Mr. D'Israeli chooses to forget that, in the pages of more recent and better instructed writers, this "puzzling passage" has long lost all its mystification. Indeed our author has, in this respect, done an injustice to his own claims of previous knowledge on the subject, as well as to those of others. It is already some years since he made the accidental discovery of Sir Balthazar Gerbier's Memoir, among the Sloane MSS., which the careless reader might suppose, from the passage we have quoted, that he had first announced in the present paper. Gerbier's Memoir, to which Mr. D'Israeli before referred, in the third volume of his 'Curiosities of Literature,' and which is valuable merely from its additional proof that the recovery of the Palatinate was a very urgent object in the Spanish match, has since been consulted by Lingard and others, as well as our author: of what 'fresh materials' beyond this he has enjoyed the aid in compiling the present paper, he has very prudently, as the business is 'secret history,' omitted to particularise by quotation, and certainly left no clue for his critics to trace.

Having given this one example of the quality of the 'secret history' contained in the volumes before us, we shall pursue the examination of that class of Mr. D'Israeli's papers no farther. Of the character of his work in other respects, and the tendency of the opinions which it advances as an historical commentary, it will be sufficient to observe that, without the production of any new evidence, it is but a repetition of the Tory views of Hume, and a laboured attempt to invalidate the conclusion of all subsequent writers on the insincerity of Charles's conduct, and the merits of the contest between him and his parliaments. The effort, as it may be imagined, is not very successful; but it is amusing as an ingenious piece of special pleading; and the book is altogether in one regard curious, because it is in these days a novelty to find any writer avowedly enlisted among the apologists for the king's proceedings on the Petition of Right! But it would be only a waste of words to enter into a serious refutation of Mr. D'Israeli's arguments: they are too inconclusive in themselves, and too palpably opposed both to the records of the times, and the settled conviction of public opinion in later ages, to be otherwise than harmless; and we may safely dismiss them to the unassisted judgment of every reader of constitutional principles, who may be disposed to examine their fallacy.

ART. II.—*Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India, to the Courts of Siam and Cochin China.* By John Crawfurd, Esq. F. R. S., F. L. S., F. G. S., &c. Late Envoy. 4to. pp. 606. London: 1828.

MR. CRAWFURD has presented us, in the present volume, both with a very valuable contribution to the geography and statistics of the oriental world, and with one of the most interesting narratives we have for some time been called upon to notice. The countries of which he gives us a description, although they attracted considerable attention from the earliest European adventurers to India, and were even regularly resorted to by ourselves for some years after our first establishment in the East, had for a long period been almost excluded from the range of our commercial speculation, and, in regard indeed to their recent and actual condition, might be said to be nearly unknown to us. Towards the close of the year 1821, however, when the late Marquis of Hastings was Governor-General, it was resolved by the Indian authorities, at the suggestion, as it appears, of the Governor of Prince of Wales's island, to endeavour to open a negociation with the two powerful monarchies in question, for a renewal of the intercourse which had formerly existed between their subjects and the Company—an object, the attainment of which, it was considered, would bring along with it many advantages, both commercial and political. For this purpose Mr. Crawfurd was appointed to the conduct of the Mission, the progress and results of which he has here recorded for us with so much ability.

Mr. Crawfurd left Calcutta on the 21st November, 1821, in the Company's ship John Adam, of about 380 tons burthen, accompanied by Captain Dangerfield, as his assistant and successor in case of accident, Lieutenant Rutherford, of the Indian army, at the head of an escort of thirty sepoys, and Mr. Finlayson, of his Majesty's medical service, as medical officer and naturalist to the mission. Owing to the want of wind, and the difficulties of the navigation of the Ganges, it took the party seven days to make the Reef Buoy, the extreme limit of the dangers of the river, although a distance from Calcutta, of only one hundred and forty miles. 'No ship,' Mr. Crawfurd remarks, 'which draws above fifteen feet when loaded, can navigate the Ganges with safety and economy. The ships of the East India Company, usually of the burthen of 1000 and 1200 tons, and drawing above twenty-two feet water, are totally unfit for this purpose; they take in their cargo 100 miles from Calcutta, and, besides this inconvenience, commonly lose many of their crew from the great insalubrity of the stations where they usually lie.'

No event of any importance befel the party, until they reached Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, on the morning of the 11th December. Of the history and existing condition of this settlement, Mr. Crawfurd gives us a very minute and interesting account, into the details of which we regret, however, that we cannot afford to follow him. Formerly the grand emporium of much of the trade carried on with the countries to the east of Bengal, it has within the last few years lost much of its importance in consequence of the purchase by the Company of the more conveniently situated island of Singapore, which has recently, however, been annexed, along with that of Malacca, to the government of Penang. The increase of the civil and military establishments at Singapore, which this arrangement has occasioned, is reprobated by our author as wholly uncalled for.

On the 5th January, 1822, the Mission left Penang, and, after landing on the 9th on the largest of the Dinding islands, where they found the ruins of the Dutch fort, exactly as described by Dampier, who visited the place in the year 1689, and in which Mr. Finlayson discovered a new epidendron, with a flowering stem of about six feet long, and with from ninety to one hundred flowers upon it, arrived on the 13th in the roads of Malacca, and were very politely received by the Dutch Governor. A sketch of the history of this settlement (now a British possession), is given by Mr. Crawfurd, with his usual accuracy. Its present population, which has not varied for the last six-and-twenty years, is only, he informs us, about 22,000. The inhabitants consist chiefly of Malays, a brown coloured race of savages, called Benua and Jakong, a race of Hindoo colonists from Telinga, the Dutch settlers, and the descendants of the original Portuguese conquerors. Of the last of these classes he says:

> 'The Portuguese amount to 4,000, and are all of the lowest order. Although, with a great admixture of Asiatic blood, the European features are still strongly marked in them. I have no doubt there are among them many of the lineal descendants of the haughty, intolerant, and brave men, who fought by the side of Albuquerque; but they certainly inherit no part of the character of their ancestors, and are a timid, peaceable, and submissive race. They offer to us a spectacle not frequently presented in the East—that of men bearing the European name, and wearing the European garb, engaged in the humblest occupations of life; for we find them employed as domestic servants, as day labourers, and as fishermen.'

We may also give his account of the more fashionable society of the place:

> 'Jan. 16. Last night Mr. Timmerman, the governor, gave a ball and supper, in compliment to the departure of the military officers of the station, relieved by fresh troops from Batavia. Besides the inhabitants of the place, the party consisted of the officers of three Dutch men of war, lying at the time in the Roads. This occasion gave us an opportunity of observing the manners and appearance of the colonists. Out of thirty-seven ladies, two or three only were Europeans, and the rest born in the country, with a large admixture of Asiatic blood. The female dress of the younger part, was in the English fashion, and a very few only of the elderly ladies dressed in the Malay kabaya, a sort of loose gown, or wore the hair in the Malay fashion. The long residence of the English in the Dutch colonies, the influence of the French, and lately, of their own more polished country-women, have nearly banished these external marks of barbarism. Before the last ten years, the habits and costume of the female Dutch colonists partook more of the Asiatic than the European. Instead of Dutch, they spoke a barbarous dialect of Malay; they were habited, as I have described, in the dress of that people; they chewed the pawn-leaf publicly, and even in the ball room, each fair dame had before her an enormous brass ewer to receive the refuse of her mastication.'

Leaving Malacca, after a visit of only a few days, our author and his friends proceeded on their voyage, and at six o'clock on the evening of the 19th, anchored in Singapore roads. Singapore, where Mr. Crawfurd was afterwards resident and local Governor, had at that time been only about three years in possession of the Company; but even already, every thing indicated the rapidly increasing prosperity and importance of the settlement. The details of its statistics and commercial activity are given, however, at greater length in a subsequent part of the volume, and we shall therefore take the liberty of leaving the subject for the present, although the violence of the easterly monsoon detained the Mission in the place for more than a month. On the 25th February, they were at last enabled to weigh anchor, but soon found it necessary to stand across for the coast of Borneo, in order to escape the force of the monsoon, and make out their northing under the shelter of that island. After touching at various small islands on the eastern coast of the gulf of Siam, they at length found themselves, on the 22nd March, in the Roads of Siam, and at the mouth of the river Menam, on which stands the city of Bang-kok, the capital of the kingdom.

Before proceeding to Bang-kok, however, it was found necessary to come to anchor off the village of Paknam, the first station on the river, about two miles and a half from its mouth, and a short distance above a bar, over which the ship had been floated with considerable difficulty. We will transcribe Mr. Crawfurd's account of what occurred here, as affording a very amusing illustration of Siamese diplomacy, and of the sort of treatment subsequently experienced by the mission, throughout the whole progress of the negociation:—

'March 26. A Portuguese interpreter, despatched from the Court, came on board this morning. He brought a message from the chief of Pak-nam, the purport of which was, that he had received instructions from the Court to entertain us, and that a barge had been sent down to bring us to the capital, but that before the ship proceeded, it would be necessary to land our guns, according to invariable usage in such cases. We returned a civil answer, and sent the chief a small present, taking this occasion to remonstrate against the landing of our guns, as well as to signify to him, that one boat was totally inadequate to the accommodation of so large a party as ours. In the forenoon his nephew came on board, to wait upon us. He stated, that the orders of the governor, on the subject of landing the cannon of foreign ships, were peremptory, and could not be dispensed with, but that a reference would be made to the court for instructions. On the subject of the barge, it was explained that the numbers of our party were not known, or more accommodation would have been furnished. This was not true, for we had stated the exact number of the party in the letter to the Prah-klang, (the minister who conducts the affairs of strangers), and the circumstance of sending a single boat only, was evidently an early attempt to underrate the mission, and the authority by which it was sent. A temperate resistance, therefore, however unpleasant, became necessary.

'Our visitor had brought an invitation to our party to land in the evening, and partake of an entertainment which the chief had prepared for us. This, after some hesitation, was accepted, and at the landing-place we were met by the governor's nephew, who escorted us to the chief's house. A crowd of men, women, and children, were collected out of curiosity, the greatest share of which seemed to be directed towards our Indian servants, whose neat, gay, and clean attire, formed a striking contrast to their own rude and slovenly semi-nudity. After passing a short way through mean lanes crowded with huts, we came upon the dwelling of his excellency, the governor, formed of the same mean and perishable materials as the rest. We were ushered into a large apartment, raised a few feet from the ground, on a platform of split bamboos, which formed the floor. The thatch within, was ill concealed by broken and soiled Chinese paper-hangings; and from the roof was suspended a motley collection of old Dutch chandeliers, of miserable glass, and Siamese and Chinese lamps, covered with dust, with cobwebs, and with the smoke of oil, incense, and tobacco. The governor civilly met us at the door, and shook hands with us very heartily, in the European fashion. Chairs were placed for our accommodation. The chief was a man about forty-five years of age, of rugged features, but cheerful manners, and he seemed desirous to please. His nephew, who had ushered us in, and his secretary, sat upon a carpet before him. A messenger, who had just arrived from the court, and who was deputed to conduct us thither, was also present. The name, or rather the title, of this person, with whom the mission had afterwards a good deal of intercourse, was Luang Kochai-asa-hak, formerly Nakhoda Ali. He was one of those Mohammedan adventurers whose ancestors had come, several ages ago, from the coast of Coromandel, He had visited Queda, Penang, and Calcutta, and spoke the Malayan language tolerably, for which reason it was that he was selected to attend us. In the centre of the apartment we found a table laid out in the European fashion, under the direction of the Portuguese interpreters, with plates, knives, forks, silver spoons, and some tolerable English glass ware. It was loaded with viands, such as pork, fowls, ducks, eggs, and rice; and with abundance of fruit, particularly mangoes, oranges, and lichis, all of which were in season.

'A curtain, which was suspended across one end of the apartment, attracted our notice. We were told, to our surprise, that behind it, lay in state, the body of the late chief of Pak-nam. This person was brother to the present chief, and the father of the young person who had visited us in the forenoon. The last, indeed, had then informed us that his father died five months ago; that his body was lying embalmed at Pak-nam, and that his funeral would take place on the 24th day of the present moon; but we had certainly no idea that we were to be favoured with the presence of the deceased during the feast to which we had been invited. Mr. Finlayson and Mr. Rutherford, when they landed the following morning, their curiosity being strongly excited, on the subject of the body which was lying in state, ventured to make some inquiry concerning it. Their questions were by no means taken amiss by the son, to whom they were addressed, but considered rather complimentary, and he invited them, without ceremony, to view the body. It was lying in a coffin, which was covered with tinsel and white cloth, and the lid of which when removed exhibited the corpse, wrapped up in a great many folds of cloth, like an Egyptian mummy, apparently quite dry, and covered with such a profusion of aromatics, that there was nothing offensive about it.

'The chief alone sat down at table with us, but without partaking of our fare. He was assiduous in pressing us to the good things that were placed before us. My interpreter explained to me, that he requested us to "*eat heartily, and not be abashed,*"—a customary form of compliment, it appears, among the Siamese, in addressing a guest. No questions respecting the object of the mission, were put to us during the entertainment, and I considered the visit as a matter of mere form and etiquette; but in this I was much deceived; for the repast was no sooner over, than question followed question with great vivacity. We were first bluntly asked what was the object of the mission. We answered, in general terms, that the English and Siamese nations were neighbours, and that on our part, we were desirous that a friendly and frequent intercourse should subsist between us, and that we were deputed to request such an intercourse. This did not satisfy the chief; he urged us over and over, to state what particular request, or demands, we had to make of the court, upon the present occasion. We declined giving him the satisfaction he required; observing, that, in proper time and place, we would explain ourselves fully. We were next requested to state the quality and amount of the presents brought for the king; and a secretary placed himself behind the chief, to take notes of what was said on this subject—one apparently of the first interest. We evaded giving any answer, except in very general terms, but we were cross-questioned with dexterity and perseverance. I had noticed, that among the presents there were some fire-arms. The chief begged to know their number. I said, a few hundreds. He begged me to conjecture some approximation to the actual number. I added, probably three or four hundred. The answer was, "be good enough to say either the one or the other." I endeavoured to divert the chief's attention from the detail of muslins, broad cloths, crystal, looking-glasses, and such matters, by calling his attention to an English horse, which was one of the presents. He immediately requested to know his height, his age, his colour, the length of his tail, and, finally, what fortunate, or unfortunate marks he had about him. We put an end to all this importunity, by informing the governor, that, as soon as we returned to the ship, we would direct a clerk to make out a list of the presents, for his satisfaction. This conversation afforded an early, but a good specimen of the indelicacy and rapacity, which we afterwards found so characteristic of the Siamese court and its officers, upon every question of a similar nature.

'After the discussion respecting the presents, the chief reminded us of the compliment which his Siamese majesty had paid to the mission, in so promptly dispatching an accommodation-boat to convey us to Bangkok; and he entreated us to make no difficulty about accepting this gracious mark of royal attention, while he besought us also to comply with the established usage, in landing the guns of the ship. We repeated what we said before, of the total inadequacy of a single boat to accommodate our large party, which consisted of seventy-four persons. With respect to landing the cannon, we stated, that a Portuguese man of war had, two years before, been permitted to visit the capital, and that a mission from the British government had a right to be treated with equal favour. Much pains were taken to convince us, that it would be proper to comply with the wishes of the court, but we persevered in our objections. With this discussion our visit ended. It was a striking contrast to European usage, that the whole of this demi-official conversation passed in the presence and hearing of a great crowd of the lower orders, who occupied the entire area of the court, opposite to the place where we sat. The people, indeed, pressed up to the very door of the saloon. The chiefs by no means checked their curiosity, and on their part they listened to what passed with respectful attention.

'What we saw in our visit to Pak-nam, was not calculated to impress us with a very exalted opinion of the progress of the Siamese nation in the arts which conduce to the comforts, or reasonable enjoyments of life. The cottage of an English peasant, not on the brink of a work-house, possesses more real comfort than did the mansion of the governor of Pak-nam, who, we were told, exercised an arbitrary authority over 50,000 people.'

After some further negociation, it was at last conceded by the court, that the landing of the cannon should be dispensed with, and the ship accordingly proceeded on its way to the capital, which it reached on the 29th of March. The town, as seen from the river, appeared to consist of a crowd of mean huts and hovels, grotesquely interspersed with palms, fruit trees, and the tall and glittering spires of numerous temples of Buddha. The vessel, soon after its arrival, was visited by the son and nephew of the Prah-klang, both of whom, upon being served with a repast on board, eat, drank, and chewed tobacco, with a rapacity that seems a good deal to have astonished their entertainers. A secretary, too, came in the course of the day, directly from his majesty, for the purpose of drawing up a formal description of the English horse, which had greatly excited the royal curiosity. Last of all, a deputation arrived to receive the letter of the Governor-General, which, on a pledge being given that it should be again produced when the mission was presented at court, was delivered on the quarter-deck, under a salute, and carried away by the escort appointed to take charge of it, in a gold vase, having a state umbrella extended over it. The letter, as Mr. Crawfurd remarks, is in the East accounted by far the most important part of the embassy, the critical examination to which it is subjected extending even to the envelope and the shape and quality of the paper.

Having got hold of the letter, the next thing which the Siamese authorities looked after, was the presents by which it was accompanied. First, therefore, came a request from his majesty, for the immediate delivery of the horse, which he was particularly impatient to see; and soon after, another, for the rest of the articles. 'A trifling circumstance,' says Mr. Crawfurd, 'which took place on delivering them, afforded a singular example of indelicacy on the part of the officers of the Siamese government. Among a great many pieces of British muslin, which constituted an article of the presents, it was alleged that there was a short delivery of four, as the numbers did not correspond with the list given in at Pak-nam. This *serious* defalcation was communicated to me by a formal message, and a hope expressed, that the deficiency would be made up. At the same time no notice was taken of two pieces of fine Genoa velvet, which had been delivered beyond the quantity expressed in the list, although of ten times the value of the muslins! As soon as our clerk brought this last circumstance to the notice of the messengers, not another word was said about the alleged defalcation in the muslins!'

After landing, and being accommodated with a house by order of the government, the first ceremony which the mission were called upon to undergo, was that of being presented to Prince Kromchiat, the eldest son of the king, who superintended the foreign and commercial department of the state. We must, however, refer our readers to the work itself for the particulars of this interview, which continued for nearly two hours, and was not over till between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. The prince, a heavy and corpulent figure, about thirty-eight years of age, but looking much older, sat on a mat, while his courtiers lay at a great distance in front of him, crouching on their knees and elbows. It had been stipulated that the interpreters of the mission should be admitted, but when they attempted to follow Mr. Crawfurd and Mr. Rutherford into the hall of audience, they were so jostled by the attendants as to be forced to withdraw. The conversation was therefore carried on through the medium of two of the courtiers, one of whom being of superior rank, received the prince's words in the first instance, while the other, who lay crouched in his rear, repeated them to the English envoy in Malay.

The ceremony of their presentation at court having been fixed for the 8th of April, Mr. Crawfurd and his friends left their dwelling at half-past eight on the morning of that day. After leaving the river, across which they were carried in barges provided by the court, they were received under the walls of the palace in net hammocks, borne by two men only, their awkwardness in the management of which unstable vehicles, occasioned no little merriment among the immense crowd assembled to view the spectacle. At last, however, after passing through various apartments, they arrived in safety at the entrance of the hall of audience, where they were compelled to leave behind them their shoes and Indian attendants, as well as their interpreters, who, as on the former occasion, were jostled and prevented from following, notwithstanding a previous stipulation that they should be allowed to remain within hearing. Every foot of the hall was 'literally so crowded,' says Mr. Crawfurd, 'with prostrate courtiers, that it was difficult to move without the risk of treading on some officer of state. Precedence is decided, upon such occasions, by relative vicinity to the throne.' The gentlemen of the mission, after being first seated pretty far to the back ground, were, upon making their obeisances, by raising their joined hands three times to the forehead, requested to advance, and were finally settled about half-way towards the throne. This promotion, however, was only obtained at the expense of an additional round of obeisances. We give the conclusion of the affair in Mr. Crawfurd's own words:

'The throne, and its appendages, occupied the whole of the upper end of the hall. The first was gilded all over, and about fifteen feet high. It had much the shape and look of a handsome pulpit. A pair of curtains, of gold tissue upon a yellow ground, concealed the whole of the upper part of the room, except the throne; and they were intended to be drawn over this also, except when used. In front of the throne, and rising from the floor, were to be seen a number of gilded umbrellas of various sizes. These consisted of a series of canopies, decreasing in size upwards, and sometimes amounting to as many as seventeen tiers. The king, as he appeared seated on his throne, had more the appearance of a statue in a niche, than of a living being. He wore a loose gown, of gold tissue, with very wide sleeves. His head was bare, and he wore neither crown nor any other ornament on it. Close to him was a golden baton, or sceptre.

'The general appearance of the hall of audience, the prostrate attitude of the courtiers, the situation of the king, and the silence which prevailed, presented a very imposing spectacle, and reminded us much more of a temple crowded with votaries engaged in the performance of some solemn rite of religion, than the audience chamber of a temporal monarch.

'The king seemed a man between fifty and sixty years of age, rather short in person, and disposed to corpulency. His features were very ordinary, and appeared to bespeak the known indolence and imbecility of his character; but upon this subject it was not easy to form any correct opinion, owing to the distance we were at from the throne, and the sort of *chiaro scuro* cast upon it, evidently for effect.

'To the left of the throne we saw exhibited the portable part of the presents from the Governor-General; a secretary proceeded to read a list of them; and I make no doubt they were represented as tribute or offering, although of this it was impossible to obtain proof. The letter of the Governor-General was neither read nor exhibited, notwithstanding the distinct pledge which had been given to that effect.

'The words which his Siamese majesty condescended to address to us, were delivered in a grave, measured, and oracular manner. One of the first officers of state delivered them to a person of inferior rank, and this person to Ko-chai-sahak, who was behind us, and explained them in the Malay language. The questions put, as they were rendered to us, were as follows:—"The Governor-General of India (literally, in Siamese, the Lord, or Governor, of Bengal), has sent you to Siam—What is your business?" A short explanation of the objects of the mission was given in reply. "Have you been sent with the knowledge of the King of England?" It was here explained, that from the great distance of England, the political intercourse with the distant nations of the East, was commonly entrusted to the management of the Governor-General of India. "Is the Governor-General of India brother to the King of England?" To this question it was replied, that the Governor-General of India had been the personal friend of his Sovereign from early life, but that he was not his brother. The following questions were successively put:—"What difference is there in the ages of the King and the Governor-General?" "Was the Governor-General of India in good health when you left Bengal?" "Where do you intend to go after leaving Siam?" "Is peace your object in all the countries you mean to visit?" "Do you intend to travel by land or water from Saigun to Turan?" "Is it your intention to visit Hué, the capital of Cochin China?" After receiving replies to these different questions, his majesty concluded with the following sentence:—"I am glad to see an envoy here from the Governor-General of India. Whatever you have to say, communicate to the minister, Suri-wung-kosa. What we chiefly want from you are fire-arms."

'His majesty had no sooner pronounced these last words, than we heard a loud stroke, as if given by a wand against a piece of wainscoting; upon which the curtains on each side of the throne, moved by some concealed agency, closed upon it. This was followed by the same flourish of wind instruments, and the same wild shout, which accompanied our entrance; and the courtiers, falling upon their faces to the ground, made six successive prostrations. We made three obeisances, sitting upright, as had been agreed upon.

'As soon as the curtain was drawn upon his majesty, the courtiers, for the first time, sat upright, and we were requested to be at our ease—freely to look round us, and *admire the splendour and magnificence* of the court—such being nearly the words made use of by the interpreter in making this communication to us.

'During the audience a heavy shower had fallen, and it was still raining. His majesty took this opportunity of presenting us each with a small umbrella, and sent a message to desire that we would view the curiosities of the palace at our leisure. When we arrived at the threshold of the hall of audience, we perceived the court-yard and the roads extremely wet and dirty from the fall of rain. We naturally demanded our shoes, which we had left at the last gate. This was a favour which could not be yielded, and we were informed that the first princes of the blood could not wear shoes within the sacred inclosure where we now were. It would have been impolitic to have evinced ill-humour, or attempted remonstrance; and therefore we feigned a cheerful compliance with this inconvenient usage, and proceeded to gratify our curiosity.'

We cannot afford, however, to accompany our author in his barefoot survey; but we must quote a few sentences from his account of a visit paid to him in the afternoon of the same day, by the minister, Suri-wung-kosa:—

'The visit,' says Mr. Crawfurd, 'afforded an opportunity of observing one of the most singular and whimsical prejudices of the Siamese. This people have an extreme horror of permitting any thing to pass over the head, or having the head touched, or, in short, bringing themselves into any situation in which their persons are liable to be brought into a situation of physical inferiority to that of others, such as going under a bridge, or entering the lower apartment of a house, when the upper one is inhabited. For this sufficient reason their houses are all of one story. The dwelling which we occupied, however, had been intended for a warehouse, and consisted, as already mentioned, of two stories, while there was no access to the upper apartments, except by an awkward stair and trap-door, from the corresponding lower ones. This occasioned a serious dilemma to the minister. A man of his rank and condition, it was gravely insisted upon, could not subject himself to have strangers walk over his head, without suffering seriously in public estimation.

'To get over this weighty objection, a ladder was at last erected against the side of the house, by which his excellency, although neither a light nor active figure, safely effected his ascent about three o'clock in the afternoon. The native Christians, of Portuguese descent, had prepared an abundant entertainment after the European manner, which was now served up. The minister sat at table, but without eating. His son and nephew, the youths whom I have before mentioned, also sat down, and partook heartily of the good things which were placed before them. No Oriental antipathies were discoverable in the selection of the viands. Pork, beef, venison, and poultry, were served up in profusion, and there was certainly nothing to indicate that we were in a country where the destruction of animal life is viewed with horror, and punished as a crime. The fact is, that in practice, the Siamese eat whatever animal food is presented to them, without scruple, and discreetly put no questions, being quite satisfied, as they openly avow, if the blood be not upon their own heads.'

The succeeding week was employed by Mr. Crawfurd and his friends, who, having been presented at court, were now at full liberty to go abroad, in viewing whatever was to be seen about the capital and its neighbourhood. It was not until the 16th of April that they found it possible to commence the negociation, with the management of which they had been charged. On that day they at last obtained their first conference with the Prah-klang; but neither on this, nor on any subsequent occasion, did they succeed in effecting any definite arrangement of the points they met to discuss. The invincible procrastination of the Siamese court, where the settlement of the most important matters of state is at any time liable to be interrupted for the sake of the idlest ceremonies, or by such accidents as a domestic disturbance in the family of the minister, or a fit of ill-humour on the part of the monarch, or a royal progress from one quarter of the palace to another, would of itself have been an obstacle, in any circumstances, to the speedy adjustment of such a business as that entrusted to the Governor-General's mission. But in the present case there were other and still more insuperable difficulties in the way. The object which the Siamese authorities had evidently most at heart, throughout the negociation, was to obtain a promise that, in the event of the commercial treaty being arranged, they should enjoy the privilege of at all times supplying themselves with fire-arms and warlike stores at the British ports. This was a permission, however, which Mr. Crawfurd regrets that he was not authorized to yield to the extent demanded. To a question upon the subject, which was put to him by the Prah-klang, at one of their earliest interviews, it was replied, 'that if the Siamese were at peace with the friends and neighbours of the British nation, they would certainly be permitted to purchase fire-arms and ammunition at our ports, but not otherwise.' This, however, was very far from satisfying the wishes of the Siamese minister. The answer, even by the terms in which it was conveyed, was conceived to point too plainly at the Burmans; and 'the interpreter,' says Mr. Crawfurd, 'hesitated to explain it; informing me, in an under tone, that according to Siamese notions it was considered uncivil to make any allusion to the national enemy; an observation which shews the rancorous and irreconcileable temper with which those two nations view each other.' Besides this difficulty, however, another of nearly equal magnitude contributed effectually to defeat the success of the mission at the courts both of Siam and of Cochin China. The haughty autocrats of these two countries obviously looked with contempt upon an ambassador from the delegated government of India. In Cochin-

China, Mr. Crawfurd was not even introduced to the presence of the king; and neither the one monarch nor the other condescended to reply in his own name to the letters of the Governor-General. No explanation that Mr. Crawfurd could offer upon this point, had the least effect in softening the not unnatural prejudices which he had to encounter. He found himself met again and again, in spite of all his endeavours, by the broadest hints as to the arrogance of a mere provincial governor presuming to place himself on a footing of equality with the sovereign prince of a mighty nation, and expressions of surprise, that the mission had not rather come with credentials from the king of England himself. The court of Cochin China even refused, on this account, to accept of the presents sent by the Marquis of Hastings. In Siam, the pride of the king and his ministers yielded the victory here to their avarice and rapacity, and the presents were received; but only as offerings or tribute from an inferior to his lord paramount, as was made sufficiently intelligible by the whole conduct and demeanour of the court, as well as expressly declared in the answer to the letter of the Governor-General.

Notwithstanding these discouragements, however, Mr. Crawfurd continued to persevere in his attempts to attain, as far as possible, the objects of his mission. The point which he was principally anxious to carry, was the abolition of the right of pre-emption claimed and exercised by his Siamese majesty, in regard to all goods imported for sale into his kingdom. This important innovation in the mercantile usages of the state, which none of the ministers would undertake to mention to the king, it was at last agreed that Mr. Crawfurd himself should propose, at an audience to be granted for the purpose. But no second audience was ever obtained, and the negociation was terminated, after several very unsatisfactory conferences with the Prah-klang, by the following ultimatum from the Siamese government:—'That if English merchant ships come to the port of the capital, upon their arrival at the mouth of the river, they shall be searched by the governor of Pak-nam, and their small arms and cannon landed, according to former custom, and then that the ships shall be conducted to the capital. As soon as they are anchored, the superintendent of customs shall afford all assistance in buying and selling with the merchants of Siam, and the duties and charges shall not be more than heretofore, nor afterwards raised. Let the English merchants come to Siam to sell and buy in conformity to this agreement.'

Although this very satisfactory and important document was put into the hands of the envoy on the 12th of June, it was the middle of July before the state of the bar in the river permitted the mission ship to take its departure. From that time till nearly the end of August was occupied in the voyage to Saigun, the first port at which the party touched in the Cochin Chinese dominions. Having reached the Point of Kandyu, which lies at the mouth of the river of Saigun, they were visited by the mandarin of that place, as well as very hospitably entertained by him on shore. Leaving the ship there, Mr. Crawfurd and Mr. Finlayson, with a retinue of about thirty attendants, proceeded in boats up the river to the town of Saigun, where they arrived on the morning of the 29th. Here they were met at once by a difficulty which they had not anticipated. The governor of Lower Cochin China insisted upon seeing the letter from the Governor-General to the king—and would be satisfied with nothing but the original, which had unfortunately been left in the ship at Kandyu. After a good deal of contention, however, the letter was at last sent for, and obtained; but we must leave our author himself to relate what took place upon its arrival:—

"Notice of this was, without delay, sent to the mandarins charged with our business, and the three persons who had visited us before, presented themselves in less than half an hour. We had by this time found that our Cochin Chinese friends were extremely ceremonious, and partial to display and parade in little matters to the extent of ostentation. This humour was complied with in exhibiting the letter of the Governor-General. As soon as it was opened, the mandarins proceeded to inspect it minutely, examining by turns the writing, the illuminated paper, and, above all, the seal of the Governor-General. This being done, we proceeded, jointly through the medium of a Portuguese translation which accompanied it, to render it, sentence by sentence, into Cochin Chinese. After this process had gone on a little time, the deputation considered it unsatisfactory, and begged that a written translation, in the Chinese character, might be effected. This was done accordingly. They now examined my credentials, and begged a Chinese translation of those also; and they farther required English and Portuguese copies of all the documents. This too was acceded to. On perusing the translation in the Chinese character, the mandarins expressed entire satisfaction at the general purport of the letter; but advanced many objections to particular expressions, which they declared it was impossible to submit to his majesty the king of Cochin China; the use of them, they said, however respectfully meant, being against the laws of the country. For example, towards the conclusion of the letter of the Governor-General, "His excellency sends certain presents, in token of his profound respect and esteem for his majesty the emperor of Cochin China." This was not to be endured, because, as the matter was explained to us, profound respect and esteem must be considered as matters of course from any one that addressed his majesty of Cochin China. At the suggestion of the mandarins, the passage was rendered as follows:—"I send your majesty certain presents, because you are a great king." Strong objection was made to the expression in which his excellency had disclaimed any wish for lands or fortresses; because it was not to be imagined for a moment that any one could desire lands or fortresses belonging to the king of Cochin China, and the disclaiming the wish to obtain commercial factories alone was inserted. In the letter of the Governor-General, his majesty was styled emperor of Anam, a common term for Tonquin and Cochin China; and as it was well known that he had conquered a great part of Kamboja, and, as was asserted, of

Lao, sovereign of these countries also was added to his titles. This was much objected to, and the mandarins informed me that it was no honour to the king of Cochin China, to be styled "a king of slaves," for as such, it seems, the inhabitants of the conquered provinces are deemed by the governing race, that is, by the Anam nation, which includes both Cochin Chinese and Tonquinese. After the conference was over, I asked the Christian interpreter, in consequence of hearing this last observation, what opinion the Cochin Chinese entertained of the people of Kamboja. He had visited Bengal, and said, without hesitation, "pretty much the same opinion that the English entertain of the black inhabitants of Hindoostan!!" The whole of this tedious conference lasted eight hours. The luckless interpreter, Antonio, was so overcome with the intricacy, not to say the danger, of his part of the task, and the difficulty of pleasing every body, that he declared, that to have done it justice would have required the head of an elephant!'

The remainder of the story of the Mission to Cochin China may be soon told. After having been honoured with an audience of the governor, Mr. Crawfurd quitted Saigun on the 3d of September, and, having regained the ship after a sail of a few hours, the whole party proceeded on their voyage along the western coast of the peninsula towards the capital of the kingdom, the city of Hué. On the 15th they reached the harbour of Touran, where, leaving the ship moored, Mr. Crawfurd, accompanied only by Mr. Finlayson and about a dozen attendants, embarked a few days after on board of two gallies provided for them by the government, and, after a short voyage, reached their final destination. The first matter that engaged the authorities here was, as usual, the Governor-General's letter, the Chinese translation of which had to undergo another very minute and scrupulous revisal. Among other expressions that were objected to, was one mentioning the death of the late king. This was considered highly improper, as his majesty, it was observed, ought to have been represented not as dead, but as merely gone to heaven! No alterations, however, that were made upon the Governor-General's letter, could procure the mission the honour of a presentation at court. The utmost that could be obtained from the minister, in reference to this point, was a promise that he would convey their desire to his majesty, which was extorted from him only after a world of argument and solicitation. 'It is natural enough,' said he, with a smile, at the close of a long conversation upon the subject, 'that you should employ every expedient in your power to attain the honour of being presented to so great a king.'

Two or three days afterwards, the intendant of the port came with a message from his majesty, to say that every thing being now settled, the party were at perfect liberty to go abroad where-ever they pleased; and they proceeded accordingly to visit the different quarters of the city and its vicinity. We wish we could extract the very interesting account our author gives us of the fortifications erected under the superintendence of the former king, instructed and assisted by a few French engineers. The defences around the town, the barracks, and, above all, the arsenal, are described as all constructed on the most scientific principles, and kept in admirable order. The roads, bridges, and canals in this neighbourhood, are also said to be excellent. These improvements, however, had been effected by their despotic author at the expense of a prodigious waste both of the treasure and the lives of his subjects—the provision for supplying the workmen with water having, for one thing, been so deficient that, as we find from the very curious journal of the Burmese embassy by Mr. Gibson, which Mr. Crawfurd has printed in his appendix, no fewer than ten thousand of them perished from thirst, hard labour, or disease.

We are sorry we cannot treat our readers to an account of the various ready-cooked dinners which were sent as presents by his Cochin Chinese majesty to the mission, during the few remaining days they resided at his capital. The most remarkable of the dainties served up upon one of these occasions, consisted of three bowls of *hatched eggs,* which it was stated formed a delicacy beyond the reach of the poor, and only adapted for persons of distinction—the fact being, that eggs in this condition cost thirty per cent. in the market more than fresh ones. It is the universal practice, accordingly, when great entertainments are to be given, to set the hens to hatch, that the guests may be provided with this favourite delicacy. After ten or twelve days, the eggs are considered as ripe for eating.

In consequence of the presents sent by the Governor General having, as we have already stated, been refused by the King, Mr. Crawfurd felt it necessary respectfully to decline accepting of those offered by his majesty for the government of Bengal. This conduct at first gave a good deal of umbrage to the Siamese authorities; but finding their efforts to shake the resolution of the envoy of no effect, they desisted after a short time from pressing the point. They made the circumstance, however, a pretext for refusing to the mission a letter from the king himself for the Governor-General; and Mr. Crawfurd was finally obliged, as he had been at Siam, to take his departure with only one from the minister. In reply to the request which had been made on the subject of commercial intercourse, his majesty was pleased to grant permission to English ships, to visit three parts of the kingdom only, viz., Saigun, Han or Touran, with Faifo, and the capital; and although this was a very limited concession, in comparison with what had been promised at an earlier period of the negociation, it was deemed quite useless to make any farther attempt to obtain a more liberal arrangement. The mission quitted Hué on the 17th of October, and having travelled by land to Touran, and embarked there, reached Singapore on the 16th of November, and Calcutta on the 29th of the following month. 'On the same day,' says Mr. Crawfurd, 'I made my report to the Marquis of

Hastings, whom I found on the point of sailing for England. His Lordship was pleased to approve of the discretion with which, under many difficult and embarrassing circumstances, the affairs of the mission had been conducted; and I had afterwards the honor of receiving the official approbation of his immediate successor, my amiable and lamented friend, the late Mr. Acland.'

During the late Burmese war, a second mission was sent by the Governor-General to Siam, which was not, however, attended by any more important results than that whose proceedings we have just been sketching. Even the spirited attempts that were for some time made by certain English capitalists, to establish a commercial intercourse with that country, through the medium of the merchants of Singapore, may now be considered as having altogether failed, as it might indeed have been anticipated they would do, from the jealous and impracticable character of the government, and the burthensome nature of the restrictions to which foreign trade remains exposed at every port in the kingdom. Mr. Crawfurd gives it as his opinion, that if any mercantile intercourse is to be in future attempted, either with Siam or Cochin China, it ought to be conducted only through means of the Chinese junks. The inhabitants of China are, in truth, the only foreigners whom these semi-barbarians do not regard either with aversion or contempt. To the Emperor of China, the monarchs of both countries look up in some degree as their superior;—all other kings they consider as their inferiors, if not their vassals. The establishment, by the Indian government, of a resident agent at the court of Siam, Mr. Crawfurd thinks would, in any circumstances, only tend to produce jealousy and irritation. The revolution in France, combined with other causes, sent at one time a number of the natives of that country to Cochin China, where they soon acquired a formidable influence at court. But the circumstances both of their native land, and of that of their adoption, have now changed; and they have by this time nearly all returned from their distant exile. The connection that has thus been formed, however, between the French and Cochin Chinese nations, might possibly be renewed in the event of a war between France and England; and as Mr. Crawfurd remarks, 'the numerous and fine harbours of Cochin China, might in such a case prove safe and convenient retreats, from which a French army might harass or destroy our commerce with China.' 'But this evil,' he adds, 'might be readily averted, and the Cochin Chinese government reduced to almost any terms, by the easy and practicable blockade of two or three of the principal ports, from which the capital and other portions of the kingdom derive their food and other resources.' The idea of any formidable danger to our Indian empire, from so poor and unwarlike a country as Cochin China, he treats as altogether visionary. Should it be considered desirable, however, to make any farther attempt to cultivate an amicable intercourse with its rulers, he advises that they should be flattered and conciliated by a mission, on however small a scale, proceeding directly from the crown. The mere delivery of a letter, and a trifling present from the King of England, would probably tend far more to gratify the vanity of the Cochin Chinese monarch, than the most splendid embassy from the delegated government of India.

We cannot attempt, in the scanty space we have now left ourselves, to do justice to the remaining portion of Mr. Crawfurd's valuable publication, which is devoted to a very learned and elaborate account of the history, geography, and statistics of the two countries he was deputed to visit, and of the manners, arts, languages, and general character and civilization of their inhabitants. The information he has collected upon all these points, must be considered as quite extraordinary in respect of its amount and its minuteness, when we recollect the short period of his residence in either country, and the multiplied difficulties, arising from the extreme jealousy of both governments, under which he had to prosecute his inquiries. It is only by a perusal of the volume itself, that our readers can acquire any adequate notion of all that the author has accomplished in this part of his task; all that we can attempt to do, is to glean for them a very few of the interesting details with which the work abounds.

The Siamese empire is at present composed of Siam, a large portion of Lao, a portion of Kamboja, and certain tributary Malay states. It may be considered as comprehended between the 5th and 21st degrees of north latitude, and the 97th and 105th degrees of east longitude. Its area may be estimated at 190,000 geographical miles. The exact amount of its population it is of course impossible to ascertain, but Mr. Crawfurd thinks it may be taken at about 2,800,000, of which only about 1,260,000, are Siamese. The remainder of the number is made up of the people of Lao, Peguans, Cambojans, Malays, Chinese (of whom there may be about 440,000), natives of Western India, and 2000 persons of Portuguese descent.

The complexion of the Siamese is a light brown, many shades darker than that of the Chinese, but never approaching to the black of the African negro or Hindoo. In stature they are shorter than the Hindoos, the Chinese, or the Europeans, but taller than the Malays. Although a handsomer people than either the Chinese or the Indian islanders, they possess but little of what we should denominate beauty. Their physiognomy conveys upon the whole rather a gloomy and sullen air. 'This, however,' says Mr. Crawfurd, 'is the judgment of a European, and probably would be so of a native of Western Asia; but it is necessary to add, that the Siamese, vain in every thing, have a standard of beauty of their own, and are by no means disposed to bow to our opinions on this subject. I one day pointed out to some Siamese at Calcutta, a young and beautiful Englishwoman, and wished to know their opinion of her. They answered, that I should see many handsomer when I visited Siam! La Loubere, by his own account, exhibited to the Siamese the portraits of some celebrated beauties of the court of Louis XIV., and was compelled to acknowledge that they excited no admiration whatever. A large doll which he exhibited was more to their taste; and a young nobleman, according to the Siamese method of estimating the fair sex, said, with admiration, that a woman of such an appearance would be worth at Yuthia, five thousand crowns! The dress of the Siamese consists merely of a piece of silk, or cotton cloth, of from five to seven cubits long, passed round the loins and thighs, the rest of the body being left entirely bare. Sometimes another narrow scarf is worn round the waist, or thrown carelessly over the shoulders. Their favourite colours are dark and sombre, white being used only for mourning. Jewellery and trinkets are not much used, except by children. The Siamese, like the Chinese, allow the nails of their fingers to grow to an unnatural length, and having the common eastern prejudice against white teeth, are in the habit of staining them at an early age with an indelible black. They chew tobacco in moderate quantities, but smoke it perpetually. In the consumption of areca and betel root, they exceed even the Malays themselves. The marriage ceremony, among the Siamese, is the simplest possible—but their funerals are conducted with a great deal of form and pomp. They burn their dead, but never immolate living victims along with them.

In neither the useful nor the ornamental arts have they made almost any progress. The only tolerable mechanics among them, are natives of China, or Cochin China. They receive all their utensils of zinc and brass, from the former country. Their fire-arms they obtain from Europe. The manufacture of silk and cotton fabricks is entirely in the hands of the women, and managed with very little skill. They manufacture coarse pottery themselves; but all their porcelain is imported from China. Their houses are, in general, merely built of bamboos, and covered with the leaf of the Nipa palm. A few, in the capital only, are constructed with brick and mortar, and roofed with tile. Their bridges, even in the capital, consist only of a single plank. The construction of an arch seems to be unknown to them. Almost their only roads are aquatic—but these are numerous and extensive. Their temples, which are by far their most important edifices, are built of brick and mortar, and very elaborately ornamented. Their statuary is confined to the fabrication of images of Buddha, which they make of a composition of plaster, rosin, oil, and hair, and cover with varnish and a thick coat of gilding, to conceal all defects. Their advantages of soil and climate enable them, even without much skill in agriculture, to raise large quantities of grain, sugar, and pepper; but the two last are cultivated entirely by the settlers from China. A great deal of oil and salt is also produced in the country.

There is but little learning among the Siamese, even the studies of their priesthood being confined to subjects connected with their own profession. All the medical practitioners are Chinese, or Cochin-Chinese; and divination and astronomy are in the hands of the few Brahmins settled in the country. The Siamese year is solar, and consists of twelve months, to which an intercalary month of thirty days is added every third year. Their week consists of seven days, each of which, commencing at sun-set, is divided into sixteen watches. Their common time-keeper is the same contrivance which is in use among the Hindoos, viz.: a cup, with an aperture in the bottom, placed in a bowl of water. They divide time, also, into cycles of twelve and of sixty years. They have two epochs; a sacred dating from the death of Gautama, and a popular, from the introduction of the Buddha worship into Siam. The year commencing with the 11th of April 1822 was, according to the first mode of reckoning, the year 2365; and according to the second, the year 1184, of Siamese chronology. The Siamese possess little knowledge of arithmetic—relying principally upon the Chinese *Sanpan.* They are acquainted with the decimal system of notation. Their currency consists only of cowry shells and silver.

Of foreign parts the Siamese know but little—the only names they have for nations or countries, not in their own quarter of the globe, being Hua-prek, African, that is to say, "pepper heads;" Farang, Europe; Frangsit, French; Wilande, Dutch; Angkrit, English; and Markan, Anglo-American. They hate sea voyages, and the whole spirit of their institutions is adverse to intercourse with foreigners.

Their music is more agreeable to a European ear, than that of any other eastern people, with the exception, perhaps, of the Turks and the Persians. Their melodies are said to be commonly of a brisk and lively description, and to resemble those of the Scotch and Irish. They are in possession of a considerable variety of instruments, both wind and stringed.

The Siamese alphabet consists of thirty-nine consonants, besides a great many vowels. The characters are written from left to right, and the language is characterized by great simplicity of grammatical structure. Their literature is described as being meagre and uninteresting. All their compositions, with the exception of their epistolary writings, are metrical, but the style is simple, and destitute of those strong metaphors and hyperbolical forms of expression which are commonly ascribed to the Eastern languages. The vernacular tongue, however, is only employed in the composition of songs, romances, and national chronicles. All their religious books are written in the Bali language, as in the other countries of the East where the Buddhist faith prevails. The people, in general, are taught to read and write, but awkwardly and imperfectly.

Of the Siamese character in general, our author gives no very favourable account. 'Judging,' says he, 'from those with whom we held intercourse, I make no hesitation in confirming what has been often asserted of the Siamese, by European writers, that they are servile, rapacious, slothful, disingenuous, pusillanimous, and extravagantly vain.' They are admitted, however, on the other hand, to be generally temperate and abstemious; placable, peaceable, and obedient. Parental affection is found among them in great force, and filial duty is regarded as a religious obligation. Their women are not immured as in other Eastern countries—but do not seem to be treated with much respect, nor is female virtue held in very high estimation.

We transcribe the following from many other remarks of our author, in this part of his volume:

'Servility is of course to be expected as a necessary consequence of the rigid despotism by which the Siamese are weighed down. Subordination of rank is so rigorously marked in Siam, as to destroy all appearance of equality, and therefore all true politeness. Towards their superiors, the conduct of the Siamese is abject in the extreme, and towards inferiors, it is insolent or disdainful. This character seems, indeed, impressed even upon their external deportment. Their gait is not only never graceful, erect, or manly, like that of the military tribes of Western Asia, but, on the contrary, always sluggish, ignoble, and crouching. Perhaps the very attitudes in which submission to superiors is expressed, contribute to banish even the graces of external deportment; and it seems, indeed, impossible to associate any elegance of external manners, however superficial, with the habitual practice of crawling upon knees and elbows, knocking the forehead against the earth, and other similar observances. We had occasion to observe on the knees and elbows of some of our acquaintances, the effect of this practice, in the black indelible scars with which they were marked. The effects of these repeated prostrations were particularly obvious on the limbs of the Prah-klang, whose duty led him, at least twice a day, to perform them at the palace.'

We must refer our readers to Mr. Crawfurd's own pages for an account of the Siamese religion, government, political institutions, national revenue, laws, history, trade, climate, and natural productions. We can only now afford to add a very few of his observations on the country and people of Cochin China.

The empire of Cochin China consists of Cochin China itself, of Tonquin, and of a part of the ancient kingdom of Kamboja. It extends almost from the 8th to the 23d degree of north latitude, and its breadth from east to west varies from sixty to one hundred and eighty miles. Its area may be taken at about 98,000 square miles, and the population probably does not much exceed five millions.

The Christian religion was introduced into the country about the year 1624, by the Portuguese Jesuits, from Macao—but has not of late made any sensible progress. The prohibition against the plurality of wives, is said to be what is most repulsive in it, to the habits and manners of the Cochin Chinese.

The Annam race is described as being in their persons a short, squat, and ill-favoured people. Their countenances, however, exhibit an air of cheerfulness and good humour. The women appeared to our author in a remarkable degree fairer, and handsomer than the men.

The progress they have made in the useful arts, is represented as decidedly beyond that attained by the Siamese. Cotton is raised by them in considerable quantities, and of good quality. They have also carried to a considerable extent the art of rearing the silk-worm, and weaving silk. The manufacture of lacquered ware, too, for which Tonquin has long been celebrated, is still carried on there. All their efforts in art, however, are rather in the way of simple imitation, than of invention or improvement.

The Annam language is a monosyllabic tongue, in structure and general character resembling the provincial dialects of China. The people have no literature of their own, but receive all their books from the Chinese.

Both sexes dress nearly in the same way, wearing on the lower part of the body a pair of loose trowsers, secured at the waist by a sash, and over all two or more loose frocks, reaching half way down the thigh. Both males and females wear turbans, which are put on with much neatness.

In character, the Cochin Chinese are described as mild and docile. The lower orders are even remarkable for their liveliness and gaiety. Although, however, much given to the performance of ablutions, they are, upon the whole, decidedly a dirty people. Their linen, in particular, seems never to be washed. Their diet, too, is very impure and indiscriminate. Hatched eggs, as we have seen, are their favorite delicacy; they eat vermin; and their favorite sauce is a composition of the juices of putrid fish, as bad as can be, of course, both in taste and odour. Like their neighbours, the Siamese, they consider themselves the first people in the world. No people are kept in a state of more abject slavery by their rulers. They have little or no religious feeling, and although there are a few priests among them, they seem to be looked upon as little better than a kind of fortune-tellers.

The concluding chapter of the volume is dedicated to the new Settlement of Singapore, of which it contains by far the best account that has yet been given to the public. Upon the examination of this portion of the work, however, we regret that we cannot now enter. We have been able, we fear, to convey to our readers but a very imperfect idea of the store of information and entertainment to be found even in that part of it to which our remarks have been confined. We are glad to perceive, however, that we are to have another opportunity, ere long, of meeting with the very able author. We shall long for the appearance of the Journal of his Embassy to the Court of Ava, which is announced as preparing for publication.

ART. III.—*Jean Paul Fr. Richter's Leben nebst Characteristik seiner Werke von Heinrich Doering.* Gotha: 1826. Henningsche Buchhandlung. London: Black, Young & Young.

2. *Wahrheit aus Jean Paul's Leben, Erstes Bändchen.* Breslau. Im Verlage von Joseph Max und Komp. 1826. London: Black, Young & Young. Dasselbe, Zweites Heftlein, 1827.

3. *Selina oder über die Unsterblichkeit von Jean Paul. Zwei Theile.* Stuttgart und Tübingen. J. G. Cotta, 1827. London: Treuttel & Würtz.

4. *Wahrheit aus Jean Paul's Leben, Drittes Heftlein.* 1828. London: Black & Young.

IT is always interesting and instructive to observe the eagle flight of genius, to mark its dawning powers, their gradual development and increase, and the means by which superior spirits attain maturity. But who can detail the peculiar nature of that process, by which a Homer, a Shakspeare, a Milton, arrive at those profound and sublime views, by the communication of which, they not only give relief to their own labouring minds, but call into action those latent fibres that strike in unison with their own vast conceptions. For in the theory of the human mind, it is not so extraordinary that the poet, by the magic of his art, can extend the sphere of human knowledge, views and feelings, can exhaust worlds and imagine new, as that the reader should be able to determine the justness of the portrait, without having seen the original. The outlines must exist in the minds of all, for judgment presupposes power, but genius raises these outlines, of which the multitude have only a faint and undefined idea, to a beautiful and well proportioned sculpture. But by what means this miracle is accomplished, the poet himself cannot explain, at least we have met with no biography of eminent men, that sufficiently accounted for their superiority.

We have been led to these remarks, by a diligent perusal of the biographies of Jean Paul, placed at the head of this article, for we must confess that the Germans, in their lives of celebrated men, pay a laudable attention to the gradual formation (*bildung*)*, of the intellectual powers. The direction of these powers is frequently to be traced to outward circumstances, but the *primum mobile* is still hidden from our view. There are, however, instances in which even these are wanting, and it is notorious, that many of the most distinguished characters became so, not by being borne along by the force of circumstance, but by contending against it. We can easily imagine how the mind of a Göthe, in the sphere most favourable for expansion and observation, gradually developed itself; but that Jean Paul, born and educated in a small village, struggling against the evils of poverty, almost isolated from the world, should in the firm, yet modest consciousness of his own value, pursue his own path, neglected and alone, undisturbed by the difficulties of his situation, and the clamours of those who could not understand him, until he forced his country to acknowledge the justice of his claims, and rank him with those illustrious men who deserve and command the admiration of mankind, is one of those inextricable problems which nature seems occasionally to propose to man, to convince him how much there exists impervious to his boasted superiority. The most striking feature in the history of this extraordinary writer, is his self-formation,—if we may be allowed to use the expression, he stood alone, and the style of his works is too individual to admit of successful imitation. But we must not anticipate; we shall therefore take a brief survey of the writings before us, from which we shall abridge such passages as will enable us to give a faithful portrait of their subject, so far as our narrow limits will allow.

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* Not to allude to Goethe's far-famed autobiography, we would recommend to the reader's notice, Schiller's Life, translated by Mr. Carlyle.

We are aware that it is the fashion to abuse Döring's Life.* It was certainly got up to gratify the curiosity of the day, and possesses no more merit than what a selection of articles from newspapers, and literary gazettes can confer; yet Döring had undoubtedly a right to put forth a biography, from such materials as he could fairly collect, and it was employing strong language, to name his work a Pseudobiography, unless the writer had had recourse to dishonourable means to effect his object. The press would soon have conveyed to the public the character of the work, and Jean Paul's friends could have published their work, without coming into disagreeable contact with an ephemeral publication.

Mr. Otto's work, in which the life of Jean Paul is given, either in his own words, or written from his letters, possesses far higher claims; it is, however, somewhat too discursive, and there are parts, the lengthy disputes about Jean Paul's costume, for example, which we should think would prove too minute even for his admirers. The custom, too, which prevails in Germany, to a most annoying extent, of publishing works of all descriptions, volume by volume, greatly impairs the interest in reading them. If this system be carried much farther, we shall have the livraisons delivered, so as to preserve the unity of time; a volume appearing once a year, and the period described equal to the time that intervenes between the appearance of the volumes. There are works, the interest and benefit of which are greatly lessened, if not read throughout; we catch the single features, but are unable to give expression to the whole portrait. The friend to whom the publication of Jean Paul's papers was intrusted, died, we believe, since the appearance of the third volume; we hope, however, that there still remain others, able and willing to complete the work. And now, without further preface, to the Life itself.

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* Mr. Döring would have done well to have abstained from any sinister mention of Mr. Otto, or of Jean Paul's widow, as every body must naturally attribute it to the notice in the Breslau Gazette. Rev.

Jean Paul was born at Wonsiedel, on the 21st of March, 1763, or, as he was fond of saying, the Spring and J. P. came into existence together. He was baptized the day after his birth, one of his godfathers being his mother's father, the other Johann Friederich Thieme, a book binder, 'who little imagined on what a Mœcenas of his craft he bestowed his name.' His father removed from Neustadt, to Ratisbon, and 'I must confess', says his son, 'that when I was at Ratisbon, some years ago, nothing, amidst all the recollections of the place, the diet itself not excepted, affected me so much as the remembrance of my father's scanty life. In my historical lectures, (as J. P. stiles his autobiography, for he always loved to imagine himself addressing his hearers) poverty will make its appearance, as frequently as feasting in Thummel's Travels, and tea-drinking in Richardson's Clarissa, but I cannot refrain from bidding it welcome, provided it comes not too late in life.—Wealth depresses talent, more than poverty; under thrones, and mountains of gold, perhaps many a giant in intellect lies buried. If the oil of riches be poured on the flames and warmer powers of youth, little but the ashes of the Phœnix will remain, and only a Göthe had the strength to rise, his wings unscorched by the sun of prosperity.' In the year 1765, his father was appointed clergyman of Joditz, but the income he derived from all his occupations only enabled him, with occasional assistance from his wife's parents, to obtain the common necessaries of life. The lively imagination of Jean Paul, and the extraordinary degree of observation which he displayed from his early years, confer a zest and vivacity upon the description of his infancy and childhood, which have seldom been equalled. It is delightful to behold a gifted mind return to the scenes of his boyish days, not in the afflicting second childhood of age, which he somewhere likens to the trees sketched by the frosty fretwork on our window panes, but with the freshness and gaiety of spirit, which few but schoolboys can experience.

'Nothing could happen more delightful to myself, or my deceased brother Adam—although a bird's nest was dearer to him than the abode of the muses—than when dinner was not ready as the clock struck twelve, for we carried our hunger with us to school, that we might lose no time. We were highly praised for this sacrifice, but I am convinced, that the love of children to break through the order of the day, had a principal share in it. We wished to dine a few hours later; for the same reason we were pleased with the fast-days. If every thing in the house is turned topsy turvy, through whitewashing, moving, or the unexpected arrival of many friends, the little urchins are in their glory.'

Unfortunately, by an untimely complaint against a tall peasant boy; 'Zäh is his name for posterity,' he closed the school-room against himself for ever, for his father determined to educate him at home. Four hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon, were devoted to instruction. This consisted principally in learning by heart, Proverbs, the Catechism, Latin words, and Lange's Grammar. They had to learn the long rules for the genders, without understanding them, a practice laudably imitated by several, not uncelebrated, teachers in our own country: If the father went out on the fine summer days, they had the "confounded exceptions," *de panis piscis*, to learn for the next morning. Poor Adam, for whom the day was hardly long enough for his roving disposition, had not an iota of his lesson remaining in his sconce, at the hour of examination, and received the regular castigation. Our author assures us, that he himself was never beaten, during the whole course of his school life, and with that filial affection for which he was remarkable, fearful that his observations on the course of his education might be considered as implying a censure upon his father, he proceeds to defend him. Jean Paul appears to have been the favourite child of his parent, who was warmly attached to him, and was wont, whenever his son gave any little testimony of talents, or progress, to burst into tears of joy; yet, 'with such a disposition, in the whole course of our education, he committed no other fault, strange as it may appear, than that of the head, not of the heart.'

The inquisitive and observant turn of J. P., soon displayed itself; and he learned by a peculiar process, to write Latin, copy Greek, read newspapers, and talk politics, almost as clearly as many children of a larger growth; in short, Gibbon's reading in his youth, was not more desultory, or miscellaneous, for if his father happened to leave a book about, no matter what were the contents, the son was sure to devour them; if the father were on his guard and put the books away, Jean Paul contrived in some manner to become master of their contents. He tried his hand too at clock making; the dial plates, however, as the young horologist candidly acknowledges, were executed the best; as for the clocks, they had their pendulum, a wheel, and *stood* capitally. He invented a sundial, too, of an extraordinary construction. He indicated his future authorship, by a little library, which he formed in *Etuis*, by cutting up, and stitching, parts of his father's sermons. For the information of the curious in bibliography, we observe that the contents of his volumes consisted of little explanatory comments on verses of the Scriptures, copied from Luther's Bible, but our juvenile author *omitted the verse itself*, and humorously prophesies in himself another Frederic Schlegel, as that writer's treatment of Lessing, in his little publication entitled Lessing's Geist, was somewhat similar to this treatment of Luther.

Jean Paul's accounts of his childish games and pranks, his secret letter writing, his fondness for music, all pourtray a lively and imaginative mind, in which his love of praise is very conspicuous; but, highly as we think of his powers, and of the manifest indications of superiority shewn even in his childhood, we can hardly assent to the extraordinary accounts which he gives of the intuitive perception of his own consciousness, which flashed upon his mind at a very early age. We think, although he strongly protests against such a construction, that there must be in this instance some deception of the memory. At all events, it is most probable that the idea was excited in his mind by some previous remarks which he had either heard or read.

We have dwelt thus long upon his childhood, both because it was evidently a favourite period with Jean Paul, and unfortunately forms almost the only part of his biography which he himself had brought to any degree of perfection, and because, unlike what has been the case with many distinguished writers, his powers displayed themselves in his earlier years; for we behold, both in the man, and in the boy, the same ingenuity, the same constant action of the mind, the same consciousness of his own worth, which displayed itself, not in overbearing haughtiness, but in an unshaken firmness of purpose, the result of a conviction to which genius frequently arrives by instruction, instead of the slow process by which common minds are influenced. We would willingly quote in illustration of this, the beautiful picture of domestic life, which he has given (p. 57), were it not too long for our present purpose; but we would particularly refer to the charming remarks on the Evening Bells, the 'swan-song of the day,' 'the Maid, with her Tale of the Shepherd and the Wolf,' and the impression made by stories upon children. But whoever reads Jean Paul, must be content to receive his communications as he pleases to confer them; fortunately the value of the picture sufficiently compensates for the oddness of the frame in which he chooses to exhibit his productions. Thus he divides his descriptions of the family life at Joditz, into four "Idyls," and his last work, 'Selina, on the Immortality of the Soul,' into planets, instead of chapters. To tell the truth, there is occasionally a striving after originality, conspicuous in most of his works, that renders his expressions and thoughts frequently strained and affected; nor would it be either just or possible to form an adequate idea of the mind of this singular and extraordinary writer, except by a continued survey of several of his productions. We shall, therefore, take a rapid view of the outward circumstances of his life, and endeavour to enable our readers, by a detailed account of some of those works that will admit of quotation, to judge for themselves.

The affairs of the family became, after this, more gloomy, the father having contracted debts, which sometimes brought them into unpleasant difficulties. Among his teachers, Vogel, respectably known in German literature, was one. They all not only admired his boundless zeal, but soon distinguished his extraordinary talents, and admitted him to a degree of equality with them. Under the instruction of Vogel, he had the advantage of a library, such as is not often to be found in a country village; and in a list of books mentioned, we find several well calculated indeed to open new worlds to the inquisitive mind of youth, but likely also to operate injuriously, if perused without sufficient previous information. But Vogel did not lend his books indiscriminately, and we have a letter, in which Jean Paul, with all the impetuosity that might have been expected from his ardent curiosity, advances his paradoxes, to persuade his instructor to lend him Lessing's Fragments.

In 1799, in his examination for admission into the Gymnasium, at Hof, he gave proofs of such decided superiority, that the privileges he received in consequence, rendered him the object of envy and dislike to his schoolfellows there. In the following year he wrote down his observations on various subjects, in a book, entitled *Uebungen in Denken*, (Exercises in thinking).

Some of the titles we quote, to shew the direction of his mind;—'On the Origin of our Idea of God.' 'Of the Harmony between our true and false Opinions.' 'Is the world a *Perpetuum Mobile*; a Fragment?' 'Some General Remarks on Physiognomy.' 'Our Notions of Spirits, which are different from ourselves.' 'How do Man, the Animals, Plants, and still smaller Substances, attain perfection?' 'On the Religions of the World.' 'Every Man is the Standard by which he himself measures every thing.'

These exercises contain, as might be expected, many indications of the age of the writer, many forced antitheses, and violent paradoxes, much ingenious reasoning from false premises, and display that tendency to theoretical and speculative philosophy, which was very natural in a youth who had lived almost isolated in the world. But they contain likewise proofs that he had not only read much, but thought deeply; and we occasionally discern a sceptical turn, which he probably contracted from his indiscriminate reading in Pastor Vogel's library. We extract from them the following remark.

'Many think that they prove their piety, by calling this world a vale of sorrow; but I think that they would display more, were they to call it a vale of joy. God will be pleased with him who is contented with the world, rather than with him with whom every thing goes wrong. Amidst so many thousand joys that exist in the world, is it not black ingratitude to call it a place of sorrow and of torment?'

This is, doubtless, the sentiment of one who views the world through the gladdening prism of youth; but it is nevertheless just, both in philosophy and in religion. We may be told that we read of opposite sentiments in the Psalms, but it should be remembered, that David by his sin had caused his sorrow. Man is apt to cast the gloom of his own mind upon the universe, and then imagine that he sees it unrefracted.

In 1781, our author went to the university at Leipzig, provided with a *Testimonium Paupertatis*. His former instructor, Vogel, wrote him an affectionate letter, and he writes an answer in return, containing, with a good deal of German *Schwarmerei*, manifest proofs of his goodness of heart and filial affection.

'Do you know what impels me to industry?—My mother.—I owe it to her to sweeten one part of her life, as she has passed the other in such misfortune, and through my assistance to diminish the loss which she has sustained in my father's death. It is my duty to contribute to the happiness of my brothers. If it were otherwise, I should never accept a public office, but pursue a different course of study, following only that which pleased me, and for which I was conscious of possessing powers.'

The following remarks, in which he defends Ernesti against the observations of Vogel, are likewise worthy of notice.

'I have observed that a man must not live long, if he would live always with renown. We constantly expect from him new monuments of his greatness, and consider his past actions merely the heralds of the future. We only look forwards, we seek always what he is, and forget what he has been: we no longer admire him when we must admire in him the same: he outlives himself. It is only after the death of great men that we comprise the whole sphere of their career, we do not bestow unlimited praise before their death, because we would wish to allure them to still greater deeds, and will not by too great an exaltation of the present, deter them from striving after perfection. Thus it was with the great Young,* in England, and nearly so with Ernesti, in Leipzig. . . . .

'But perhaps Ernesti is now praised beyond his deserts. He spoke Latin like Cicero, but wanted Cicero's eloquence; he used good words, but wanted elevated thoughts; he owed his reputation more to his industry than to his genius; more to his memory than to his depth. He was a great philologist, but no great philosopher.'

The extracts from his *Tagebuch meiner Arbeiten auf den Monat August*, 1781, (Journal of my Labours, for August, 1781), exhibit great improvement in the simplicity of the thoughts, and accuracy of expression. We shall give a few extracts, premising that the writer was only eighteen years old.

'The best means to learn our faults, is to tell others their's. They will be too proud to bear them in silence, and will discover your's in return. We cannot easily discern our real form from a friend. He is a mirror, on which the warmth of our breath disturbs the clearness of the reflection. We learn our virtues from the bosom friends who love us—our faults from the enemy who hates us. Both often say too much, but between the two extremes, it is easy to find the truth.

'We gladly discern a fault in a great man, for it prevents our being dazzled by the brightness of his greatness.

'The brightness of the upright man lights the bad man to his own hatefulness; the latter, therefore, avoids the former, he seeks the darkness of the night, and fears no spectre but himself. Great men are often most pleasant and most useful, when with their years they lay down their faults; they please most at the evening of life, like the sun—brighter, indeed, at noon—at his setting. They are great without being dangerous, they warm, but burn not.

'Envy is the child of want, and not seldom the illegitimate offspring of a holier impulse; it is the nourishment of a degenerate soul, and grows only on the ruins of the human mind, as moss on decayed palaces. It feeds on the faults of others, as the raven on carrion. It is so ignoble to be envious, yet so difficult to avoid being so, that we should soon bid farewell to the goodness of our nature, if all vices were so closely connected with it.'

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* We suppose the author of the Night Thoughts is here alluded to, his inflation of style rendering him a great favourite with the German students.

We have merely selected a few of his remarks, and these chiefly on account of their brevity; but collectively, they display rather the acuteness and reflection of a mind already advanced towards maturity, than the crude observations of youth. Besides these labours, he diligently continued the practice which he had early adopted, of making copious extracts from such writers as pleased him. These had amounted to twelve quarto volumes before he went to the University.

His first literary attempts, and the motives by which he was actuated, cannot be better told than by himself, in a letter to Vogel.

'You know that I am poor, but perhaps you do not know, that I derive no assistance in my poverty. You must first give a patron to understand, by means of money, that you are in want of money.'

He then describes the difficulties of his situation, and continues, 'I happened to think thus: I will write books, that I may be able to buy books; I will instruct the public, (excuse the false expression in favour of the antithesis), that I may learn at the University. I will harness the horses behind the carriage, that I may get out of the slough.'

And in all the enthusiasm of the moment, he writes with schoolboy spirits, and informs his friend of his first production—'The Praise of Folly.' Like all young authors, he fancies himself in print, and the price of the copy-right in his pocket. In a few pages we find him writing in a different tone.

'I left Hof last year accompanied by the airy dreams with which credulous fancy is wont to deck the distant future. Nobody, thought I to myself, is happier than you are. Your 'Praise of Folly' will bring you 100 dollars, and upon that you can live for a summer, although your book will not. But then you will write another for the next fair, get more money and less blame. Herr Professor, Seidlitz, will have negociated your 'Satirical *Abortus*,' and handed over the *Honorarium* on your first visit.'

'But Herr Professor, Seidlitz, had not negociated the Satirical Abortus, and therefore it very naturally follows that he could not give me the Honorarium at the first visit; however, he had the goodness to patronise my book in his desk so long that the time in which it might have been got up for the Michaelmas fair was half expired. I had now my book, but no publisher, and upon sitting down to read it again, I thanked God that I had none.'

He describes his misfortunes in the same humourous strain, and relates his next attempt, a satire, *Grönlundischen Prozesse*, (The Greenland Law Suits). This work, like almost all his earlier writings, exhibited a fondness for images, and play of words, carried to the extreme. It was said, by some malicious witling, to be as cold as the country from which it took its name. There was much of exaggeration in this remark, although it was not wholly devoid of truth. We shall not, however, enter into a detailed analysis of this, or of his other works, but endeavour, by a selection of extracts from his later writings, to convey some idea of the peculiar manner of Jean Paul; for it is only by reading him, that his character can be at all understood.

After considerable difficulty he found a publisher, but the reception which his first publication met with was not such as to induce the bookseller to repeat the experiment; and Jean Paul passed many years in poverty and difficulties. Genius, like his, however, could not always remain concealed, and his countrymen, as if to atone for former neglect, at once acknowledged his powers, and classed him with Schiller, Goethe, and the splendid galaxy of Weimar. He received from one of the princes of Germany, a pension that placed him, independently of the profits arising from his literary labours, above want; but writing, was to him an absolute necessity; he was constantly engaged in planning some new work, and passed several years in the bosom of his family, occasionally undertaking some pedestrian tour, of which exercise he was remarkably fond. Thus he lived, the delight of his own immediate connexions, respected and admired by all; towards the close of his life he suffered much from a weakness in his eyes, which at last amounted to an almost total loss of sight. He had always looked forward to the hope that his son would speak and write of him, as *he* had spoken and written of *his* father, but his hopes were defeated by his early death; and it is impossible to read the scattered fragments alluding to this event, which were found among his papers, without the deepest emotion. They affect the heart more powerfully than the most highly-wrought narrative, and form a melancholy contrast with the warmth in which he expressed his affection for his son, whilst yet in the enjoyment of health. 'I can never imagine myself as a father losing his child; it would come too hard upon me.' (This was written when his son was in the bloom of youth and health.) The lines which follow almost immediately, prove the uncertainty of human felicity. 'Through the death of my son is the emptiness of life made manifest to me. The Gymnasiumsaal is hung with black to me for ever, I can enter it no more. This (Selina) is the only book of mine, which he (his son) need not read, he possesses already the proofs of immortality.'

It is gratifying to observe that a mind like his, was not deaf to the voice of philosophy and religion. His warm piety enabled him to consider the death of his much loved son, with a firm and humble reliance upon the wisdom and goodness of God, even in those dispensations which are most afflicting. He who pictured in glowing and beautiful language that has rarely been equalled, and perhaps never surpassed, the glorious majesty of this universe with all its imperfections, and opened from the heights of his own mind, new points of view from which to contemplate its vast and wonderful extent, and dwell upon the power and goodness of its Creator, was not wanting to his creed in the hour of trial.

In 'Selina,' the posthumous work of Jean Paul, on which he was engaged until a few days before his death, it was the object of the author to prove the immortality of the soul, without reference to any particular system of religion. As he was only able to complete a part of his design, it is unfair to subject his work throughout to the rules of severe criticism. But we do not think that the manner in which he has treated this great subject, although it bears marks of his original genius, and exhibits a connexion in the argument, which we do not meet with in many of his former writings, would under any circumstances insure success. In the present state of human knowledge, when, in the Christian religion, we have, to borrow our author's own expression, much higher results than in the Jewish, it is surely superfluous to argue the question on the narrow ground of philosophy alone. But even considering it on this basis, we cannot see what right the work has to the appellation of Platonic, or allow for a moment, with his German admirers, that it can bear a comparison with the immortal productions of the Greek writers on this subject. It is a radical error in a work of this nature, to exclude the consideration of human feelings; for these, universal as they are, may be assumed as instinctive evidence of the immortality of the soul; and when, in addition to this evidence, we have the decisive testimony of Revelation, the question is, in our opinion set at rest. Of the chapters in which magnetism is introduced, we are not competent to speak, for we are of the uninitiated; yet we see no such convincing arguments against it, *a priori*, as to warrant us to decide upon that which we do not understand. The principal interest of the work, to us at least, consists in the account of the habits and manners of Jean Paul, and the fragments, containing his opinions on various subjects, which are to be found in the second volume. These, published from his papers as they were found at his death, have been given uncorrected and unconnected, and we have here the rough draft of many works with which this indefatigable writer was wont to occupy his ever active mind.

We proceed, according to our promise, to give a few extracts from his later writings.

'Who has followed and examined reality even to its deepest valleys, like the twin stars of poesy, Homer and Shakspeare? As art ever labours in the school of nature, so were the richest poets of old her most attached and industrious children, to transmit her portrait to succeeding generations. If we would picture to ourselves a truly great poet, we must grant to genius a *metempsychosis* through all nations, times, and circumstances, and send him to circumnavigate the world. What higher and bolder representations of its infinite form would he not project? The poets of the ancients were men of business and warriors before they were singers: and the epic poets*, in particular, steered the helm through the waves of life, before they took up the pencil to describe the voyage. It is with the children of the mind as the Romans thought of the children of the body—they must touch the earth if they would learn to speak. . . . .

'Imagination is the prose of the creative power or fancy. It is nothing but a potential vivid recollection, which even animals possess, for they dream and fear. Its images are only flitting leaves from the real world; fever or nervousness can so thicken them, that they pass from the inner to the outer world, and stiffen into bodies. But fancy or the creative power is something higher; it is the world-soul of the soul, the element-spirit of the other powers. Experience and the other powers of the mind tear but leaves from the book of nature—fancy forms these parts into a whole. It brings even the absolute and the infinite nearer to reason, and more discernible to mortal man, It employs itself with the future and the past, because no other time can become infinite or totalized: not from a room full of air, but from the whole height of the atmosphere is the ethereal blue of heaven formed.' . . . . .

How beautifully does he describe passive genius:

'There are persons who, endowed with higher sense, but with weaker powers than active talent, receive in their open soul the great world-spirit, whether in outward life, or in the inner life of fiction and of thought, who remain true and faithful to it, as the tender wife to the strong man, but who, when they would express their love, can utter only broken sounds, or speak otherwise than they wish. If the man of talent may be called the clever actor and merry imitative ape of genius, these are the silent, serious, upright woodmen, to whom fate has denied the power of speech. If, as the Indians think, the animals are the dumb of the earth, these are the dumb of heaven.'

In the department of humorous composition, Jean Paul stands without a rival among his countrymen. We behold in him that nationality which is the surest testimony of extensive observation. He described the life that he beheld, in its varieties of the comic, the playful, and the serious. He reveals his own feelings under the veil of fictitious circumstances and places, and introduces himself personally to his readers in most of his works, conscious of their sympathy and affection. This constant allusion to self, might, in an inferior writer, have the appearance of vanity or egotism, but in Jean Paul it is one of the most delightful characteristics. We behold him pourtrayed in his writings, and whilst we admire his genius, it is impossible to withhold our love and esteem from the man. Strangely perverted, indeed, must be the heart that can withstand, without emotion, the child-like simplicity and poetic richness of the outgushings of his gifted and susceptible mind.' For in him the most opposite qualities exist, and blend together so naturally, that the alteration of a single feature would injure the whole effect. But what we most admire in him is that greatness of thought and sublimity of character, united with the purest goodness of heart. Few follies of the time escaped his notice, his friendly warning, or powerful satire. But he delighted not in taking the gloomy side—he always opposes innocence to vice, and right to wrong. He exercised a rare tolerance towards all, which, without degenerating to indifference, looked over all parties, and acknowledged the good, from whatever quarter it came. He never misused his inexhaustible powers of humour, or revelled in them to the pain of others. He had the strength and power of a giant, but he used it with the kindly feelings of a child.

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* It is not a little singular that the heroic poets of all ages have had to struggle with great misfortunes, as Homer, Milton, Tasso, Dante, &c.; whilst many tragic writers, as Sophocles, Lope de Vega, Shakspeare, &c., may perhaps be quoted as fortunate men.

Art. IV.—*Notions of the Americans: picked up by a Travelling Bachelor.* In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1828.

Any one who has only hastily read, and lightly reflected on the various accounts of the United States, which have been published by travellers within the last twenty years, must have been often strangely puzzled to account, not merely for the discordant opinions, but the irreconcileable differences in matters of fact and calculation by which those publications are distinguished. If one set of writers are to be credited, the union of the states cannot last a quarter of a century; the people of the north have interests so opposed to those of the south, that it is impossible they can live long under the same government; the federation is tending every day towards a monarchy: the wealthy merchants and large landholders are sighing for titles of nobility, and even the very mob are weary of the constantly recurring elections for presidents, for senators, members of congress, members of state legislatures, school masters, tax assessors, and all the numberless civil officers who depend on the sweet voices of the multitude for their public existence. The army is so contemptible in numbers and organization, that it hardly deserves the name; the navy was once pretty well equipped, but the ships of war are now lying by and going to decay; the members of the lower house are chiefly a rustic and ignorant race of men, wholly incompetent to the duties of legislation, and the senate is so distracted by private intrigues and personal passions, that it is a mere incumbrance to the country. Then the society of the Americans is a perfect bore. Of manners they know little, and practise less; their morality is questionable, their ladies are all milliners, and their gentlemen mere shop clerks, boisterous, drunken, and uncivil, who are ready to shoot any stranger, and particularly any Englishman, with a rifle, or to scalp him with a tomahawk, if he should offer them the slightest offence.

The case made out by the tourists on the other side, is of course the very reverse of all this. According to the reports of these writers, the confederacy of the states is sure to last as long as the solid globe itself, and is destined ultimately to comprehend the whole North American continent. It is true that some of the north-eastern states have interests different from those of the southern, but they are all resolved to make every sacrifice for the sake of the permanency of their institutions. Instead of the government inclining towards a monarchy, it is, on the contrary, becoming more democratical every year; and such is the influence of common sense and a love of simplicity among the wealthy inhabitants, that they abhor every thing savouring of aristocracy. With respect to the elections, it is true they are frequent; but those to whom they are burthensome stay away, and leave them to be managed by the more active members of the community. A country governed like the United States, by the will of the people, wants no army, nay would not endure one. The navy is kept upon a respectable footing, and is on the increase. It may be admitted that a few members of the House of Representatives are little better than clowns, but the majority of them are men of education and of sterling good sense. If the senate be slow, discretion and caution are necessary to check the proceedings of the more popular assembly: if it be occasionally pompous, that is but an excess of the dignity by which it ought to be characterized. But as to the society of the United States, nothing can be more unfounded than the libels which are published against it; it is frank, kindly, and hospitable, especially to Englishmen, who are treated with the greatest cordiality; the ladies are all models of virtue, and the gentlemen the very pink of elegance.

We believe that, as usual, the truth lies very much in the middle, between the exaggerations of both parties. Our English travellers are very generally in the habit of judging of foreign countries by the standards of politics and taste which prevail in their own. With the exception of those amongst them who are of a republican turn of mind, they of course can rarely see any thing in the United States that is deserving of praise. The republicans, on the contrary, look upon every thing as perfect, in a confederacy founded on so popular a basis; and between them and the native writers of the states, there is scarcely any perceptible difference of opinion.

Mr. Cooper, the author of the volumes before us, is of the latter class. Though he has spent several of his best years in this country, he has in no instance, that we could discover, divested himself of his prepossessions in favour of the soil that gave him birth. For this we blame him not. It is not to be expected, nor indeed to be desired, that our author shall treat of the institutions to which he has been accustomed from his infancy, with the cold impartiality of an alien. It is perfectly natural that Mr. Cooper should endeavour to hold up the example of the United States, as one that ought to be imitated by all the world. We censure him not for painting the scenery of his native land in the most attractive colours. It has many charms for him which a stranger cannot feel, and this will very fairly account for the tone of eulogy which pervades his work upon every subject which it embraces. It is certainly one of the best *apologies* for the United States, which has yet been published, and looking at it under that point of view, we may glance over its manifold exaggerations, without being disgusted by their violence, or deceived by their plausibility.

Our author has had recourse to a vain and shallow artifice for the purpose of conveying to the world his own real opinions concerning the United States. He visits those countries with an imaginary friend, to whom he has given the name of Cadwallader. He is himself an entire stranger in the country, wholly ignorant of the laws, customs, and even the dialect of its inhabitants. He finds at first many things which he cannot understand, and is inclined to censure; but luckily he applies to Cadwallader, who sets matters right in a very short time, and thoroughly convinces him that the very points on which he was most disposed to launch out his invectives, are those upon which it was his duty to extol the confederation. This Cadwallader reminds us much of the concealed friend of Moses, in the School for Scandal. "I have not got the money myself, but I can borrow it of a friend." We are moreover obliged to pay an immense discount for the loan; a more consummate panegyrist than Cadwallader, is not to be found in poetry or prose. Nothing comes amiss to his appetite for the laudatory strain. From the humble plough to the miraculous steam engine, from the potatoe to the pine apple, from the cottage to the capital, from the peasant to the president, all things whatsoever, whether they belong to the regions of still or of active life, are found in the states in their highest possible degree of perfection. The gentle author is at first surprised to find his hopes so far behind the reality; but the evidence of his senses, aided by the sage councils of his friend, is so convincing, that reluctant though he be to own the existence of so much excellence, he must in candour and fairness admit it, when arguments are adduced in its favour, which he, for his part, knows not how to controvert! Happy simpleton, it were a pity if the world did not participate in his credulity!

It is a common fact in itself, and one that unfolds a volume of criticism on the real attachment of educated men to the democracy of America, that our author with all his prepossessions, or prejudices perhaps in its favour, has affected to write under the feigned character of a nobleman, and that all the letters of which his work is composed, are addressed to three persons of title, a French Count, a German Baron, and an English Baronet! So much for the hatred which the Americans bear to the nomenclature of nobility! It appears to us, moreover, that there are opinions advanced in the following passage, which bear a strong impress of aristocratical notions. We do not perceive that they have the sanction of Cadwallader.

> 'One hears a great deal in Europe of the equality of the United States. Now, if you will make a moderate allowance for the effects which are produced by the division of property on the death of its possessor, or the facility with which estates are acquired, and to the fact that no legal orders exist in the community, you may, with a certain qualification, take the general rules which govern the associations and habits of all other countries, as applicable to this. In order, however, to measure accurately the degree of influence the circumstances just named produce, probably requires a greater knowledge of America than I possess. Though it is quite apparent that those conventional castes which divide the whole civilized world into classes, are to be found here, just as they are in Europe, they appear to be separated by less impassable barriers. The features of society are substantially the same, though less strongly marked. You, as an Englishman, can find no difficulty in understanding, that the opinions and habits of all the different divisions in life may prevail without patents of nobility. They are the unavoidable consequences of differences in fortune, education and manners. In no particular, that I can discover, does the situation of an American gentleman differ from that of an English gentleman, except that the former must be content to enjoy his advantages as a concession of the public opinion, and not as a right. I can readily believe that the American, whatever might be his name, fortune, or even personal endowments, who should arrogate that manner of superiority over his less fortunate countrymen that the aristocracy of your country so often assume to their inferiors, would be in great danger of humiliation; but I cannot see that he is in any sense the less of a gentleman for the restraint. I think I have already discovered the source of a very general error on the subject of American society. Short as has been my residence in the country, I have met with many individuals of manners and characters so very equivocal, as scarcely to know in what conventional order they ought to be placed. There has been so singular a compound of intelligence, kindness, natural politeness, coarseness, and even vulgarity, in many of these persons, that I am often utterly baffled in the attempt to give them a place in the social scale. One is ashamed to admit, that men who at every instant are asserting their superiority in intellect and information, can belong to an inferior condition; and yet one is equally reluctant to allow a claim to perfect equality, on the part of those who are constantly violating the rules of conventional courtesy.'—vol. i. pp. 107—109.

We should like much to hear the opinion of an honest farmer of Kentucky on this passage. We guess he would say that it was written by an Englishman. Indeed, it is evident that upon points of this nature, Mr. Cooper's 'notions' are somewhat more English than American. There is, if we may say so, a strong spice of aristocracy in his democracy, and if he may be credited, the failing is occasionally apparenteven amongst the most republican of the states themselves.

'It is,' he asserts, 'a peculiar feature of American democracy, and it is one which marks its ancient date and its entire security, that it is unaccompanied by any jealousy of aristocracy beyond that which distinguishes the usual rancour of personal envy. One may sometimes hear remarks that denote the sourness of an unsuccessful rivalry, but the feeling can no where be traced in the conduct of the nation. The little states of Connecticut and Rhode Island* contain, beyond a doubt, the two most purely democratic communities in the civilized world. In both, the public will is obeyed with the submission that a despot would exact; and in the latter, it is consulted to a minuteness of detail that would be inconvenient, if not impracticable, in a community of more extended interests. Now, mark one effect of this excessive democracy which you may not be prepared to expect. No less than three governors of Connecticut have been named to me, who in due progress of time, and at suitable ages, have been selected to sit in the chair which their fathers had filled with credit. Many inferior offices also exist, which, were it not for the annual decision of the people, might be thought to have become hereditary in certain families. Here is proof that the sovereign people can be as stable in their will, as the will of any other sovereign. Of the five presidents who have filled the chair, since the adoption of the present constitution in 1789, but one has left a son. That son is now a candidate for the same high office; and though the circumstance, amid a thousand other absurdities, is sometimes urged against his election, it is plain there is not a man in the whole nation who deems it of the least importance.'†—vol. i. pp. 217—219.

But if any doubt remain on the subject, we apprehend it will be removed by the following very lively and graphic picture of a large and indiscriminate assembly, collected during the visit of Lafayette to New York:

'The assemblage was composed of every class in the country, with the exception of those perhaps who are compelled to seek their livelihood by positive bodily labour. Still there was no awkwardness apparent, no presumption on the part of the one, nor any arrogance on that of others. All passed off simply, harmoniously, and with the utmost seeming enjoyment.

'My friend, who is very universally known, was saluted at every step by some fair one, or some man, who, to the eye at least, had the port and bearing of a gentleman. "Who is that?" I asked him, after he had paused an instant to speak to a young couple who were promenading the room together. "That is young ——— and his bride. He has recently returned from his travels, to take possession of a fine estate which has descended to him from the old Dutch patricians of our state, and to marry that sweet creature on his arm, who has had power enough to retain her influence after his tour through Europe, and who, by-the-bye, is a distant cousin of my own." "And that?" I continued. "A city politician," returned Cadwallader, smiling. "He is ambitious of ruling his ward, though a man of family, fortune, and education; and he to whom he has just spoken is a brazier, and is his rival, and often too with success. This grave looking man in black is a state politician; and he who is lounging with those ladies yonder, is one of the meridian of Washington. They are all connected, and act in concert, and yet each keeps his proper sphere as accurately as the planets. Those half dozen fashionable looking young men are the sons of gentlemen, and he who speaks to them in passing is the son of a mechanic who is in their employ. They are probably brother officers in some militia regiment." "And he to whom you have just spoken?" "That is my hatter, and a very good one he is too. Now that man, in common, no more expects to associate with me, or to mingle in my ordinary recreations, than I should to sit at the table of the king of France; and yet he is sensible, discreet, and in many things well informed. Such a man would neither overlook an unnecessary slight, nor would be apt to presume beyond the mark between us, which his own good sense will be sure to prescribe. He knows our habits are different, and he feels that I have the same right to enjoy mine, that he has to possess his own. You see we are very good friends, and yet this is probably the first time we ever met in the same company.'—vol. i. pp. 247, 248.

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* The writer was assured that the office of Secretary of State in Rhode Island, had been in one family for near seventy years.

† Mr. John Quincy Adams: he was chosen the following winter, and is now president.

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'As I stood regarding the mixed assembly before me, I had the best possible illustration of the truth of what I will not call the levelling, for elevating is a far better word, effects of the state of society, which has been engendered by the institutions and the great abundance of this country. Of some three thousand females present, not a sixth of the whole number, perhaps, belonged to those classes that, in Europe, are thought to have any claims to compose the *élite* of society. And yet so far as air, attire, grace, or even deportment, were concerned, it must have been a sickly and narrow taste indeed that could have taken exceptions. Although so far removed from what we are accustomed to consider the world, the Americans, in general, have far less of what is called, in English, the manner of the 'shop' about them, than their kinsmen of England. These peculiar features are getting every day less striking every where; but Cadwallader tells me they never existed in America at all. Few men are so completely limited to one profession, or trade, as not to possess a great many just and and accurate ideas on other subjects; and though it may be a consequence that excellence is more rare in particular pursuits, it is certain that, in manner and in general intelligence, the nation is greatly a gainer. The effect of this elevation of character (I persist in the term), was abundantly conspicuous at the castle garden *fête*. Both men and women deported themselves, and to all appearance looked quite as well as a far more select *réunion* in Europe.—pp. 254, 255.

Had an Englishman written these paragraphs, the sentiments which they betray, rather than express, would have been ascribed to his prepossessions in favour of those social monopolies and gradations which are established in his own country. Proceeding as they do from the pen of an American, they pretty well demonstrate the existence of that decided tendency towards aristocratic notions, which our author so strenuously denies in other parts of his work. This inconsistency between general assertions and particular facts, is the more worthy of consideration, as it throws a good deal of light on the ideas and usages of the inhabitants of the United States. There are, in truth, amongst them, however it may be denied, decided remains of that old colonial aristocracy which their forefathers imported with them from England; and though they may be often faintly disguised, if not altogether concealed, they are too consonant to the common feelings of human nature ever to be eradicated.

But if the Americans look more to the past than they are themselves willing to admit, their principal pride, their universal vaunt, is referable to the future. What they *are* is undoubtedly great, but what they are *to be*, it is beyond the utmost power of imagination to shadow forth. 'Magnificent,' 'prodigious,' are epithets too tame to convey the least idea of the grandeur that awaits them. A striking and whimsical instance of this love of building castles in the air, appears in our author's calculation of the future populousness of New York. 'If,' he says, 'the rate of increase for the last thirty-five years is to be taken as a guide for the future, the city of New York will contain about 900,000 souls in the year 1860.' Upon the same principle of calculation, it would contain about two million in the year 1890; in 1920, four million; and in 1950, about ten million! In the year 2000, New York will therefore be inhabited by twenty million; in 2030, it will boast of forty million; and in 2060, no fewer than eighty million of men, women, and children, will live within its ample boundaries! Such are the prodigious results of American calculation. Justly does Mr. Cooper warn us, when he declares that, 'in order to keep pace with the progress of things in this extraordinary country, something like that which elsewhere might be termed *extravagance of anticipation*, becomes absolutely necessary.' We shall only give another specimen, and it will be seen that it is really a very moderate one, of this indispensible 'extravagance of anticipation.' The author is still hovering in his poetic flight over New York.

'Really reflection on this subject is likely to derange the ideas of the gravest man. Imagine, for instance, that Africa were a populous and civilized region; that Spain were peopled by an active and enlightened population; that their habits were highly commercial; and then assume that Gibraltar was not only one of the most noble, convenient and safe havens of the world, but that, from its central position, it had secured an ascendancy in European trade. Remove all serious rivals which chance or industry had raised in the other parts of Europe, to the prosperity of this unrivalled mart, placing it already foremost among the cities of our hemisphere. Then, supposing the Mediterranean, with all its tributaries, a narrow, convenient river, having direct communication with vast lakes, whose banks were peopled by men of similar education and opinions, wants and wishes, governed by the same policy, and subject to the same general laws, and I commit you to your own imaginative powers to fancy what the place would become in the space of a century.

> 'With these views unavoidably before the eye, it is difficult to descend to the sober reality of existing things. I can now easily understand the perspective of American character. It is absolutely necessary to destroy thought, to repress it. I fear we owe a good deal of our exemption from the quality we laugh at, from the same penetrating faculty of the mind. A state of things may easily exist, in which it is quite as pleasant to look back as forward; but here, though the brief retrospect be so creditable, it absolutely sinks into insignificance compared with the mighty future. These people have clearly only to continue discreet, to be foremost among the nations of the earth, and that too, most probably, before the discussion as to their future fate shall be forgotten.'—pp. 171, 172.

It is amusing to observe how anxious our author is, not merely to make a good defence for his country on every point, even the most trifling, on which her superiority has been disputed, but even to exalt her glory to a greater pitch than even Americans had ever ventured to aspire to. Some European travellers, it seems, had the hardihood to speak slightingly of the transatlantic fruits. Our author admits that there is no extraordinary shew of fruits in the public market places; but then the peaches, cherries, and melons are not only abundant, but beyond all comparison better than those that are found in any other part of the world.

> 'A French peach is juicy, and, when you first bring it in contact with your palate, sweet, but it leaves behind it a cold, watery, and almost sour taste. It is for this reason so often eaten with sugar. An American is exceedingly apt to laugh if he sees ripe fruit of any sort eaten with any thing sweet. The peaches here leave behind a warm, rich, and delicious taste, that I can only liken in its effects to that which you call the *bouquet* of a glass of *Romanée*.'—vol. i. pp. 185, 186.

As to melons, the Americans would hardly give to their swine the rank, rude fruit which is grown in Europe. 'There is a little one to be picked up in the markets here for a few sous, that exceeds any thing of its kind, that I have ever admitted into the sanctuary of my mouth. I want terms to describe it. It is firm, and yet tender; juicy, without a particle of the cold, watery taste we know, and of an incomparable flavour and sweetness!'

Our author disclaims what he deems the usual privilege of his country to speak in terms of exaggeration, when he attempts to convey some idea of the fragrance which emanates from the American clover. He begs to be understood in the most literal sense, when he says that it is so delicious, that it 'might cause even a miserable victim of the anger of Djezzar Pacha, momentarily to forget his nasal dilapidation!' Miraculous odour, to make a man smell it who had no nose! Doubtless, the beauty of its colour would cause the blind to see, and the dumb to speak, and the deaf would hear it as it grows! This is well enough, we presume, for the clover of America. But what shall be said of its buck-wheat?—Cadwallader (that unlucky rogue, who would think nothing of putting St. Paul's into his waistcoat pocket) remarked, 'how comparatively devoid of scent was a field of buck-wheat, by the side of which he was once walking in the centre of France. Now buck-wheat, in this climate, is a plant that exhales a delicious odour that is often to be scented at the distance of *a quarter of a mile!*' Is not this short of the real distance? Is not the odour of the buck-wheat of Virginia really sometimes perceptible at the mouth of our own Mersey? What say you, Cadwallader?

After these instances of ludicrous exaggeration, we can be surprised at nothing. We have been so long accustomed to hear the United States held up as a formidable maritime power, that we expected a good deal of bombast on that subject; and enough we found in all conscience, although the simple truth appears to be, that their actual force of cruisers in commission in the present year (1828), is stated to be 'one ship of the line, six frigates, two corvettes, ten sloops, and four schooners. These vessels, including the ordinary, are manned by 5318 men.' With respect to the American troops, 'it would be vain,' says Mr. Cooper, 'to deny their excellence, when properly equipped and disciplined. If the English soldiers are admitted to be as good as common, *the Americans are equal to the best.*' This fulsome vanity needs no comment.

The most interesting, because the least exaggerated portions of Mr. Cooper's volumes, are those in which he details the practical, and, in some respects, intricate machinery of the federal constitution of the United States. The reader who wishes to become thoroughly acquainted with that subject, will find it fully and clearly treated in this work. The topics are too numerous and minute to bear abridgment; and we must therefore content ourselves with the author's description of the house of representatives:

> 'The hall of the house of representatives, without being particularly rich, or highly wrought, is one of the most beautiful apartments I have ever entered. The form is semicircular. It is lighted from above, and from windows on its straight side. Between these windows and the body of the hall, is a sort of lobby or gallery, which is separated from the other parts by a colonnade. Here the members and privileged persons promenade, converse, stand, listen, or repose, without, in fact, quitting the room. It is sufficiently withdrawn to prevent the appearance of disorder, and yet near enough to render the debates audible.
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> 'In the centre of the diameter which cuts the circle is the speaker's chair. It is, in fact, a little sofa, sufficiently large to hold, on occasion, the president of the United States, the president of the senate, and the speaker. Immediately in front, and four or five feet lower, is a chair for the presiding member, when the house acts as a committee. On a line with the speaker the clerks have their places. In front of the chair there is a vacant semicircular space of perhaps five-and-twenty feet in diameter. Then the seats of the members commence. They are arranged in semicircular rows, preserving the form of the exterior walls, and are separated

by a great number of little openings, to admit of a passage between them. Each member has an arm-chair and a low desk, in mahogany. In the first row, they sit in pairs, or there is a vacant space between every two, and each successive row increases its number by one member. Thus, in the last row, some six or seven are placed side by side, as on a bench (though actually on chairs), while those in front are in pairs. The practice is for those who arrive first to choose their seats, and the choice is invariably respected.

'There is no such thing known as a political division of seats. Members of the same politics certainly often choose to be placed near to each other, and sometimes the entire representation of a particular state is to be seen as near together as possible. But there is no rule in the matter.

'The seats of the members are separated from the semicircular passage in which Cadwallader and myself were placed, by no other division than a low railing. Sofas lined the whole of the exterior wall; and as the floor rises a little from the centre, or the area in front of the speaker, we had the best possible opportunity for seeing and hearing. A spacious and commodious gallery, of the same form as the hall, completed the outline of the apartment. It was raised several feet above the level of the chamber, and is intended for the use of spectators.

'The house was organized when we entered, and was engaged in some business of form. Nearly all the seats were occupied: and, as the message was expected, the gallery was crowded with ladies and well-dressed men. The privileged places around the floor of the hall were nearly all filled. The speaker was uncovered, but most of the members wore their hats. No one appeared in costume, nor is there any official dress prescribed to the members of congress for any ceremony whatever.

'After what Cadwallader had told me of the true character of the representation of his country, I confess I was rather surprised with the appearance of the individuals who composed this assembly. It was to be expected that they should all be well attired, but, on the whole, with some very few exceptions, they had quite as much the air of the world about them as those who compose the chambers of the two first nations of Europe. No one is allowed to sit in the lower house who has not attained the age of five-and-twenty; but, in point of fact, there is not, probably, a single member of congress who has seen less than thirty years. The greater number seemed to be men between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five. There were but very few who could be termed old. All, or very nearly all, were natives of the country.

'I was struck with the simple but imposing aspect of this assembly. Though so totally destitute of any personal decorations, the beauty of the hall, with its magnificent row of massive columns*, the great neatness of the fauteuil and desks, the beautifully carpeted floors, and the long range of sofas, serve to relieve a scene that might otherwise have been too naked. It appeared as if the members had said, thus much may you do for the benefit of comfort, for the encouragement of the arts, and, perhaps, as a testimonial of the respect due to the sacred uses of the place, but man must be left in the fullest force of his simplicity. None of the attendants even wore any badges of their offices. There were neither swords, chains, collars, stars, bayonets, nor maces, seen about the place, though a quiet, and order, and decency reigned in the hall, that bespoke the despotic dominion of that mighty, though invisible, monarch—the Law.

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* 'The roof of the hall of the house of representatives is supported by a noble semicircle of columns of pudding stone. They are highly polished, and have a pleasing no less than a striking effect.'

'A discussion on some question of order was getting to be a little general, and one member was addressing the chair [they speak from their places, as in the British Parliament] with some earnestness, when the principal door was thrown open, and an officer proclaimed aloud, "A message from the president." The members all rose in their places, the speaker included, when a young gentleman entered, and passed through the body of the house to the chair. He was attired in a neat morning dress, and having placed his document in the hand of the speaker, he bowed and withdrew. It was then decided that the communication should be read. There was much interest to hear this document, which always contains a great outline of the state of the republic. It was a clear, succinct narrative of what had been done in the course of the past year, of the condition of the finances, of the several negociations, and concluded with a statement of what the people had a right to anticipate for the future.

'When the message was ended, Cadwallader introduced me to several of the members to whom he was personally known. Most of them were men of good manners, and of education, though one or two were certainly individuals who had paid far more attention to the substance of things than to forms. The former were of course of that class of society which, in Europe, would be termed the gentry, and the others were probably farmers, if not mechanics. There was an air of great self-possession and decorum in the latter, nor could the slightest visible difference be traced between the respect which they received, and that which their more polished confederates bestowed on each other. A simple, quiet courtesy is certainly the tone of manners in congress. While we stood together in the lobby, a grave-looking, middle-aged man, of a slightly rustic air, approached, and addressed my companion. His manner was manly and independent, but at the same time decent, and I think it was to be distinguished by a shade of respect. They shook hands, and conversed a little concerning some questions of local politics. Promises were made of exchanging visits. "This is my friend, the ———," said Cadwallader; "a gentleman who is travelling in our country." The stranger saluted me, offering his hand with the utmost simplicity. "If this gentleman comes into our part of the country, I hope to see him," he said, and soon after took his leave. When he was gone, I learned that this individual was a member of congress from the county in which the paternal estates of my friend lie; that he was a farmer of moderate means and good character, whom his fellow citizens had sent to represent them. His constituents might very possibly have made a better choice, and yet this man was not useless, since he served as a check on the schemes of those who would be legislating for effect. A gentleman-like man of sixty came next, and he and my friend met as equals in all respects, except that the latter paid a slight deference to the years of his acquaintance. I was introduced. We touched our hats, and exchanged a few words. The next day, I received this gentleman's card, and as soon as his visit was returned, an invitation to dine in his private lodgings followed. This was Mr.——, a man of immense hereditary landed estate. His alliances, fortune, and habits (though tempered by the institutions of his country), are, to all intents and purposes, the same as those of a gentleman or nobleman in Europe. His character is excellent, and, in consequence, he is now, and may be to the day of his death, the representative of his native district. Here you have the two extremes of the representation of this country—a yeoman, and a great proprietor whose income would put him on a level with most of the great men of our hemisphere. They represent no particular interests, for all interests unite to send them here. They happen to please their constituents, and the fact that the one is a yeoman, and the other a species of lord of the manor, produces no effect whatever. These men meet in congress on terms of perfect equality. It often happens that a yeoman, possessed of a vigorous native mind, has vast influence.'—vol. ii. pp. 36—45.

We add a few observations on the mode of conducting business in both houses of congress. Their indifference as to the particular creeds of their chaplains, must startle the Bishop of Chester and Dr. Philpotts.

'When a bill has passed the two houses, it is signed by the speaker of the house of representatives and the president of the senate, and sent to the president for his approbation. That officer submits it to his cabinet, as a matter of prudence and of courtesy, though not of right. Should he choose it, however, he can demand the written opinion of any of his ministers, and then the individual who gives it may be supposed to become responsible for the honesty of his views. The president decides as he sees fit; there remaining no alternative to the minister but submission, or separation from an administration of whose policy he disapproves. If the president sign the bill, it is a law; but if he does not sign it, he is obliged to send it back to congress with his reasons. Should he neglect to do either, for ten days, it becomes a law without his agency; and should he then refuse to sign it, he may be impeached and punished, as, probably, might such of his ministers who, it could be proved, had been accessary to his obstinacy. If congress be not satisfied with the objections of the president, they put the bill to the question again; and should two-thirds of both houses support it, it becomes a law, without his agency.

'The congress of the United States is not remarkable for the dispatch of public business, nor is it desirable that it should be. One of the greatest merits of the peculiar government of the country is to be found in the fact, that the people are left, as much as possible, to be the agents of their own prosperity. The object of the laws is protection rather than patronage. Haste is rarely necessary where such a state of society exists; and though there may be, and, undoubtedly, frequently is, inconvenience in the delays that sometimes occur, more good than evil is thought to follow the practice. The cause of delay most complained of, is the habit of making set speeches, which is, perhaps, too common.

'You are not, however, to suppose that a member actually talks seventy-two hours without stopping, because he is said to have occupied the house three days. Though Æolus himself does not seem to be longer winded than some of the American legislators, none of them are quite equal to such a blast. If we say nine hours, perhaps, we get the maximum of their breath; and even this period is to be divided into three several and distinct divisions. The houses meet at twelve o'clock. They are commonly occupied in the order of the day until two, when they go into committees of the whole, or take up the deferred business. This leaves the Demosthenes of the occasion but three hours each day for the exercise of his oratory. But bottom enough for three days, on the same subject, is not the fortunate quality of many men: so, after all, very few members ever occupy the house more than an hour or two. The evil does not so much exist in the extraordinary length of the speeches, as in the number of those who can arrange words enough to fill an hour of time.

'The Americans are fond of argument, They discuss in society, a thing which is done no where else, I believe. The habit is often disagreeable, since their opinions are not unfrequently coarsely urged; but the truth is profusely shaken from its husks, in these sharp, intellectual encounters. It is not surprising, that men, who have been accustomed all their lives to have a word in what is passing, should carry the desire to speak into a body which is professedly deliberative. Still, if the trifling inconvenience of these delays shall be put in contrast with the cold and uncalculating injury, the prodigal expenditure, and the quiet corruption with which legislation so often flows on in its silent course, elsewhere, the advantage will be found immensely on the side of these talkers.

'In point of manner, the debates in both houses of congress are conducted with decorum. Those in the senate are particularly dignified; that body maintaining, at all times, rather more of gravity than the other. In the senate, the members are all uncovered; in the lower house they wear their hats, if they please. The arrangements of the two halls are very much the same; but the senate chamber is, of course, much the smallest. The members of the senate may be, on the whole, rather older than the representatives; though there are several between the ages of thirty and five-and-forty. It is necessary to be thirty, in order to sit.

'The forms of the two houses are the same. They meet at a stated hour (12 o'clock), and, after listening to prayers, the regular business of the day is commenced. You would probably suppose that, in a country where there is no established religion, it might be difficult for an indiscriminately collected assembly to agree on the form in which these petitions should be offered up to the Deity. Nothing is, however, more untrue. Each house chooses its own chaplain, or chaplains, who are sometimes of one denomination, and sometimes of another. Prayers are vastly better attended than in England, on such occasions. I remember once to have asked the member from Cadwallader's county, how he reconciled it to his conscience, to listen to the petitions offered up by a clergyman of a sect entirely different from his own. The simple answer was that he believed the Almighty understood all languages.*

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* 'The writer was afterwards present when a Roman Catholic preached to both houses of congress, in the hall of the house of representatives, although it is not probable that more than one or two of the members were of his religious persuasion, if, indeed, there was one. Nearly all of the higher officers of government were present, though they were protestants to a man. Nor was there any show of liberality in the affair at all, but every thing appeared natural, and quite as a matter of course.'

'Although instances of want of temper and of violent expressions have certainly occurred in congress, they are rare, and always strongly condemned. Each new speaker is patiently heard, and there is no other manner of manifesting indifference to his logic practised, than those of writing letters, reading newspapers, and sometimes of quitting the hall. There is far greater silence than in the French chambers, though more moving about than in the house of commons, for the simple reason that there is more room to do it in. There is sometimes a low laugh; but systematic coughing is never heard.'—vol. ii. pp. 52—57.

It is a remarkable fact, that although the freedom of the press is more unbounded in the United States than even in England, yet a tone of decency and forbearance, particularly on subjects connected with the interests and characters of private individuals, pervades it, which may be said to be wholly unknown to the generality of our own newspaper writers. Indeed the present state of what may be termed the Sunday public press in this country, is scandalous in the extreme. Scenes of low and debauched life, anecdotes of private families, true or false, but always infamous, trials for breaches of every law of morality and honesty, police intelligence of the most degrading description, pugilistic combats, drunken brawls—these are the burthen of the Sabbath newspapers of London! What a crime, that the day set apart by the Christian religion for the most sacred of all human occupations, should be prophaned by the publication of such atrocious compilations! But even the daily newspapers, which are supposed to be among the most respectable, are by no means conducted in that gentlemanly manner which one would expect to meet in the metropolis of so enlightened an empire. If they have occasion to remark on the conduct of an individual, of whose sentiments they do not approve, they treat him with a degree of harshness which very often amounts to downright brutality. If his religion happen to differ from their own, they speak of it in the most scurrilous language; and, in truth, they make it very clear that, however they may choose to indulge in professions of Christianity, they are imbued not with its spirit, but the very reverse.

There are about eight hundred journals printed in the United States, and they are very generally conducted with intelligence and spirit. The reviews and magazines are few, and of very mediocre pretensions. The staple literature of the country still consists, and we suspect will for a long time consist, of reprints of works originally published in England.

Our author's account of the state of religion in the Union, exhibits a good deal of information, some of it novel, on this very important subject. He enumerates the different sects as follows:

'If the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, between whom there exist mere shades of difference in discipline and opinion, shall be considered as forming one sect, they are certainly the most numerous. It is computed that they possess near three thousand congregations. The Baptists are known to have more than two thousand. Perhaps the Methodists rank next in numbers. The Protestant Episcopal church is greatly on the increase. I find, by the Ecclesiastical Register, that it contains ten bishops, and three hundred and ninety-four clergymen. Most of the latter are settled, and many have two or three congregations under their charge. There are a good many Friends (Quakers), in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. The two former states were originally settled by religionists of this persuasion. The Roman Catholics are the most numerous in Maryland and Louisiana. The first was a Roman Catholic colony, and the latter has, as you know, been both French and Spanish. The Floridas must also contain some Catholics. Many of the Irish who come to this country, and who are settled in the more northern states, are also Catholics; but, including all, I should not think they rank higher, in point of numbers, than the sixth or seventh sect, after allowing for all the subdivisions among the Protestants themselves. There are some Lutherans and Moravians, and a great variety of less numerous or local sects.'—vol. ii. pp. 305—307.

We find from the experience of two centuries, that all these sects can not only live together in the most perfect harmony, but that their different religions can flourish without being aided by government, or in any manner connected with the state. We own we were not aware that religious tests were in existence in any of the states. There are certainly none recognised by the federal constitution, but strange to say, it appears that there are some still retained in the *Protestant* states of the Union.

'In New Jersey *no Protestant can be denied any civil right on account of religion.* This is clearly a defensive enactment. In Pennsylvania, Mississippi, and Tenessee, a belief in God, and a future state of rewards and punishments, is necessary to enable a person to hold office. In North Carolina no person who *denies the truth of* the *Protestant religion*, or the divine authority of the Old and New Testament, was capable of holding office. Many of these provisions have been changed, though some of them still remain. There is scarçely a year passes in which some law, that has been a dead letter, is not repealed in some one of the states, in order to bring the theory of the government more in unison with the practice. I believe I have quoted, above, all the states in which any thing approaching to religious tests has existed, within the last ten years. Massachusetts has certainly altered its constitution since that period, and a law disfranchising the Jews has just been repealed in the state of Maryland, which you know was originally a Catholic colony.

'In New Hampshire the constitution *authorizes* the legislature to make provision for the support of *Protestant* ministers; and in Massachusetts the same duty is *enjoined.* The practice is simply this. An assessment is laid on all the inhabitants according to their estates. It is, like all other assessments in this country, exceedingly light, as its amount is regulated by the people themselves, through their immediate representatives. If a Baptist, for instance, resides in a parish where there is no Baptist church, he is at liberty to prove that he has paid the assessment to a Baptist church any where else; but should he not be disposed to take this trouble, the money is paid to the town collector, who gives it to the church nearest his place of residence, I believe. A similar practice prevailed not long since in Connecticut, but, as I have already said, gradual changes are making, and it is a little difficult to get at the precise conditions of the laws of so many different communities, that are fearlessly adapting their institutions to the spirit of the age.

'In Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tenessee, ministers of the gospel are not eligible to the state legislatures. In South Carolina, Kentucky, and Mississippi, they can be neither governors nor legislators. In Missouri they can fill no other civil office, but that of justices of the peace. In New York, Delaware, and Louisiana, they can hold no civil offices at all. The constitution of the United States, and of all the other states, I believe, are silent on the matter, and, of course, clergymen can serve in any situation to which they may happen to be called. In all cases, I understand, the construction put on these regulations, is applicable only to men in the actual exercise of clerical functions. The opinions of the whole nation are directly opposed to the union of civil and religious duties in the same person.'—vol. ii. pp. 321—323.

We occasionally hear it boasted of in this country, that the Protestant religion is one of entire freedom; yet we find that in America, the only states which actually retain religious tests, are Protestant, while the Catholic state of Maryland, has not only never admitted any test at all, but has even repealed a law which disfranchised the Jews! It is idle for Protestants to talk of liberality and toleration, while such facts as these stare them in the face.

But we must take our leave of Mr. Cooper. His volumes contain, as we have seen, a great deal of information, and a vast quantity of exaggeration. They are prosy, and often very dull. Though written in the epistolary form, they have none of the sparkling pleasantry and vivacity which should characterize that style of composition. Most of the letters are, in truth, dissertations, in which the perfections of the United States are viewed through a magnifying glass, that gives to a beetle the dimensions of an elephant. The defects of the country, and of its institutions and habits, are all either concealed or palliated; and a vapouring, puerile tone, is held on every national and disputed point, which, however, is too absurd to injure the great and growing community, whose cause he has so indiscreetly advocated.

ART. V.—*A Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia; with an Excursion into Pisidia; containing Remarks on the Geography and Antiquities of those Countries.* By the Rev. Fr. V. J. Arundell, British Chaplain at Smyrna. London: Rodwell. 8vo. pp. 339. 1828.

IT very frequently happens, that the most honest and natural dispositions of the mind are confounded with others of a base and servile description. Time out of mind has the love of liberty been mistaken for licentiousness, and, still more frequently, the veneration of venerable objects, for superstition. The weak, shortsighted philosophy of scepticism is consistent with its avowed contempt of all that is not earth and earthly, when it scorns to receive a ray of light from the past, or when it is inclined to regard the relics of other ages as but the dry bones of a charnel house. But unless a man's bosom be thus clad in the more than triple brass of such a chilling philosophy, he will value the remains of a past generation, and make use of them as links, connecting it with the one in which he lives—as fragments of a past reality which have a more than imaginary value, because they fix, render more palpable, and give a greater permanency to our memory of the wise and good of other times. It is part of the religion of human nature thus to prize the remains of departed greatness, and treasure them for their power to act like talismans on the memory; no man is free from this feeling under one form or the other. In the lover, in the poet, and the religionist, it is equally strong; each seeks to recal the past as redolent of delight or holiness, and each feels he shall be more secure of the enjoyment, that it will be less doubtful and evanescent if he possesses something to remind him of it which time has not had power to destroy. Hence the value of the faded flowers which have been once pressed to the lips; of the sword of the patriot, and the remains of the martyr; and hence the zeal and determination with which men of great feeling and imagination will devote themselves to dry antiquarian researches, offering little other reward than the possession of some undeniably genuine relic of a renowned and popular man. From the same principle that the relics of a past age are valued, the scenes of great actions, of events which affected the condition of mankind, are contemplated with a pleasing but solemn veneration. We agree with Johnson, as much as we do with him at any time, that the man is little to be envied who could walk over the field of Marathon, or on the banks of the Jordan, without a sensation of deep and affecting awe. A man of any warmth of feeling connects every circumstance of an exciting history so closely with the scene of its occurrence, that the latter becomes, as it were, consecrated in the memory, set apart and only especially valued because of its connection with the event. Marathon is never visited by the enthusiastic traveller, without the host of freemen rising before his eyes: their deeds it is which give a thrilling interest to the scene, and it is never inquired what occurrence before or since is recorded as happening on the same spot. One great and striking event takes hold of the imagination as connected with the particular scene, and when the spot is visited the spectator forgets its present appearance, and all its actual circumstances, and feels himself surrounded with the beings, the sacred, venerable objects which have before seemed only the phantoms of his mind, without a local and particular habitation.

The more intensely interesting the occurrences on which the memory is thus employed, the deeper the veneration with which the scenes they have distinguished are visited; and hence the awe, the deep, thrilling, overpowering awe with which the path is trodden, that the champions of religion have rendered sacred by their wanderings. Hence the passion, natural in its origin, and pure and sacred in its implied purpose, for visiting the spot in which the divine founder of Christianity performed his mighty acts, and offered up his mysterious sacrifice. There is in the simple records that have been left of the events which led to the establishment of this religion, much that favours the feelings we are describing. They are, if we may apply such a term without irreverence, very highly picturesque; setting before us with incomparable distinctness, in a few simple sentences, the principal particulars of the scenes in which the heavenly teacher wrought his miracles, or delivered his discourses. Every portion, consequently, of the land of his sojouring becomes sacred and familiar to the mind. The river Jordan is not by accident associated with our recollections of the Scripture narrative; it is remembered with a religious feeling, from the beautifully, and as we may observe, picturesquely impressive narrative of our Saviour's baptism. The Mount of Olives; the Brook Cedron; the Lake of Gennesaret, and the awful Calvary;—all these are so distinctly brought before us in the different recitals of the Evangelists, make Jerusalem and its environs so present to the thoughts at every remembrance of the human character of Christ, that it would be impossible for a person, accustomed to reading the narrative of the Scriptures, to imagine the Son of God as teaching, performing his miracles, or dying amid other scenes. This is far less the case with regard to the accounts which have descended to our times of the other great, but human masters of wisdom. The eloquent teachings of Plato may be read without a moment's thought of his academy; those of Epicurus without any remembrance of his gardens, and the dying discourses of Socrates, with but a faint recollection of his prison. But who can read the discourses of the Saviour, without seeming to be present on the solitary mountain; by the sea-side, or in the crowded courts of the temple? Who can hear of his raising the widow's son, of his conversation with the Samaritan woman, or of his restoring the brother of Martha and Mary to his sisters, and not for ever after feel that the words which were uttered on each of these particular occasions, are associated with the distinct remembrance of a particular scene, and that they would come with less force to the mind, if it were made to believe that it was uncertain when or where certain parts of the discourses were delivered? Or, still more, who can read the narrative of the Crucifixion, and of the circumstances which preceded it, without the thoughts constantly recurring to the scenes, by turns wrapped in a fearful gloom, and ringing with a thousand terrible sounds of wrath, amid which the fearful tragedy was performed?

There are very few persons of whatever age, or even belief, they may be, who have made themselves familiar with the history of the founder of Christianity, without thus becoming habitually disposed to regard the different parts of the narrative with all the various appendages of the recital, the particular scene and objects, as each making a great and divine picture, fitted for a distinct contemplation, and claiming the peculiar homage of the thoughts. It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that through every period, but more especially in the earlier eras, of the church, multitudes of men have been found willing to undergo any hardships, and brave the greatest dangers to visit the Holy Land. The most deeply devoted worshipper felt that his devotion would be fed with a new and stronger flame amid those sacred scenes of his Saviour's trial and suffering; and he who was still wavering in his mind, who felt the want of something present and visible to confirm it in the belief of his companions, was led to the birth-place of all the astonishing events on which it was to be founded; and there is little doubt, that many a one who, in the ages of the Crusades, sought Jerusalem with little of the knowledge, and still less of the faith of Christianity, returned filled with the high enthusiasm and the half true, half romantic devotion which distinguished so powerfully the active spirits of that period.

The Holy Land, properly so called, has, consequently, never failed of attracting large numbers of attentive explorers; and whether the true situation of the different objects of interest be discovered or not, there is scarcely an event recorded either in the Old or New Testament, the precise scene of which has not been professedly shown. Modern travellers have, at different times, started doubts, with great appearance of their opinions being correct as to some of the spots pointed out; but Judea, and particularly the country round Jerusalem, is not a region which time can materially alter in appearance, and art or cultivation has left it in its awful and unchanged barrenness. What it was in its principal features, when the city of the great king, the pride of the whole earth, was flourishing, it is at this day; and the desert mountains, and rocky valleys, amid which its promised ruler wandered, are still the same, though not a trace of the vast and beautiful temple remains on the hill of Sion. It is with infinitely less certainty the localities of the Christian church can be traced, when the boundaries of this peculiarly favoured and consecrated land are passed. We no longer see the seals of tradition set upon the mountain, in the caves of the solitary valley, or on the sacred ruin; all is doubt and uncertainty. The stream of time has left few or no land-marks standing, and the traveller is obliged to pursue a long and laborious research before he can satisfactorily fix upon any of the spots which he deems the grand objects of his pursuit. One after the other of his predecessors may have formed hypotheses and ingenious conjectures as to the probable site of this or that remarkable edifice, or described scenes of antiquarian importance, with sufficient appearance of consistency and truth, to satisfy the readers of their journals, and serve to set afloat new conjectures, and send out other explorers. But it is seldom that travellers, thus driven to the exercise of their ingenuity, agree sufficiently with each other, to let their several discoveries be of mutual advantage; and travelling antiquaries have, consequently, been generally found as doubtful in their reasonings, notwithstanding their sometimes boasted conquests, as the navigators of the North Sea, or the travellers in Western Africa.

Much of the obscurity which hangs over almost all the primitive churches, has arisen from the universal convulsions which followed soon after the promulgation of the Christian faith; convulsions to which it is probable no parallel could be found in any portion of ancient history, were it much better known, than it now can be. The breaking up of the one vast empire of Rome, into an infinite diversity of little independent states, was almost more dangerous, had Christianity been supported by second causes only, to the new faith, than the fiercest persecutions of Nero and Domitian. It agitated men's minds with the hitherto unexperienced feelings of political life and passions; it merged all philosophical and religious speculations in an eager desire to conquer, or to retain the advantages of the luxurious age of the emperors; and while the barbarian poured in his hordes, and the enervated provincials saw nothing but ruin before them, it was little to be expected that any of the manners, the sentiments, or religions of the time would endure the storm. At the disruption of Rome, we find indeed every thing which forms the expression, if we may so speak, of society utterly changed. No trace of the manners of the old Roman remains; no vestiges can be discovered in the ordinary and active character of modern life, of the character by which the classical countries of antiquity were distinguished. If, therefore, every thing thus felt the convulsion which put an end to the sovereignty of Rome, it may of course be easily understood, that the newly established churches of the Christians would gradually sink under the encroachments of the barbarians; or the violence and corruptions of the perturbed and degenerated race, among whose ancestors they were founded. This, indeed, was the case. An age or two threw down the noblest, and most splendid edifices of Christian piety or zeal, and a dark veil was spread over them as they fell, leaving them without a name, save in the meagre records which are left of them in the pages of ecclesiastical annalists. Another circumstance most powerfully tending to the destruction of the early Christian churches, was the mighty conquests of Mahomet, whose sword was like the wind of his own deserts, laying every thing level with the arid sands. None, however, of the ancient Christian establishments, have perished more completely, and with such few memorials being left of their distinct situation, than the seven churches, to which the angel of the

Apocalypse addressed his wonderful epistle. "The captivity or ruin," says Gibbon, "of the seven churches of Asia, was consummated; and the barbarous hordes of Ionia and Lydia, still trample on the monuments of classic and Christian antiquity. In the loss of Ephesus, the Christians deplored the fall of the first angel, the extinction of the first candlestick of the revelations; the desolation is complete, and the temple of Diana, or the church of Mary, will equally elude the search of the curious traveller. The circus, and three stately theatres of Laodicea, are now peopled with wolves and foxes; Sardes is reduced to a miserable village; the God of Mahomet, without a rival or a son, is invoked in the Moschs of Thyatira and Pergamus; and the populousness of Smyrna is supported by the foreign trade of the Franks and Americans. Philadelphia alone has been saved by prophecy, or courage. At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the emperors, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, her valiant citizens defended their religion and freedom above fourscore years; and at length capitulated with the proudest of the Ottomans. Among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia, Philadelphia is still erect; a column in a scene of ruins; a pleasing example that the path of honour and safety may sometimes be the same." Such is the description which the author of the Decline and Fall, has given of the desolation of these celebrated and once flourishing scenes, and which we find confirmed, and illustrated in a very interesting manner by the work on our table.

The earliest account, it seems, which we possess in our language of the seven churches, is by Doctor Smith, who was chaplain at Constantinople in the seventeenth century. Inspired with a deep desire to visit the spot which had been rendered so famous in the annals of Christianity, he determined upon braving the dangers which then, more than now, we believe, opposed the traveller's progress and investigations. He commenced his journey from Smyrna in the beginning of April, 1671, having been preceded by some English gentlemen, residents at that place. This excellent traveller discovered the site of Thyatira, and it is supposed of Laodicea, both of which had eluded former researches. Doctor Smith was followed by Sir Paul Ricaut, in 1678; by Edmund Chisull, in 1699; by Sir William Sherard, in 1702, but whose work remains in manuscript; and afterwards by Pococke, Chandler, &c. Our author, the British chaplain at Smyrna, had, he informs us, long determined on following the example of the other chaplains appointed to the situation he held, but was prevented till the year 1826, by the difficulty of finding a substitute during his purposed absence, and the very disturbed state of the country. In addition to his object in visiting the seven churches, he purposed to examine the country in reference to some of the geographical doubts which remain on this part of Asia Minor. He, in company with his friends, left Smyrna, March 28, 1826. They arrived after a short, but exciting journey, the account of which we must pass over, at the spot where Ephesus formerly stood, on the 30th of the month. We shall not quote the description which our author has taken from other writers, but commence our extracts with the following account of that great glory of the ancient Ephesians, the wonderful temple of their tutelary Diana.

'The reputation and the riches of their Diana, had made the Ephesians desirous to provide for her a magnificent temple. The fortunate discovery of marble, in Mount Prion, gave them new vigour. The cities of Asia, so general was the esteem for the goddess, contributed largely; and Crœsus was at the expense of many of the columns. The spot chosen for it was a marsh, as most likely to preserve the structure free from gaps, and uninjured by earthquakes. The foundation was made with charcoal rammed, and with fleeces. The souterrain consumed immense quantities of marble. The edifice was exalted on a basement, with ten steps. The architects were, Ctesiphon, of Crete, and his son Metagenes, 541 years before the Christian era; and their plan was continued by Demetrius, a priest of Diana; but the whole was completed by Daphnis, of Miletus, and a citizen of Ephesus, the building having occupied two hundred and twenty years. It was the first specimen of the Ionic style, and in which the fluted column and capital, with volutes, were originally introduced. The whole length of the temple was 425 feet, and the breadth, 220; with 127 columns of the Ionic order, and Parian marble, each of a single shaft, and sixty feet high. These were donations from kings—thirty-six were carved, and one of them, perhaps as a model, by Scopas. It had a double row of columns, fifteen on either side; and Vitruvius has not determined if it had a roof; probably over the cell only. The folding doors, or gates, had been continued four years in glue, and were made of cypress wood, which had been treasured up for four generations, highly polished. These were found, by Vitruvius, as fresh and as beautiful, 400 years after, as when new. The ceiling was of cedar, and the steps for ascending the roof, (of the cell), of a single stem of the vine, which witnessed the durable nature of that wood. The dimensions of this great temple excite ideas of uncommon grandeur, from mere massiveness; but the notices we collect of its internal ornament will increase our admiration. It was the repository in which the great artists of antiquity dedicated their most perfect works to posterity. Praxitiles, and his son, Cephisidorus, adorned the shrine; Scopas contributed a statue of Hecate; Tymarete, the daughter of Mycon, the first female artist upon record, finished a picture of the goddess, the most ancient in Ephesus; and Parrhasius and Apelles, both Ephesians, employed their skill to embellish the panels of the walls. The excellence of these performances may be supposed to have been proportioned to their price; and a picture of Alexander, grasping a thunder-bolt, by the latter, was added to this superb collection, at the expense of twenty talents of gold; a sum, according to certain commentators on Pliny, so exorbitant, as scarcely to be reconciled to an equivalent value in our money.

'This description applies chiefly to the temple, as it was re-built, after the earliest temple had been partially burnt, perhaps the roof of timber only, by Herostratus, a philosopher, who chose that method to insure to himself an immortal name, on the very night on which Alexander was born. Twenty years after, that magnificent prince, during his grand expedition for the conquest of Persia, offered to appropriate his spoils to the restoration of it, if the Ephesians would consent to allow him the sole honour; but they rejected the proposal, as disgraceful for them to accept; and so general was the devotion, that the women worked at its materials, and 220 years were spent in its completion. The extreme sanctity of the temple inspired universal awe and reverence. It was for many ages a repository of foreign and domestic treasure. There property, whether public or private, was secure amid all revolutions. The civility of Xerxes was an example to subsequent conquerors, and the impiety of sacrilege was not extended to the Ephesian goddess. But Nero was less polite. He removed many costly offerings and images, and an immense quantity of silver and gold. It was again plundered by the Goths from beyond the Danube, in the time of Gallienus; a party under Raspa, crossing the Hellespont, and ravaging the country, until compelled to retreat, when they carried off a prodigious booty. The destruction of so illustrious an edifice deserved to have been carefully recorded by contemporary historians, We may conjecture it followed the triumph of Christianity. The Ephesian reformers, when authorised by the imperial edicts, rejoiced in the opportunity of insulting Diana; and deemed it piety to demolish the very ruin of her habitation. When, under the auspices of Constantine and Theodosius, churches were erected, the Pagan temples were despoiled of their ornaments, or accommodated to other worship. The immense dome of Santa Sophia now rises from the columns of green jasper, which were originally placed in the temple of Diana, and were taken down and brought to Constantinople by order of Justinian. Two pillars in the great church at Pisa, were likewise transported from thence.

'The very site of this stupendous and celebrated edifice is even yet undetermined. The following are the principal data which may assist in fixing it. The distance between the site of the temple and the quarries, (on Mount Prion), did not exceed eight thousand feet, and no rising intervened, but the whole space was level plain. It was distinct from the city, at the distance of nearly a stadium; for Marc Antony, allowing the sanctuary to reach somewhat more than a stadium from it, a part of the city was comprised within those limits. It was without the Magnesian gate, which Chandler supposes to be that next to Diasaluk; and in the second century was joined to the city by Damarius, a sophist, who continued the way to it down through the Magnesian gate, by erecting a stoa, or portico, of marble, a stadium in length, inscribed with the name of his wife, and intended to prevent the absence of ministers when it rained. It was near the agora, or market-place of the first city, besieged by Crœsus, though distant seven stadia, or a mile, wanting half a quarter, from it. The monument of Androclus was shewn in the second century, near the road going from the Olympian towards the Magnesian gate. The ancient city was built on Tracheia, (the mountain side above Corissus); and by the Athenæum and Hypelæus. The Athenæum was without the new city of Lysimachus, and the fountain of Hypelæus was near the sacred port. In the plain of Ephesus were anciently two lakes, formed partly by stagnant water from the river Selinus, which ran opposite the Artemisium, or temple of Diana, probably from Mount Gallesus. Pliny says, "Templum Dianæ complexi e diversis regionibus duo Selinuntes." An ancient author has described it as standing at the head of the port, and shining as a meteor.'—pp. 43—48.

This place, formerly so adorned with all the magnificence of riches, and successful art, has been gradually desolated by the evils of war, and approaching barbarism. A few wretched Greeks, or Turks, have by turns inhabited the huts which were built over the buried ruins of palaces and temples. In the year 1824, when Mr. Arundell was on a former journey, it seems, from his account, to have been more completely desolated than is even the case with the other cites of ancient Asian grandeur; a single Turk, an Arab, and a Greek, being the only representatives of the mighty multitudes who, some centuries before, had filled the air with their loud hosannahs to Diana of the Ephesians. The manner in which our author has thrown his notes together, renders it rather difficult to follow him in his route, or abridge the information he has really given, as the result of his own investigations. Travellers do not seem aware how much both the instruction and the pleasure of their readers, depend upon the clearness with which they record their progress, and the particulars they collect. Mr. Arundell has, a little unfortunately, employed neither the form of a journal, nor that of a continued narrative, but he has mixed them together in a most perplexing manner, which is not at all improved by the addition of multifarious extracts from other authors. The first place of importance which our traveller came to, after leaving Ephesus, was Guzel-Hissar, from an elevated spot near which he contemplated the vast plain through which the Meander flows, presenting the spectator with one of the most magnificent, and at the same time beautiful, prospects in the world. Guzel-Hissar is supposed to be on the site of the ancient Tralles. It is the residence of the bishop of Heliopolis, whose dignity did not appear very exalted in the eyes of English clergymen, by his anxiety to treat with them about the purchase of some coins, on the Sunday. This place is very populous, containing about twelve thousand houses, and a large number of places of worship of every description, Greek, Armenian, and Mahometan. The traveller and his companion next passed through Nosli, and Cushak, two well-inhabited villages; and a little beyond them, came upon the supposed site of Antioch, in Syria. The town of Sairikewy was soon afterwards reached, where they met with the bishop of Philadelphia, who appears to have excelled the other specimen of Asian episcopacy, both in piety and intelligence. The party quitted this place after a very short stay, and at a little distance passed an encampment of Turcomans, of which people, our author speaks much more favourably than most other travellers. The approach to Hierapolis is thus described by Mr. Arundell:

'At half past ten we crossed the Lycus by a wooden bridge; and about eleven o'clock crossed by another wooden bridge, a narrow ditch; immediately after which we entered upon a long and dangerous marsh, or rather bog, in which the horses sinking frequently up to the shoulders, fell repeatedly. We arrived at the ruins of Hierapolis at a quarter before twelve. In the course of our morning's ride, one of the party, not particularly distinguished as a sportsman, killed a duck of beautiful plumage.

'The ruins of Hierapolis, called now Pambouk Kalesi, lie on a wide terrace, elevated considerably above the plain, and forming a kind of semicircular recess in the side of Messogis, which at some little distance resembles an extended crescent, behind which the mountain rises steeply. At various distances down the precipitous brow of this crescent are masses of incrustation, formed by a mineral water, resembling a frozen cascade; the intermediate masses are of a dark gray, but evidently only changed by age. Beneath the brow of the hill are two or more level spaces or areas, and under these, at a considerable depth, lies the plain approachable by an easy descent.

'The horizon in front is terminated by immense mountains covered with snow, and lower ranges inclose the plain to appearance on all sides. We arrived at the ruins in the opposite direction from Chandler, that is, at the western end; and having passed a deep, but dry bed of a torrent, we crossed a flat area, and then ascended to the terrace on which the principal ruins lie. On the way to this, and on entering it, innumerable sarcophagi are seen in every direction, with and without their covers; some with sculpture; others with inscriptions; sepulchres of other forms also occur, some in the form of a small building with pillars. The sepulchral buildings and stone coffins extend for half a mile. A hundred and sixty paces from the west gate of the city, there is a colonnade of pillars two feet square, on which are semicircular pilasters; it extends a hundred and fifty paces, and leads to a triumphal triple arch, not in good taste, having a round tower on each side. A line of building, supposed to be sepulchral, extends beyond this arch about a hundred paces, to the remains of a very magnificent church, said to be three hundred feet long. Other buildings more to the east, are supposed to be the remains of two other churches. The principal ruins are the theatre and gymnasium; the former, on the side of the hill at the eastern extremity, is in the most perfect state of preservation, and the seats, the vaulted entrances, said to be thirteen in number, and great part of the proscenium perfect. Colonel Leake says, this theatre is three hundred and forty-six feet in diameter. We saw several fragments of good sculpture, principally female figures, one in a chariot, lying amidst the heap within the proscenium. In front of the theatre, at no great distance, I observed two arches; we had not time to examine if they were connected with the theatre, but it has since occurred to me that they might lead to the Plutonium or Mephitic cavern, which Mr. Cockerell discovered below the theatre, and near the mineral sources. South of these arches is the celebrated pool, in which, as in the time of Chandler, numerous females were bathing. As they showed no disposition to quit it, we could not venture to approach sufficiently near to examine it with the attention we wished. We kept, in consequence, a respectable offing till we reached the gymnasium, near which, in one of the narrow but beautifully transparent channels of hot water, we bathed our faces, scorched most lamentably by the sun. It is not quite correct to say that there is no drinkable water, for though this is reputed not to be so, our janissary, too unwieldy to follow us as quick as we wished, seated himself at the door of a Turcoman's cottage, and enjoyed his pipe and draught of water. It was certainly not of the best, but it was found on the spot, and was constantly drank.'—pp. 78—81.

The next object which the travellers passed, worthy of attention, were the remains of Laodicea, consisting of a few fragments, but such as are sufficient to prove its former magnificence. The description in the work before us is compiled from those of Smith and Chandler. A little beyond the site of Laodicea, lies the village of Denizli, a very populous and flourishing place. Unfortunately, the travellers were obliged to leave Khonas without discovering the chasm in which the river Lycus hides itself. They soon after this came upon the spot where Apameia or Celaenae formerly stood. Colonel Leake has treated this part of the subject with great industry, and our author, according to his custom, has borrowed very largely from his pages. The next stage was Isbarta, which Mr. Arundell is decided in thinking to be the ancient Antioch. The present town has a very magnificent appearance, glittering in the distance with domes and minarets, and terraced roofs, which rise gradually above thick groves of cypress trees. At this place our author had interviews with many of the Greek clergy, but little is said which enables us to form any favourable idea of their character. The party next arrived at Sagalassus, which the author conceived to be on the site of Aglason, and in which opinion he seems to have been confirmed by the resemblance of names, &c. We must, however, pass over his researches at this place, and at once proceed to his description of the approach to the former situation of Pergamus; referring our readers to the work itself for a very interesting account of the intermediate country, and the objects it presents.

'At half past three, the town of Kinik, on the slope of Temnus, lay distant from the road a mile and a half. It contains seven hundred Turkish houses, one hundred Greek houses, a church, and two priests; eighty Armenian houses, and one church. Another town called Hurajik, also on the slope and foot of Temnus, was abreast of our road about a quarter past four. The same river, Ak-sou, ran by the road side a quarter before five; I had seen it more than once before at a small distance; a few minutes after, we crossed it by a bridge. At five o'clock, a busy scene of cultivation presented itself in the plain on both sides of the road;—numerous ploughs worked by buffaloes; maize and dari collecting in heaps; and in other places, men, women, and children, employed among green crops. An ancient bridge lay near the road, at half past five; and at a quarter past six, we arrived at Pergamus: the setting sun threw its strong shadows on the stupendous rock of the Acropolis, and the mountain behind it. The country, immediately before entering the town, was of an unpromising aspect, rocky and bare of trees, and in the winter must be very desolate, from the greater part of the low ground being covered with water. As we passed, however, under the arches of a bridge, and thence through a burial-ground, the view improved much from the abundance of cypresses, poplars, and other trees. On entering the town, now nearly dark, I was struck by some enormously high masses of walls on the left, strongly contrasted with the diminutive houses beneath and around them. I heard, subsequently, that they are the remains of the church of the Agios Theologos, or St. John.

'Thursday, September 21.—I accompanied a Greek priest to his church, the only church at present in Pergamus; it lies on the ascent of the Castle-hill, and is a poor shed covered with earth. Though the sun was blazing in full splendour on all the scene without, this poor church was so dark within, that even with the aid of a glimmering lamp, I could not distinctly see the figures on the skreen. On one side of it, another priest kept a little school of thirty scholars. I gave him a Testament. The contrast between the magnificent remains of the church of St. John, which lay beneath, and this its poor representative, is as striking as between the poverty of the present state of religion among the modern Greeks, and the rich abundance of gospel light which once shone within the walls of the Agios Theologos.

'As we ascended the hill of the Acropolis, and turned round to take a view, we saw a little beyond the massy pile of St. John's church, the dry bed of a river, with a bridge over it, called Sabaklarchaz; this is the ancient Selinus, and forms the division between the Greek and Turkish quarters of the town; the Greeks residing on this, the castle side, the Turks on the other. The dry bed of another river lay on the left, coming down from the north behind the castle, and having also a bridge over it. This is the Cetius, called at present, Barmakpatranchay. Both of these rivers rise about four hours from the town, and fall into the Bakir or Akson-chaz, the Caicus, which flows about one hour off in the plain. The town of Pergamus lies in part on the slope of the hill, but principally in the plain. On the right, or to the west, is a small oblong ridge, on which are the theatre and other ruins. On the south-west, beyond the town, an extensive plain, the view terminating in the blue mountains of Mitylene. In front, the ridges of Mount Temnus running east and west, through which is a level road of fourteen hours to Magnesia. On the left lay the plain we had passed yesterday, bounded also by the continued range of Temnus, with the towns of Kinik and Urajik. Two tumuli stand before the town, in the direction of south and south-south-west; and near these, on the town side, olive and vine-yards, cypresses, and poplars; and beyond them, the plain, richly wooded, close to the mountain. Such was the view which presented itself from near the summit of the Acropolis.—pp. 280—283.

Mr. Arundell appears to be a man of extensive reading on the subject of ecclesiastical antiquity; his work is written in a very excellent spirit, and contains much information of the most important and interesting kind respecting the scene of his travels. He is sometimes fortunate in giving his descriptions, which are always clear and unaffected, an air of great picturesque beauty, and we stray and loiter with him among the dubious vestiges of the great primitive churches, as if listening to an unobtrusive, but very intelligent guide. The only fault that we have to find with him is, that he has quoted by far too largely from other writers; the passages he has taken from Smith, Chandler, &c., making up almost half his volume. This he should either not have done, or have very much enlarged his work, there being more than matter enough in the subject before him to fill two volumes of twice the size of that which he has given to the public. This is not a usual complaint against authors, especially travellers; but Mr. Arundell was treading a route of peculiar interest when he wrote his journal; he had scenes to describe with which the imagination of his countrymen is little acquainted, and the fuller and more particular his description had been, the more acceptable it would have been to his readers. The quotations, however, which he has made, are all from the best authorities, and the grave style of one or two of the older writers on the subject of the Apocalyptic churches, gives a deep and impressive character to their descriptions. They regarded the spots on which they stood, as in part partaking of their mysterious sanctity. They had been let to pass into desolation with little note having been taken of their ruin; and when the men of modern times began to turn their attention to the antiquities of the Christian church, they found the traces of its first great foundations almost obliterated. The feelings with which, one after another, the old theological travellers of our country visited these scenes, and endeavoured to draw a chart of the venerable region of primitive Christianity, were expressed amid many a long dissertation and heavy masses of learning; but they savoured of a rich and genuine enthusiasm; of a devotion pure and simple, but full of heart and fervent affections. Our author, therefore, would not have done ill in mixing his own original information with that of his predecessors, had he not frequently appeared to have made quotations when he might have given fuller details, or to have rested satisfied with the knowledge thus obtained, when by a little personal exertion, fresher and more decided information might have been collected. Whether this is really the case or not we are not quite assured, but from the appearance of Mr. Arundell's book, it certainly seems to be so. We should advise him, therefore, if his residence at Smyrna should be protracted, and circumstances permit him again to explore the scenes of his present labours, to go unassisted by any guidance but that of the knowledge he has already obtained; to depend upon his own perseverance and antiquarian skill for collecting many curious and valuable pieces of information, and to give his countrymen the result of his investigations in as full a manner as possible. As a sort of introduction to the work of our traveller, thus completed, we should like to see an abridged collection of the different works which have been at various times published on the subject of the situation of the Seven Churches. The present day is distinguished by a multiplicity of publications on the Apocalypse, and we imagine the persons who take so deep an interest in the discussion of the internal meaning of this portion of revelation, would be in a considerable degree entertained, and perhaps profited by such a work.

We close Mr. Arundell's publication with many thanks for the manner in which, notwithstanding the occasional want of exertion we have noted, he has performed his task. His book is the best we have seen of late years on the scenes it describes, and the general reader, as well as the biblical antiquarian, will find it fraught with interesting detail, and much useful information. It would be gratifying to see the chaplains of other foreign embassies, as anxious and ready to give their countrymen at home information connected with their proper pursuits, as our author, whose work we trust will meet with the attention it deserves.

ART. VI.—1. *Manuel de l'amateur de Café, ou l'art de prendre toujours de bon Café.* Par Alexandre Martin. 1 vol. in 18, avec figures, Paris: 1828. Audot.

2. *Manuel de l'amateur d'huitres.* Par Alex. Martin. 1 vol. in 18, avec une Lithographie. Paris: 1828. Audot.

3. *Manuel de l'amateur de truffes.* Par Alex. Martin. 1 vol. in 18, avec gravures. Paris: 1828. Audot.

4. *Breviaire du Gastronome, ou l'art d'ordonner le diner de chaque jour.* Par Alex. Martin. 1 vol. in 18. Paris: 1828. Audot.

5. *Manuel du Marié.* Par Alex. Martin. 1 vol. in 18. Paris: 1828. Audot.

THE age no longer exists when the lawgiver of the French Parnassus said to the writers of the age of Louis XIV.,

> 'Cent fois sur le métier remettez votre ouvrage,
> Pollissez le sans cesse et le repolissez.'

In the present day, in France as in England, the art of bookmaking is no other than the art of rapid writing; and he who finds himself deprived of his proper station, by the stagnation of business, or the changes of employment, by domestic misfortunes, political events, or by any other similar causes, may commence working for Colburn or Ladvocat, and fill with his light prose the magazines of London, or the petits journaux of Paris; thus furnishing himself with the means of independence, if he have the good luck to flatter the taste of the public for which he writes.

There are, at present, in France, three branches of literature, which the aspirants after fame may cultivate. The higher or decaying branch of literature, to which belongs the Philippide, an epic poem, lately written by Viennet; the literature which is already dead, to which the academicians, Droy and the Baron Massias, consecrate their learned vigils; and, thirdly, the active and productive literature under the standard of which are ranked Béranger and Delavigne, Berante and Sismondi, Serile and Victor Ducange, the scribblers of the Résumés historiques, and the compilers of the Manuels.

The first of the three branches of literature possesses a certain degree of splendor, and is composed of great talents and noble treasures; but it almost always leads its disciples either to an hospital or an asylum,—but seldom to glory. The second class neither gives renown, nor occasions bankruptcy. Cultivated in general by literary grandees, it flourishes under the empire of necrologists, annalists, biographers, and commentators; and the greatest part of their works are composed of the mandates, the pastoral addresses and conferences of bishops; of funeral orations, and posthumous remains of academic genius.

The third class, or that of active literature, is the only one which, by its operation, produces any certain results. In this, reputation is surely and quickly obtained. It is this which has ravished lawyers from their offices, milliners from their shops, and from the ranks of the army whole phalanxes of authors. This it is which every day covers the walls of Paris with enormous placards of all colours—blue, black, and red; in which Vicomte Arlincourt disputes the ground with the Comtesse de Genlis, and an announcement of the Soirees of the Maréschal of Luxembourg, covers half that of the Manuel de l'amateur de Café. It is the active or productive class of literature which invents prospectuses, subscriptions, compact editions, les petits formats; which has given birth to the Resumés historiques, and those smart Manuels which form a true encyclopædia of the arts and sciences, in which every kind of knowledge, from the speculations of astronomy, down to the art of cookery, is to be found unfolded, explained, taught, and reduced to the capacity of all classes.

A good, active littérateur, must treat no subject with disdain; he ought, above all, at the first word of his publisher, or of the editor of his journal, to know as Boileau directs,

> 'Passer du gráve au doux; du plaisant au sublime.'

Whatever can be printed comes under his proper jurisdiction: he has no particular species of composition—or rather, he has every kind. Like Alphonse Rabbe, he will compose a Manuel Geographique with the same ease as a Resumé de l'histoire de Russie; he will write a notice for the New Biographie de Contemporains, with the same zeal as a memoir on the exposition of the paintings in the Musée de Paris; and an article on politics for the Courier Française, with the same enthusiasm as one on the independence of Greece. To be thoroughly worthy of the name of an active littérateur, he should be able to furnish, at a moment's warning, to his bookseller, his journal, or for the theatre, verse or prose; a treatise on cookery, or a romance on manners; a manuel or a resumé, a pamphlet against the minister, or a vaudeville for the gymnasium; he must be able to praise glory or industry; to cry against the deputés du centre, or to celebrate the pleasures of good living; in a word, like Messieurs Jouy, Tissot, and Martin, he must let nothing pass him in silence, which forms the topic of the day.

If we may judge from the great number of works on gastronomy which are daily published in Paris, the native country of Beauvilliers and Very is truly the classic land of good cheer, and, as formerly, the pleasures of the table continue to be the order of the day on the banks of the Seine. In the course of a few months, five different works have appeared from the pen of one author, one of those industrious and active writers of whom we have been speaking; one of those writers à toutes sauces, whose works on cookery announce at once an experienced gourmand, and a talented author; a man skilled in cookery, and a man of fashion; a profound observer who has seen the wants of his age, and learnt that to-day, as formerly, the true tyrant and oppressor of a Frenchman, is his stomach.

> 'Tout se fait en dinant dans le siècle où nous sommes,
> Et c'est par des diners qu'on gouverne les hommes.'

It is said, that the East India Company voted a physician who published a pamphlet on the use of tea, a pension of two hundred pounds. We know not whether the pastry-cooks, the limonadiers and the marchands d' huitres, have done the same for M. Martin; but certainly his works, written in a most agreeable style and full of pleasantries, ought to have great influence on the sale of the articles of food, the history and benefits of which he traces and celebrates in a manner worthy of Horace himself, or of our contemporary, Grimot de la Reyniere.

'O why,' says the new eulogist of coffee, 'did not the Greeks and Romans know this precious plant! Homer would have taken his lyre to celebrate its praises; Horace and Juvenal would have immortalized it in their verses; Diogenes would never have hidden his ill humour in a tub, he would have drunk this divine liquor, and afterwards have found more easily the man he sought; it would have improved the laughter of Democritus; what odes would it not have made Anacreon write?

'Who shall tell the wonderful operations of coffee? Do you see that melancholy figure, his head bound, his eyes swollen, his cheeks pale and haggard? It is an unfortunate man sick of the spleen. All the faculty have been consulted, and in vain. He has been declared incurable. Fortunately, one of his friends advised him, in despair, to try some cups of Mocha, and the dying man was recalled to life, and ended by bidding farewell to the faculty, who only promised him a few days more of existence.'

The 'Manuel de l'Amateur de Café,' is composed of an advertisement by the editor, an introduction containing the history of coffee, a dissertation on the various methods of preparing this precious beverage, another on its influence, and a notice on the use of coffee among the people of the East.

It is not agreed to whom the honour of discovering the use of coffee is due. Some attribute it to the curiosity of the superior of a monastery, in Arabia, who, wishing to hinder his monks from sleeping, when they should be prepared for the services of the night, made them drink an infusion of this berry, on the recommendation of a herdsman, who asserted that it had this effect on animals. Others say that we owe it to the piety of a Muphti, who in order to make long prayers, is reported to have introduced the use of it about the middle of the fourteenth century. The Muphti of Adem, travelling in Persia, saw this beverage used there, and, on his return, introduced it into Arabia. It soon became common in Turkey. A Syrian established the first coffeehouse in Constantinople, in 1554; this soon became too small, and he was obliged to open a second. The Turkish priests seeing their mosques deserted, endeavoured to stop the use of it. They found that the Koran forbid the drinking of charcoal, and as they burn coffee, they pretended that the use of it was forbidden. But it was already too well established for any human power to hinder its enjoyment. At last, the Grand Muphti decided that it was not charcoal, and that it was lawful to drink it. The priests were charmed with it as well as other people. The use of coffee was introduced into France in 1669. Madame de Sévigné prophesied, in a moment of humour, that Racine would exist as long as coffee. It is well known how this prediction has been fulfilled. Racine is still the monarch of the French stage, and the use of coffee is more and more spread through the world.

Every body knows that coffee is favourable to watching, and that it assists in rousing us from our slumbers, and in clearing our intellectual faculties from the mists of sleep; but M. Martin informs us, that this antinarcotic property of coffee is subject to habit which even destroys the force of poisons the most active. Thus this beverage ought not to be taken either too often or in too large quantities. Twice at the most, in the day, and one cup only each time. After meals, coffee gently aids digestion; it calms the hot temper of Bacchus, when separated from Minerva; it gives as much freedom to mind, as wine, taken to excess, does trouble and disorder.

M. Martin has been hardly able to preserve himself from a sort of infatuation for coffee, which he regards as the remedy of all evils. According to him, this valuable beverage corrects the effects of the bad food with which children sometimes charge their stomachs; it prevents cholics, diarrhœas, and verse-making: coffee is especially good for old men and young women.

'The countenance of this young girl was, according to the poets, lilies and roses. Never was there a more heavenly figure, more full of life and freshness. She was at that age so dangerous to the life of woman. She became sick. Her colour faded; her cheeks, lately so brilliant, looked dull and placid. A journey, said some. A husband, said others. Coffee, coffee, said a doctor! The coffee flowed in streams, and the young lady was saved. O, all you,' adds M. Martin, 'who have attempted rhyme, tell me, if you have not found in this inspiring liquor a true fortune of good thoughts:

> 'A peine j'ai goûté la liqueur odorante,
> Soudain de son climat la chaleur pénétrante
> Agite tous mes sens, sans trouble, sans cahots;
> Mes pensers plus nombreux accourent à grands flots.
> Mon idée était triste, aride, dépouillée,
> Elle rit, elle sort richement habillée.
> Et je crois, du génie éprouvant le réveil,
> *Boire* dans chaque goutte *un rayon* du soleil.'

Since M. Martin was disposed to quotations, he should have transcribed, also, the following verse, in which Berchoux celebrates still more poetically the coffee-plant.

> " Elle est du Dieu des vers honorée et chérie;
> On dit que du poète elle sert le génie,
> Et que plus d'une fois le rimeur échauffé,
> A dû de meilleurs vers au parfum du café.
> Il peut du philosophe égayer les systémes,
> Rendre aimables, badins les géomêtres mêmes.
> Par lui l'homme d' état dispose après dîner,
> Forme l'heureux projet de mieux nous gouverner.
> Il dirige le front de ce savant austère,
> Amoureux de la langue et du pays d'Homère,
> Qui fondant sur les Grecs sa gloire et ses succés,
> Se dédommage ainsi d'être un sot en Français.
> Il peut de l'astronome éclaircissant la vue,
> L'aider à retrouver son étoile perdue.
> Viens mon aimable Hébé, de qui les heureuses mains
> Nous versent à longs traits le nectar des humains."

M. Martin recommends not to boil the coffee, because this process destroys many of its qualities, and its aroma which evaporates in the boiling. It is necessary simply to pour the water boiling on ground coffee, and immediately cover it, after which it should be permitted to stand a little time.

The 'Manuel d' huitres,' is composed of an introduction, containing the natural history of the oyster; a notice on the manner of fishing for them, their package, and sale in France; and some ingenious dissertations, amusing for gourmands, on the alimentary and medical nature of the oyster.

After having mentioned that the oyster was in great repute among the ancients; that it was celebrated by Horace, Cicero, and Seneca; after having described forty-six different species of oysters at present existing, M. Martin mentions the four kinds principally admired by epicures:—the oyster de Cancale; the oyster pied de cheval; the oyster d'Ostend, which is considered the most delicate; and the oyster cuiller, which is eaten on the shores of the Mediterranean.

M. Martin informs us, that in all the seas round France, oysters are found, especially in the bays. They are nowhere so abundant as near Cancale. The fishing season ordinarily commences on the 15th of October, and ends the 30th of April. A public building is under the charge of the police, foreigners being forbidden this fishery. It is carried on with drags, or iron instruments, about six feet long and two wide, in the form of a curved shovel, behind which is attached a kind of net work, made of leather or cord. The boat, driven by the wind, pulls along the drag which collects the oysters together, and 1200 are thus frequently caught at a time; and it is singular that the more that are taken, the more they multiply. They form sometimes a bank which extends several leagues. The oyster of the bay of Cancale is generally not of a pleasant flavour, as it is taken from a soil often muddy. It does not lose its bad taste and become delicate till it has been sometime in a preserve. This is a reservoir of water about four or five feet deep, which communicates with the sea by means of pipes. There are preserves of various kinds. Some receive the oysters immediately after they are caught, that they may be put into others when they arrive at perfection. It is also in these last preserves that pains are taken to give them a green colour, to satisfy the taste of amateurs who prefer l'huitre coloreé, to l'huitre blanche. The ancients had a method of preserving oysters, the knowledge of which is not come down to us. Apicius sent some from Italy into Persia, to the Emperor Trajan, which retained their freshness. We know at present no other way of keeping them, than supplying them with water.

Many anecdotes have a place in this work relative to oysters, which physicians have considered both the most agreeable and the most nourishing aliment given us by nature; but we pass these over to make mention of one much less known in this country; the *truffe*, or truffle. Is it a mineral? Is it a vegetable? These are the questions which the consumers of this celebrated root generally ask. It is always eaten without a reply, because it little signifies how we are happy, if we be happy. This delightful carelessness is not partaken by every one, and whilst the vulgar give themselves blindly to a thousand pleasures, the eating of truffles for example, the philosopher examines and submits to an analysis the thousand-and-one joys with which his less learned fellow citizens are intoxicating themselves.

Such a *savant*, in fact, is Mr. Martin. The historian of coffee and oysters, he gives the history of the truffle; he tells us it was discovered by a shepherd, and submitted to the fire. It at first appeared detestable to the ignorant rustic, but time, which no human errors can resist, left not this barbarous judgment without appeal. The experiment was made, the truffle was discovered. 'It had,' cries Mr. Martin, 'it had its Christopher Columbus, it soon avenged itself of the bad taste of the countryman.'

'It was under the Regent that it began to be appreciated. Dubois had it served at dinners. The Duc d'Orleans made his mistresses eat it; the rouès of the day spoke of it and celebrated it in their nocturnal repasts. We must be just; if public manners were scarcely respectable under the Regent, if the court gave an example of debauchery, gourmandise at least was encouraged; a great movement was given to cooking stoves; it was then the names of officier de bouche, of gastronome, of gourmet, were invented. Every nobleman had a cook who followed him to town, to the country, and on journeys, like the books of which Cicero speaks, which travel with us, but with this difference, that books are faithful in bad fortune, whilst the cooks of this age quitted their masters as soon as they could no longer keep their fires blazing, which even still sometimes happens. We will not give a melancholy tone to our subject by citing the names of these ungrateful cooks, these base parasites, which attach themselves to the trunk of the oak, live on its substance as long as they can, and seek another as soon as it has fallen; let us rather recal with just pride that excellent Moulin, cook par excellence, to Monseigneur Dubois, who, when his master had quitted his grandeur, buried himself in a convent. Noble Moulin! no one knew better than yourself how to cook a truffle in the ashes, your talent known through all Paris. You made a particular study of this vegetable! How many times have you roused your master from his reveries, by serving him with a stuffed turkey! Dubois smiled when he saw you, and called you his friend.'

A controversy has been raised to decide whether *tartuffe* comes from *truffe*, or *truffe* from *tartuffe*. Let us endeavour to enlighten this doubt, which would appear trifling on any other account, but which referring to the chef d'œuvre of Moliere, has some degree of importance.

Some commentators, and among others Brest, have pretended that Moliere, full of the idea of his Tartuffe, on which he was working, was one day at the house of the Pope's Nuncio, with many holy persons. A seller of truffes presented himself, and the perfume of his merchandise animated the devout and sad faces of the attendants of the Roman envoy. "Tartufoli, signor nunzio, Tartufoli," cried they, presenting him with the finest. According to this it is this word Tartufoli, pronounced with a most worldly sensuality by these mystic mouths, which is the name of his impostor. But M. Taschereau, in his work called "L'histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de Moliere," combats this explanation; he pretends, that since the time of Moliere, the word *truffer* has been used for *tromper*, from the former of which has been derived the word *truffe*, which agrees very well with the fruit which it signifies, as it is discovered with great difficulty. Now it is very certain, that formerly *truffe*, or *tartuffe*, was employed indifferently, as may be seen in an ancient French translation of the Traité de Platina, entitled, "de honeste voluptetè," printed at Paris, 1505. One of the chapters of the ninth book is entitled, "des Truffes ou Tartuffes," and as all etymologists consider the word *truffe*, derived from *truffer*, it is probable that they said in the fifteenth and sixteenth century, *tartuffe* for *truffe*, only because they were able equally to say *tartuffer* and *truffer*. "Truffles," adds M. Etienne, "after having mentioned this etymology, come then from *tartufferie;* this is not perhaps because they are difficult to be discovered, but because they are powerful seducers. Thus, according to ancient tradition, great dinners which have at present so powerful an influence on affairs of state, were dinners of *tartuffes*. There are many etymologies less reasonable.

The composition of these dinners is described in the 'Breviaire du gastronome.' We refer our readers to the chapter, full of gaiety and good sense, on the history of cookery, and we pass without further delay to the last work of M. Alexander Martin, entitled, the 'Manuel du Marié.'

Is marriage a good or an evil? St. Paul says, "he who marries does well, but he who does not does better,"—he took the last part without daring to decide the question. In this doubtful case, as well because it is the fashion, as because Adam set the example, it is necessary to marry. But before forming this gentle union, it is useful to be taught the duties and difficulties which the enterprise imposes. It is commonly thought, that nothing is easier; it is thought that as soon as one has found a rich and beautiful heiress, as soon as one has pleased the lady, and obtained her parents' consent, nothing remains to be done, but to present one's self at the altar, in white gloves and a black coat. What a mistake?

> "Le marriage est beau, mais dans la perspective.
> Il presente de loin un coup d'œil attirant
> Dès qu'il est vie de près il parait different."

Ask, in fact, of any one who has past the ordeal; he will tell you that there is nothing in the world so tiresome as the first day of marriage. Lachaussi has said in his Ecole des Mères, "when people are married they are still not without care." Indeed how many duties have they not to fulfil that day? What steps are there not to be taken? How many glances are to be cast towards the wife, the father-in-law, and mother-in-law? There is enough to drive a man mad. Perhaps some one instructs the couple in all the duties to be performed, from the publication of the banns to the completion of the ceremony of marriage, and then sets before them so many bright prospects, that they exclaim with the poet,

'L'hymen seul peut donner des plaisirs infinis;
On en jouit sans peine et sans inquiétude.
On se fait l'un pour l'autre une douce habitude
D'ègards, de complaisance, et de soins les plus doux
S'il est un sort heureux c'est celui d'un époux;
Qui rencontre à la fois dans l'objet qui l'enchante
Une épouse chérie, une amie, une amante;
Quel moyen de n'y pas fixer tous ses desirs!
Il y trouve son devoir dans le sein des plaisirs.

This precious *Manuel* is for the use of all classes of society, and of both sexes; it is only necessary to be able to read, to understand it. The author accompanies the husband throughout, taking him by the hand to the church, to the feast, to the ball, and even to the bridal chamber.

Truffles, oysters, coffee, and marriage, have found an eloquent panegyrist in M. Alexander Martin; coffee especially,

Dont après cinq services
Notre estomac goute encore les delices.

Coffee, already so well celebrated by Voltaire, Delille, Berchoux, seems peculiarly to M. Martin, the nectar of the Gods.

Unfortunately a physician in Paris, with a little pamphlet in his hand, has shaken all these praises of this wonderful liquor. According to the adversary of M. Martin, not only the Arabian plant, but the exciting drugs of China and Arabia, tea and snuff, defended by Doctor Ure and the admirable Moliere, are nothing but poisons. It is particularly against snuff, he is enraged. He assures his readers that this plant, discovered in the sixteenth century, and since spread through all the world, has produced more evils than the box of Pandora. He attributes the death of Napoleon in a great measure to it. We shall not examine this point, but

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."

ART. VII.—*Briani Waltoni, S. T. P., in Biblia Polyglotta Prolegomena specialia Recognovit Dathianisque et Variorum notas suas immiscuit* Francis Wrangham, A.M. S.R.S. Clevelandiæ Archidiaconus. Tom. I. & II. 8vo. pp. 520, 621. Cantabrigiæ: Typis ac sumptibus Academicis, excudit Joannes Smith. Deighton, Cambridge; Parker, Oxford; Bonn, and Baldwin & Co. London.

IT gives us great pleasure to see the present work, especially as we have reason to hope that it will be followed by a publication of the Introductions of Mill, Bengel, and Griesbach, to their respective editions of the New Testament. Each has a system of his own; some are more partial than others to the Vulgate, to conjectural emendation, to the received text, to particular manuscripts, and to Oriental versions. The advocate of each opinion, has given his reasons, and supported his system with learning and argument. It is highly desirable to have their sentiments and reasonings collected into one publication. That they should be brought together under one view, has long been the wish of Biblical students.

Before we enter upon an examination of the work before us, we must express our approbation of its type and form. Some publications from the presses of our Universities, have been so expensively printed, as to be within the reach of few purses. Such are the *Clarendon Papers,* and the *Sahidic Version* of the New Testament, for which we are indebted to the University of Oxford. Their size makes them unmanageable, and the cost of them is so great as to exclude all, but the Corinthian order of society, from the purchase of them. The impression of the Sahidic version is the most objectionable. Taking into account public libraries, and the mere collectors of books, a sale of two hundred copies of such a work might be expected; but the number of those who could really understand the work, must be very small; and of these, it would be difficult to name more than half a dozen persons who could afford to pay for the work. The uncommon list of errata, adds to the wretchedness of the publication. Cambridge, on the other hand, has sometimes disgraced herself by the coarseness of her publications. If it were asked, which of the works which have issued from her presses, or to the publication of which she has contributed, is the most valuable? the learned would mention, with one accord, the Bishop of Peterborough's Translation of Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament. Yet how unseemly is the paper, of which, for this pre-eminent publication, the Univerity made him a present! Very different is the material of the work before us; the paper, the ink, and the type are excellent, and it has been carefully printed. We collect from what the writer says in his preface, that the University bears the whole cost of the impression. It is a well judged act of munificence, and does the University honour.

1. (1522.)—The list of Polyglott Bibles commences with that of Francis Cisneros Ximenes, a Franciscan friar: he was raised, by his merit, to the Archiepiscopal see of Toledo in 1494, and to the dignity of Cardinal in 1504. It is divided into six parts, and may be comprised in four volumes: the Chaldee paraphrase, with a Latin version, is at the bottom of the page; and the margin is filled with the Hebrew. The fourth or last volume contains the Greek New Testament, with a version of it in Latin.

It was begun in 1502, and the impression completed in 1517, and published in 1522. Six hundred copies of it were printed; six were printed on vellum; one of these, at the sale of the Pinelli library, was sold to Mr. Macartney, for 483*l*.

2. (1522).—The Psalms of Augustin Justiniani, a Dominican friar, bishop of Belbio, in five languages. The first volume con-

tains the Hebrew; the second, a Latin translation; the third, the ancient Latin Vulgate; the fourth, the Greek; the fifth, the Arabic; the sixth, the Chaldee Paraphrase; the seventh, the Latin Paraphrase; the eighth and last, Scholia and remarks. Thus five languages appeared in this Polyglott. Peter Paul Porrus printed this Polyglott at Genoa, in 1516; from him it is sometimes called the Polyglott of *Porrhus.*

3. (1518).—The Psalms in four languages—the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin, and the Ethiopian—were printed by *John Potken,* provost of the collegiate church of St. John, at Cologne. He paid particular attention to the Ethiopian: he asserts that it was made not from the Hebrew, but from the Septuagint.

4. (1546).—The Pentateuch was published by *the Jews at Constantinople,* in the Hebrew, Chaldean, Persic, and Arabic languages, in the year of the world 5306, according to their computation: it corresponds with the year 1546, of our era. In the work before us, Walton, by mistake, assigns it to the year 1551.

5. (1547).—The Pentateuch was published by *the Jews at Constantinople,* in Hebrew, Chaldee, Modern Greek, and Spanish. It is said, at the end of the volume, to have been published in the month Thamus, in the year of the world 5307, corresponding with the Christian year 1547. It is observable, that this version in modern Greek has not yet been republished.

6. (1565).—The edition of *John Deaconitis,* of the Psalms of David, the Prophets Michel and Joel, in the Hebrew, the Chaldee, the Greek, the Latin, and the German of Luther. Deaconitis was born at Carlstad in Franconia, and obtained a Doctor's Degree in the university of Wittenburgh.

7. (1569—1572).—*The Polyglott of Antwerp, published by Arias Montanus,* under the auspices of Philip II., in eight volumes, folio, contains all the texts in the Complutensian edition; and in addition to these, a Chaldee Paraphrase of part of the Old Testament; and a Syriac version of the new. The monarch defrayed the whole expence of the work; it was printed at the Plantinian press, at Antwerp, and sixty workmen were constantly employed on it.

8. (1586).—*The Polyglott edition of Vatable,* contains the Hebrew, the Greek version of the Septuagint, the Latin version of Pagninus, and the Vulgate. Some copies in the title page, are said to have been printed in the year 1586; some in the year 1599; but the title pages only are different, the text being the same in all the impressions.

9. (1596).—*The Bible of Wolden,* contains the Greek, the Latin, and the German editions of the Bible.

10. (1599).—Language cannot adequately praise the Biblical labours of *Elias Huttin.* He first published his Hexaglot Bible at Nuremburgh; it contains the Hebrew, the Chaldee, the Greek,

the Latin, and the German of Luther. In addition to these, some copies have a Sclavonian, some a French, some an Italian, and some a Saxon version to accommodate them to the different nations to whom they were sent for sale.

11. (1599).—In the same year, the same incomparable biblicist published his Polyglott edition of the New Testament, in twelve languages; the Greek, the Latin, and the Syriac; an Hebrew version made by himself, of the New Testament; the Italian published at Geneva in 1562; the Spanish version of 1569; the French published at Geneva in 1588: the German of Luther; the English of 1562; the Bohemian, from the edition of 1593; the Danish, from the edition of 1589; and the Polonese, from the edition of 1596.

Both the Polyglotts of Huttin were in the library of the late Doctor Parr. We particularly noticed them in our article on the Catalogue of that learned man's library. We endeavoured to mention Huttin in due terms of praise; and to animate the wealthy members of our national hierarchy to emulate his example.

12. (1628).—*The Polyglott Bible of Paris, in ten volumes folio*, was printed in that city by M. de Say, a private gentleman. Cardinal Richlieu, wishing to rival the biblical glories of Cardinal Ximenes, offered to defray the whole expence of the work, on condition that it should bear his name. On the other hand, the London booksellers made Le Say very advantageous proposals, if he would permit it to be called the London Polyglott. He refused both offers, and printed the work on his own account. Unfortunately it had no sale, and the Editor was ruined by it. In addition to all the Texts and Versions, which had appeared in the Polyglotts of Alcala and Antwerp, the whole of which it comprises, it contains a Syriac and Arabic version, of the greatest part of the Old, and of the whole of the New Testament. Great inaccuracy is imputed to the Hebrew text inserted in this publication.

13. (1653—1657).—We now reach the *London Polyglott.* To this Doctor Bryan Walton, its learned Editor, prefixed the Prolegomena, which are the subject of the present article. We wish Archdeacon Wrangham, the Editor, had favoured us with an account of the work: we trust that this omission is solely owing to the Archdeacon's intention of favouring us with it at a future, but no very distant time. To supply the want of it, we shall briefly state, that the London Polyglott, as the work of which we now speak is generally called, was published in six volumes; that the editor of it was Doctor Bryan Walton, afterwards Bishop of Chester; that it was published by subscription; that nine languages are used in it, though no one book of the Bible is printed with so many; that the sixth volume contains an antiquarian and critical apparatus of great value; and that, to complete the work, the purchaser should acquire the Lexicon Heptaglotton, of Doctor

Castello, in two volumes, folio. Few works, if any, have issued from any press, of so much importance or value to Christian doctrine, or sacred literature. The chief labour of the work fell on Doctor Castell. We learn, from Dr. Adam Clarke, that "he, (Doctor Castell), laboured at it during seventeen years, from sixteen to seventeen hours each day; during which time he maintained, at his own house, and at his own cost, seven Englishmen and seven foreigners." Most painful is it to add, that this learned gentleman lived and died almost in want of necessaries.

We have now an abundance of materials for a new edition of this work. "Is there," let us exclaim with Doctor Clarke, "no *Mecenas bishop* who will step forth and move the clergy, the laity, and even the government itself, to assist him in publishing a second edition of the English Polyglott, as far superior to the present, as that is to all other works of the kind? Let such a one *shew himself*, and he shall not lack of encouragement, and may the hand of his God be with him for his good."

Archdeacon Wrangham has prefixed a short preface to his work. Walton's Prolegomena have always been admired for the extensive learning, critical discernment, and candour which they exhibit throughout. The edition of them published by Professor Dathe, at Leipsic, has been much sought for in this country, but it is now difficult to procure it. A new English edition of the Prolegomena had long been called for, and we are happy to find that it has fallen into the hands of a gentleman so well calculated to do it justice. In a modest preface to it, he gives an account of his labours. It contains a passage which we read with a mixture of concern and indignation. 'If I may speak,' says the learned Archdeacon, 'a few words of myself, I scarcely dare affirm, what the Bishop of Peterborough writes of himself, that with the help of a Lexicon I am able to translate the Hebrew and Persic languages. While I was at Cambridge, I was engaged on other studies; these, if I may venture on the expression, I did not prosecute either without diligence or without success. I therefore feelingly perceived, particularly in some of the last sections of the Prolegomena, that I stood in need of aid. I asked of many; the answers which I received from some were rude, those of others were negligent; almost all amounted to a refusal. *Plures Auxilium poposci. Responsa molestiora alias, alias negligentia, omnia fere negantia tuli.*' Is this credible? Are the clergy, the expensively educated, the richly beneficed clergy, so indifferent to the word of God, and the just requests of their brethren, as to refuse their literary aid to the decent calls of a meritorious brother? The Archdeacon mentions some exceptions. He speaks with gratitude of the assistance afforded him by Doctor Levison Venables Vernon, the Chancellor of the Cathedral Church of York; and by Doctor Lee, the Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. The readiness of the latter to communicate his literary treasures, is known both in England and on the continent.

The first endeavour of our author has been, to give an exact impression of Walton's text; in some instances he has altered the punctuation; and sometimes, but very seldom, has amended an evidently faulty word. He has accompanied the text with a continual annotation. By this he has often explained and illustrated the text, and supplied its deficiencies. To most of the chapters he has appended, in the manner of Heyné, short Essays, by which he has thrown much new light on the text, and brought before his readers, in a succinct and unpretending manner, the result of the researches and discoveries in Biblical learning, which have been effected by the learned, since the impression of the Polyglott. He has also inserted engravings of medals, alphabets, and other subsidiary matter.

With pleasure we acknowledge our obligations to the learned Archdeacon. Walton's Prolegomena form an important part of a work which holds a very high, perhaps even the highest place, in the Biblical literature of the English nation. The present edition of the Prolegomena, enhances their merit and value. We trust our author will complete his task, by favouring us with a third volume. In our opinion it should contain all that is truly useful in the accounts given of the Polyglott Bibles, by Le Long, Michaelis, Marsh, and other Biblical scholars, both in England and on the continent; it should give us a full view of the manner in which Walton's Polyglott was published, of its protectors and encouragers, and of every other circumstance connected with its publication; and particularly an account of the controversy between Doctor Walton and Doctor Owen, to which it gave rise. It should also contain all the new matter, which has come to hand since the publication of the Polyglott, and what is now wanting to give perfection to the work. Surely, when this shall be done, some *Mecenas bishop,* to repeat the words of Doctor Clarke, will arise and rival the fame of the yet, in this respect, unrivalled Ximenes.

Art. VIII.—*Researches in South Africa.* By the Rev. John Philip, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 889. London: 1828.

Whatever amount of vice or wretchedness may have characterised the social condition of the aboriginal tribes of Africa, while, undisturbed by the intrusion of strangers, they roamed in independence over their native wilds, they have gained but little, it is to be feared, as yet, in point either of happiness or of moral improvement, by their intercourse with the boasted civilization of Europe. The white man has come among them only in the character of an animal of prey, to rival their own wolves and hyenas in plundering their flocks, driving them from their pastures, desolating their villages, carrying away their women and their young men, drenching the land with the blood of their old men and their infants, and making them feel, by every other variety of wrong by which their hearts could be maddened or broken, how far human cruelty transcends, both in cunning and ferocity, that of the wild beasts of the forest. For more than three centuries the accessible portion of Africa has been the favourite *chase,* as it were, of European rapacity,—the scene to which the bloodhounds of our race have been wont to resort for their richest sport, and where the broadest space has been given to the revelry of that fell hunt, in which man is the pursuer, and his fellow man the quarry. Whatever may be the blessings of civilization, when fully attained, it requires but a glance at the past and present condition of the tribes inhabiting the southern regions of this vast continent, to convince us that the first coming into contact with it on the part of a barbarous people, brings them no gain, but a fearful loss. Even when we divest the picture of their ancient wandering life of those charms which brighten it to the eye of poetry, and, instead of allowing our imaginations to be absorbed by the visions which it seems to present of independence, and plenty, and Arcadian ease, only varied occasionally by some exhilirating adventure, or the shifting of their home from one to another verdant valley of their teeming and beautiful land, look upon its dark as well as its sunny side, and take into the account all the crime and misery by which it can be fairly charged to have been deformed, we shall still have before us something far more pleasing for the heart to repose upon, than the actual scene which it must now contemplate. In the condition to which Africa has been reduced by its white invaders, we see every ill that can have afflicted its former state in aggravated hideousness, all the compensating enjoyments of savage life turned to bitterness, and many new and crushing sorrows added to the weight of its old endurances. The Bushman is still as much as ever the slave of violent passions and coarse and degrading habits, as ignorant, as dependent for food to himself and his children upon chance and the clemency of nature, as much exposed to the attacks of his natural enemies of every description, as imperfectly sheltered from the anger of the elements, as liable to be destroyed by the accidents incident to his mode of living or by the diseases of his clime—as he was before the footstep of a European had touched his shore. But he is not now as he was then, at liberty to range with his flocks as he listed from fountain to fountain, or to follow the chase over whatever hills and dales the wind itself might take its course. He dare not even plant his hut in the land where his fathers dwelt, and where their bones still lie, but can only behold from a distance the plains that should have been the inheritance of himself and his kindred, violated by the ploughshare of the stranger. And if he be, amid all his insecurity and privations, a freeman still, how different a thing is his freedom from that which his fathers knew, confined as he is on all sides by the encroachments of a power which he can no more resist than he could the waves of the sea, were they to come at once from the east and the west to encompass him; and ever and anon attacked, even in his remotest fastnesses and hiding-places, by an enemy, who, waging against him a war of extermination, grants him no truce, and will be appeased by no submission! He is still a wanderer, as all his race have been; but when he leaves his temporary home, it is not to find another on a greener sward, or beside a more generous spring, but because his Christian destroyers have come upon him, and after having carried away his cattle, and reduced the hut that covered him to ashes, are making the air ring, as they pursue his flight, with their uplifted cry after the blood of himself and his children. However it may have fared with his happier progenitors, roots and wild fruit are now often his only subsistence, while sometimes not even these are to be found, to relieve the agonies of protracted hunger. Add to all this, that exasperation of spirit, inevitably produced by such an accumulation of wrongs and sufferings, and that settled despair of redress or revenge, which his unequal conflict with his oppressors must long ere now have taught him; and who but must own that, hitherto at least, the European colonization of Africa has been a curse to the land, compared to which the most sweeping pestilence that ever thinned the ranks of a people would have been a light and welcome visitation?

We have been led into this train of reflection by the perusal of the work, the title of which we have placed at the head of the present article. It is a publication which can hardly fail, we think, to produce a powerful impression on the public mind, opening to us as it does a view of the actual circumstances of the native population of South Africa, well calculated to command the attention, and excite the indignation of every reader who is either a friend to the happiness of his species, or jealous of the honour of England. Dr. Philip has, in our opinion, performed a most valuable service to the cause of humanity by giving it to the world, and we trust he will receive what we do not doubt he will consider by far his best reward, in the salutary effect produced by his representations in that influential quarter to which they may be regarded as being principally addressed. The work has already been noticed in terms of deserved commendation in the House of Commons by Mr. Buxton, and from the conciliatory tone of the reply to the remarks of that gentleman by the Right Honourable the Secretary for the Colonies, we are inclined to flatter ourselves that Government are beginning by this time to perceive the necessity of doing something to remedy those multiplied grievances in the condition of the Hottentot population, which our author has so ably and intrepidly exposed. The book is rather immethodically written, and from the nature of the details in which it abounds, hardly admits of abridgment or analysis; but we shall endeavour to extract from it at least so much of the information it communicates, as may probably tempt those of our readers for whom the subject possesses any interest, to resort to Dr. Philip's own pages for its more satisfactory elucidation.

The travels of Mr. Barrow had long ago made us acquainted with the oppression and cruelty exercised towards the aborigines of the Cape territory, while that settlement was in the hands of the Dutch, and the unmitigated spirit of injustice, aggression, and violence, with which both the colonists and the government continued to treat them, after a domination of nearly a century and a half. Indeed, it rather appears from all the accounts we possess, that the miseries of this unhappy race, instead of diminishing, only increased and multiplied as the tyranny that inflicted them grew old and well established. While the number of the colonists was small, and their means of oppression inconsiderable, they were contented to treat the natives as their friends, and to obtain from them what they wanted by barter. But no sooner had they become confident in their own strength, than they adopted a different system. First, the poor Hottentot who would not give away his cattle to the boor or the government functionary, who coveted them for the glass beads they offered him in exchange, was, on the plea of necessity, or some other equally convenient, deprived of them without scruple, by force. Thus reduced to poverty and starvation, it was not to be wondered at that the miserable victims of this iniquitous rapacity, should sometimes seize such opportunities as presented themselves of retaliating upon their plunderers. They were, doubtless, compelled to do so in many cases, to escape dying of absolute famine. This conduct on their part, however, afforded only a pretext to the white inhabitants for prosecuting their schemes of encroachment and spoliation on a greater scale, and with a more open and flagrant disregard of the claims both of justice and humanity. In the year 1774, a military expedition was planned to seize or extirpate the whole race of Bushmen, or Hottentots who had not submitted to servitude; and so bloody and savage was the decree, that all the grown-up males captured in this horrid enterprize, were commanded to be put to death!—the privilege of slavery being reserved only for the women and children.

It were a melancholy task to accompany our author in his review of the very imperfect records that yet remain, of the widespread destruction which the warfare thus begun soon occasioned. It was prosecuted for many years by means of *commandoes*, or parties of the boors, raised by the different field-cornets, and supplied with arms and ammunition by the government. Their orders were to scour the country to discover the abodes of the Bushmen, and when they espied a kraal, to surprise it, if possible, and, singling out the men, to shoot them. The women and children were divided among the numbers of the expedition. Of the numbers of human beings thus slaughtered, we have no exact account; but the terms in which those engaged in the sanguinary work soon learned to speak of their achievements, are enough to shew us that the blood of the devoted Africans must have flowed like water. They talked of shooting a Hottentot exactly as an English sportsman would of shooting a head of game.

The following short statement displays, in a very striking manner, both the hardened ferocity of heart soon acquired by the perpetrators of these massacres, and the savage virtues which even their unparalleled sufferings could not extinguish in the bosoms of their victims :

'This expedition a few days after, having surrounded a kraal, fired upon it, and either killed or made captive the whole. Two spies were, about the same time, sent out with two Bushmen, who had promised to shew where some of their countrymen were concealed. But these Bushmen, instead of conducting them right, only deceived them. A few days afterwards, therefore, seven other spies were sent out with them; and they were assured that, in case of a second failure, they should certainly suffer death; but if they pointed out their comrades, they would as certainly be spared. After proceeding about an hour, the Bushmen resolved not to betray their countrymen, fell upon the ground, and on being commanded to rise, behaved as if they were dead. When no answer could be obtained from them, blows were inflicted, but as their determination was inflexible, and the invaders could not remove them, they slew them on the spot. As the Bushmen were fully aware of the consequences of their resolution, their conduct was an instance of patriotism not surpassed by any thing in ancient or modern history. But the individuals who composed the expedition appear to have been utterly incapable of appreciating this magnanimous action; and it failed to serve those in whose behalf it was performed: for the spies, having ascertained their places of refuge, conducted the whole commando thither; and early in the morning firing into their caves, they suffered not an individual to escape.'—vol. i. pp. 46, 47.

Our readers, we are sure, will be gratified by the perusal of the following narrative, were it only for the additional illustration which it affords, from the most unquestionable authority, of the noble points of character occasionally to be found in the much calumniated Hottentot. It is translated by Dr. Philip, from the Journal of the Landdrost Kupt, who was sent into the interior to procure some young oxen for the Dutch East India Company, in the year 1705. The means employed to induce the natives to part with their property, had been as yet confined, on the part of the government at least, to little beyond cajoling and importunate solicitation—and such was their good nature, that by a little management, they were generally in this way prevailed upon to exchange such of their most valuable possessions as were coveted by their avaricious despoilers, for a few strings of glass beads, and a little tobacco or brandy. Even this extreme facility of temper, however, had not been able to protect them from the rapacity and violence of some of the boors, who, by repeated robberies, had reduced them to such distress, that 'they were obliged, they said, in order to save the small quantity of cattle left them, and to procure victuals for their wives and children, to fight daily with the elephants, and thus obtain subsistence with the greatest danger of their lives.' To proceed, however, to our extract:

' " Our waggons, which were obliged to take a circuitous route, arrived at last, and we pitched our tent a musket-shot from the kraal; and after having arranged every thing, went to rest, but were soon disturbed: for about midnight the cattle and horses, which were standing between the waggons, began to start and run, and one of the drivers to shout, on which every one ran out of the tent with his gun. About thirty paces from the tent stood a lion, which, on seeing us, walked very deliberately about thirty paces farther, behind a small thorn-bush, carrying something with him, which I took to be a young ox. We fired more than sixty shots at that bush, and pierced it stoutly, without perceiving any movement. The south-east wind blew strong, the sky was clear, and the moon shone very bright, so that we could perceive every thing at that distance. After the cattle had been quieted again, and I had looked over every thing, I missed the sentry from before the tent, Jan Smit from Antwerp, belonging to the Groene Kloof. We called as loudly as possible, but in vain,—nobody answered; from which I concluded that the lion had carried him off. Three or four men then advanced very cautiously to the bush, which stood right opposite the door of the tent, to see if they could discover any thing of the man, but returned helter skelter, for the lion who was there still, rose up and began to roar. They found there the musket of the sentry, which was cocked, and also his cap and shoes.

' " We fired again about an hundred shots at the bush, (which was sixty paces from the tent, and only thirty paces from the waggons, and at which we were able to point as at a target), without perceiving any thing of the lion, from which we concluded that he was killed or had run away. This induced the marksman, Jan Stamansz, to go and see if he was there still, or not, taking with him a fire brand. But as soon as he approached the bush the lion roared terribly and leapt at him; on which he threw the firebrand at him, and the other people having fired about ten shots, he retired directly to his former place behind that bush.

' " The firebrand which he had thrown at the lion had fallen in the midst of the bush, and, favoured by the strong south-east wind, it began to burn with a great flame, so that we could see very plainly into and through it. We continued our firing into it; the night passed away, and the day began to break, which animated every one to aim at the lion, because he could not go from thence without exposing himself entirely, as the bush stood directly against a steep kloof. Seven men, posted on the farthest waggons, watched him, to take aim at him if he should come out.

' " At last, before it became quite light, he walked up the hill with the man in his mouth, when about forty shots were fired at him without hitting him, although some were very near. Every time this happened he turned round towards the tent, and came roaring towards us; and I am of opinion, that if he had been hit, he would have rushed on the people and the tent.

" ' When it became broad day-light, we perceived, by the blood and a piece of the clothes of the man, that the lion had taken him away and carried him with him. We also found, behind the bush, the place where the lion had been keeping the man, and it appeared impossible that no ball should have hit him, as we found in that place several balls beaten flat. We concluded that he was wounded, and not far from this. The people therefore requested permission to go in search of the man's corpse in order to bury it, supposing that, by our continual firing, the lion would not have had time to devour much of it. I gave permission to some, on condition that they should take a good party of armed Hottentots with them, and made them promise that they would not run into danger, but keep a good look out, and be circumspect. On this seven of them, assisted by forty-three armed Hottentots, followed the track, and found the lion about half a league farther on, lying behind a little bush, On the shout of the Hottentots, he sprang up and ran away, on which they all pursued him. At last the beast turned round, and rushed, roaring terribly, amongst the crowd. The people, fatigued and out of breath with their running, fired and missed him, on which he made directly towards them. The captain, or chief head of the kraal, here did a brave act in aid of two of the people whom the lion attacked. The gun of one of them missed fire, and the other missed his aim, on which the captain threw himself between the lion and the people so close, that the lion stuck his claws into the caross (mantle), of the Hottentot. But he was too agile for him, doffed his caross, and stabbed him with an assagai. Instantly the other Hottentots hastened on, and adorned him with their assagais, so that he looked like a porcupine. Notwithstanding this he did not leave off roaring and leaping, and bit off some of the assagais, till the marksman Jan Stamansz fired a ball into his eye, which made him turn over, and he was then shot dead by the other people. He was a tremendously large beast, and had but a short time before carried off a Hottentot from the kraal and devoured him."'—vol. i., pp. 29—32.

We entirely agree with our author, that 'the generous bravery of the individual who thus threw himself between the strangers and the lion, is not surpassed either in history or fable; while the plundered tribes compelled to fight daily with the elephants and other savage beasts, in order to procure subsistence for their wives and children, present as touching a picture as can be drawn, of a brave and suffering people.'

The grand object, however, of Dr. Philip's publication, is to explain and call attention to the existing condition of the Hottentot tribes, whose degradation and wretchedness the English government, he contends, has hitherto only deepened and extended. The Cape came first into the possession of Great Britain, in 1795, but was restored to the Dutch after the peace of Amiens, in 1802. The English recovered it, however, in 1806, and have since retained it, with no intention, apparently, of again relinquishing the possession. Our author represents the natives as having been in the first instance treated with considerable favour by their new masters, to whom their services were of much importance in restraining the disaffection of the Dutch inhabitants. After some time, however, this inducement to respect their rights no longer existing, the old system of injustice and oppression was resumed, and has continued to be pursued with unmitigated rigour up to the present day. As a specimen of the sort of treatment which English law here deals out to a population whom it at the same time, as if in mockery, denominates *free*, we will extract one or two paragraphs from our author's Remarks on the Colonial Proclamation of 1809, which some person has styled the 'Magna Charta of the Hottentots:'

'In the sixth Article we have a specimen of the redress which the Hottentot has to expect on preferring a complaint of ill treatment against his master:—If the injury sustained does not amount to mutilation, that is to say, the loss of an arm, or an eye, &c., the punishment is to be commuted by a fine not exceeding fifty rix-dollars, and not under ten rix-dollars; but if it is found that the Hottentot has urged his complaint wantonly and maliciously, it is ordained that he shall receive such *correction* as the nature of the case shall require. While it is recollected that the judges in these cases are themselves farmers (for an appeal to the court of circuit by a Hottentot, in such cases, is out of the question, and, I may add, would prove useless), the offender can have little to apprehend, and the complainant but little to hope for. When a Hottentot complains, he is immediately *put into the prison*, in durance vile, till his master or mistress, against whom the complaint is made, can be brought to appear to answer the complaint before the landdrost.

'In this miserable situation the complaining Hottentot may be three days or three weeks, before the matter is brought to an examination. Such a law might be made to discourage complaints; and a statute which should make it capital for a Hottentot to complain against his master would have the same effect; but while it discourages complaints, it excludes the poor Hottentots from the very hope of redress, and shuts them up in reckless despair. After the wretched sufferer has perhaps crept on his hands and his knees to escape from his oppressor, and has been obliged to seek his way to the drostdy in the night, and conceal himself among the bushes through the day, lest he should be discovered and seized by his oppressor before he has lodged his complaint, he is treated as a criminal, by being put in prison; and before any investigation takes place, he is subjected to what in England would be considered as a severe punishment. From such a commencement the result may be anticipated.' —vol. i., pp. 152—154.

And that this atrocious enactment is no dead letter, the following case, quoted by Dr. Philip from among a great many that came under his own observation, is abundantly sufficient to shew:

'A Hottentot woman, belonging to the missionary institution at Pacaltsdorp, in an advanced state of pregnancy, called upon me, at my own house in Cape Town, to complain that her master had struck her, knocked her down, and kicked her in the side, and on the back, with his feet. Finding, by a medical inspection, that the woman's statement was correct, and that marks of her master's feet were visible on her body, I lodged a complaint against her master, before his majesty's deputy-fiscal. On my complaint being lodged, the woman was taken from my house, according to the practice in respect to the Hottentots lodging complaints, and sent to the prison, to wait till the case should be investigated. Of delay, I had no occasion to complain in this instance, for the case was heard next day. The facts having been proved, the master was found guilty of the charge exhibited against him.

'There are several circumstances in this case deserving of notice. The master was a field-cornet, a petty magistrate in the district of George, and the Hottentot woman was a person of good character. It is proper also, to add, that she was not a common servant; that she belonged to a missionary institution; and that she had been hired to attend the farmer's wife on this journey merely. The reader must, by this time, be anxious to hear the sentence pronounced on this field-cornet, this functionary, for the brutality with which he had treated this defenceless woman; and when he considers the circumstances under which her case was brought to the notice of the deputy-fiscal, he will scarcely be prepared to hear that the whole punishment inflicted upon this said field-cornet, was the annulling of the woman's engagement to him, together with a fine of five rix-dollars, being, in sterling money, seven shillings and ninepence. Contrary to the usual practice, the fine was allotted to the woman, (and this is the only instance in which I ever knew such a thing having been done); but this was all that was allowed her, for the injury she had sustained, and to pay the expense of her residence in Cape Town of three weeks, waiting for an opportunity of returning home, and of a journey before her of two hundred and fifty miles.'—vol. i. pp. 161—163.

To this we may add the following extraordinary statement given a few pages afterwards:

'When a Hottentot has given offence to his master, the master frequently sends him to the public prison, not to wait his trial, as such a proceeding would imply in England, and to have a punishment awarded him by a public magistrate, according to the nature of his crime, and the evidence of his guilt, but to be punished at the simple request of the master, without its being necessary to exhibit any definite charge against the prisoner, or any other evidence of guilt than the testimony of the master.

'The master has only to send a note along with the Hottentot, stating that this Hottentot (mentioning his name), has been insolent or disobedient; the master of the prison is requested to give him thirty-nine lashes, and the prisoner is tied up and flogged. and put into confinement till his master chooses to pay the prison expences, and relieve him.

'With such facts before us, can it be a question whether these poor people are treated like human beings?'—vol. i. pp. 166, 167.

By another of the Colonial regulations, no Hottentot who is not in the service of one of the boors, is permitted to be at large without a pass. The manifold abuses to which this oppressive law gives rise, are exposed, very ably and at great length, by Dr. Philip—but we have room to quote only the following instance which he gives of the manner in which it is administered.

'On my visit to Theopolis in 1823, wishing to introduce the English language at that station, for the mutual benefit of the emigrants in Albany and the Hottentots themselves, I selected three or four Hottentot boys from the school, together with a young man who had been acting as an assistant in the school, and placed them under Mr. Mathews of Salem, to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the English language, to fit them for assisting me in the introduction of the plan I proposed. Mr. Mathews was an emigrant from this country; he bore a very excellent character, and had at that time the most respectable school in the district under his care. Being himself a religious man, and favourable to the improvement of the Hottentots, he entered warmly into my views, and offered his services on the most moderate terms. A temporary house was to be erected adjoining the house of Mr. Mathews, by the Hottentots at Theopolis, for the accommodation of the little party; and when they were not in the school with Mr. Mathews, they were to be under the care of the assistant teacher, who was married to a respectable young woman, who was to take upon herself the domestic cares of the family. This plan was recommended by its cheapness, and other considerations which I need not specify. After a trial, Mr. Mathews reported very favourably of the dispositions, the talents, and the progress of his pupils; and the master and the scholars were mutually pleased with each other, and living in peace, when they were visited by two local functionaries who demanded their passes, and, finding they had none, they seized them as vagabonds. Mr. Mathews stated to them the circumstances under which they were placed: but neither the respectability of his character, nor the remonstrances he employed, nor the tears and distress of the wife of the assistant and of the boys had any effect; the determination was formed on principles not to be shaken by such circumstances. They were driven by the said local functionaries to Graham's Town, a distance of fifteen miles, as drovers in this country, on horseback, are in the habit of driving their cattle to Smithfield market; and they were there committed to the common jail among the felons. Nor were they released till Mr. Mathews and one of the missionaries from Theopolis (which is upwards of thirty miles distant), appeared in person, to advocate their cause; and at length, with great difficulty, prevailed in obtaining their discharge. Captain Hope was, at this time, acting landdrost at Graham's Town, and on being asked by a clergyman of the church of England how he could permit such treatment to the children at school, his reply was, "THE PRISON IS THE ONLY SCHOOL FOR HOTTENTOTS!" '—vol. i. pp. 173, 174.

By another proclamation promulgated by the Cape Government, in 1812, a colonist can claim any child of a Hottentot who has been born upon his premises, and who has arrived at the age of eight years, as an 'apprentice,' (that is to say, a domestic servant or slave), for ten years longer. The pretence upon which this regulation is defended, is the equity of giving a compensation to the former, for the support he has allowed the children in their infancy; but its practical effect is merely to perpetuate and render hopeless the slavery of the unfortunate natives. All sorts of tricks appear to be unscrupulously resorted to on the part of the farmers, in order to obtain for themselves labourers for nothing, under cover of this most unjust and pernicious enactment. Our author mentions the case of two girls, whose services were claimed on the authority of the law, for six or seven years, the one being alleged to be only twelve, and the other only eleven years of age—when the eldest was, in reality, not under twenty-four, and the youngest not much less. The landdrost, or district magistrate, to whom this gross imposition was intimated, persisted, nevertheless, in supporting the claim founded upon it; and when an appeal was made to the government, by one of the missionaries belonging to the Institution at Bethelsdorp, the only answer he received to his complaint was, a rebuke for his interference! The cruelty of a law which, like this, has every day the effect of dispersing families, and tearing asunder the most sacred ties of kindred and affection, does not require to be commented on.

In confirmation of his statement, as to the continuance of the commando system up to a very recent date, our author furnishes us in his second volume with abundant details. In 1816, upon a representation made by the farmers of a particular district, the government, without inquiring into the truth of their statements, ordered a commando to be mustered immediately, which, had it actually gone out against the Bushmen at that period, 'would probably,' says Dr. Philip, 'have killed and taken prisoners the whole of that ill-fated race, from the old limits of the Colony, to the Orange River.' The landdrost of the district in question, however, fortunately called for the facts respecting the depredations which it was thus proposed to punish, and finding they could not be produced, had influence enough to obtain the recal of the sanguinary order. But, continues our author,—

'Though the system thus received a momentary check, it soon proceeded with its usual regularity, and there appears no district from which commandoes were subsequently more frequently ordered than from Cradock. In corroboration of this statement, I shall content myself with giving a few extracts, out of many which I might produce, from letters addressed to me by gentlemen of the first respectability in the colony. One gentleman writes me, in a letter dated from Beaufort, in 1821, that the commando system still continues;—"There have been," he says, "two commandoes from this district against the poor Bushmen, within these few weeks. I have had several conversations with individuals who have been engaged on these expeditions, and they talk of shooting Bushmen with the same feelings as if the poor creatures were wild beasts."

'Another gentleman in the service of government, and possessed of accurate information, in a letter dated from Graaff-Reinet, 1822, writes to me as follows:—"The Bushman country, to the Orange river, is now, I may say, entirely in possession of the colonists. The land possessing springs of water has been measured, and given to them in perpetual quit-rent, without reserving anything for the poor natives. Should a Bushman, deprived of his game, and the means of subsistence, by the encroachments of the farmers, happen to steal a sheep, to keep himself or his family from starving, if apprehended and taken alive, he is publicly flogged under the scaffold, branded with a hot iron, put in irons, and condemned to hard labour.

'"The poor Bushman may, indeed, say 'All the game in my country is killed by the farmers, or what they have not killed, they have driven away; their flocks are now feeding where the herds of game on which we formerly fed used to graze; and if we take a lamb, or a few sheep, of these white men, they tie our hands, flog us, load our feet with irons, and put us to death!'

'"I have examined the documents from which you have translated and transcribed the testimonies, which shew the treatment the Bushmen received from 1774 to 1795, and can vouch for their correctness. I have no hesitation in saying that I am fully satisfied that, were the records of Tulbagh, now Worcester, and those of Graaff-Reinet, Beaufort, and Cradock examined, you might find details equally shocking, down to 1822.

'"While England boasts of her humanity, and represents the Dutch as brutes and monsters, for their conduct towards the Hottentots and Bushmen, a narrow inspection into the proceedings which have taken place during the last two or three years, will bring to light a system, taken altogether, perhaps exceeding in cruelty any thing recorded in the facts you have collected, respecting the atrocities committed under the Dutch government."'—vol. ii. pp. 36—38.

We are prepared, after reading these statements, for the anecdote with which our author commences his next chapter.

'The clergyman of the district of Graaff-Reinet stated to me, that, in 1819, when he was called, in the exercise of his duty, to attend at the execution of a Bushman, who was condemned on the charge of having been accessary to the slaughter of a slave belonging to a frontier boor, the poor creature was so ignorant of my friend's character, and so incapable of appreciating the intention of his visit, that, on his first introduction to him, he accosted him in the following terms:—"I knew you would kill me, you murderer! my father always told me to beware of the white men, for they would kill me, and I see he has spoken the truth."'—vol. ii. p. 39.

Passing over, however, many other passages which we had marked for quotation, we must conclude our notice of the work with a single additional extract, as a specimen of those details respecting the character and habits of the natives of South Africa, with which it abounds, and which give to it an interest quite independent of its higher value, as a most intrepid and powerful exposé of a system of misgovernment and oppression not surpassed, we believe, at the present day within the dominions of any civilized people. In the course of a tour which our author made in the year 1825, he visited the native town of Lattakoo, on the borders of the Desert of Kalleghanny, with the king of which, Mateebé, he had a good deal of intercourse. The following is his account of what we may call the political constitution of this negro monarchy:

'The form of government among this tribe is monarchical, the office of king is hereditary, and the theory of government is that of an absolute despotism; but the king is checked in the exercise of his power by his poverty, and the circumstances of his chiefs. The king is assisted by a council, composed of chiefs, but this assembly is deliberative only, and the executive department of the government rests in the hands of the king. Several cases were related to me, in which the king exercised a despotic authority; but each of those cases was followed by a diminution of the number of his subjects. Such is the attachment of this people to the principle of hereditary monarchy, that no instance is known in the country of any of the chiefs having usurped this distinction; but if a chief is dissatisfied, he may withdraw with his followers from under the king's authority, and join another tribe; and, in a thinly-peopled country, and among tribes whose whole wealth consists in cattle, this must be a circumstance of frequent occurrence. To this check, which must form a considerable security against the abuse of power, we may add another. All great questions, and all questions relating to peace or war, are decided on in public assemblies, which are designated in their language by the name of Peetshos.

'The place allotted for these public assemblies is in the centre of the town; it is of a circular form, and is surrounded by a fence. The whole tribe assembles on these occasions. The centre of the circle, which is elevated above the seats of the people, is reserved for those who are to address the assembly, and direct its movements. These assemblies have something in them of an imposing nature. I heard a very respectable individual who was present at one of them, declare that he considered himself as rewarded for the trouble of his journey by that spectacle: but as the interest of a Peetsho must depend, in a great measure, on the importance of the subject which is under discussion, the effects upon a stranger would not always be the same. I had not the gratification of seeing one of these public assemblies, but I was present at a council. They had at that time nothing before them to produce excitement, and in reply to my solicitation to Mateebé, to assemble a Peetsho, I received the following apology, which induced me to relinquish my suit:—"I may call together the people," said he, "but the meeting would disappoint you. We can do nothing on public occasions, unless we have something to excite us; and our hearts are now like the desert, without rain."

'The most remarkable feature in the Peetsho is the existence of two things hitherto deemed incompatible in many civilized countries, the exercise of arbitrary power in the head of the government, with a perfect freedom of debate. Every speaker on these occasions has the privilege of pointing out to the king his faults, and of reminding him of his duty; and this right is exercised with so much latitude, that his personal and domestic concerns are not allowed to escape observation. It is the prerogative of the king to open and close the assembly; his opening speech generally relates to the affair on which they are assmbled; and his concluding one is, for the most part, taken up in defending himself and his government against the complaints which have been urged against them, by the different speakers. No man is allowed to speak after the king; and the moment he has concluded his address, a band of warriors rush from behind him, to the space which had been previously occupied by the speakers, and brandishing their arms, offer defiance to the king's enemies. This defiance is answered by shouts from the people; and in ten minutes after the scene is over, the king, and the speakers who had been most severe in their animadversions on his conduct and government, will be seen together, manifesting the most perfect cordiality to each other.

'The same thing occurred on a limited scale in the council at which I was present. One of the chiefs told Mateebé, on this occasion, that he was entirely under the government of his queen Mahoota; that it was owing to her influence over him, that he did not enjoy the supreme pleasure of an old man, a young wife; that while he was governed by the queen, he would never be respected by his subjects; that he bore no more resemblance to Mallahowan, his father, "than the stunted shrub to the large spreading tree." To these, and other remarks of a similar nature, Mateebé replied with the greatest composure, and without the slightest expression of displeasure on his countenance. In reference to the remarks made on the influence which Mahoota had over him, he was very brief: he appeared to feel that he was treading on delicate ground; and he insinuated, with some archness, that a young wife might have as much influence over a man as an old one; but when he came to reply to the comparison which had been instituted between himself and his father, he passed it over with the following remark:—"I admit that my father was a great man: he was a much greater man than I am; but in making the comparison you have done, you have forgot that my father had circumstances in his favour which I never possessed: my father had wise and warlike chiefs, and a good and brave people." '—vol. ii., pp. 132—135.

Art. IX.—*Travels in Russia.* By William Rae Wilson, Esq. London: Longman & Co. 2 vols. 8vo. 1828.

There are as many different kinds of travellers as there are of poets; and there are, perhaps, as few of the former as of the latter who are qualified for the pursuit to which they devote themselves. There is nothing which would tend so much to the perfection of society, to the increase of the wealth of a state, the progress of knowledge and the arts, as each member of it directing his talents, whether few or many, great or humble, to the objects they are capable of embracing, or affecting by their action. This is generally understood, but it is only in its more obvious and direct application that the rule is employed. In the cultivation of a particular art or study, every one is ready enough to declare the qualities of mind which are requisite to its successful pursuit. Every one knows that a poet must have imagination, a painter a quick sense of the beautiful, a musician a fine ear, and a mathematician, memory. Wherever an error occurs in the misapplication of an unqualified mind to any of these branches of study, the evil of the mistake is soon seen, and the disappointed vanity of the mistaken professor is a sort of scarecrow to others. The number of bad poets, therefore, will never be sufficiently great to make any dangerous diminution in the active members of a commonwealth. But the case is not the same with pursuits which, though requiring almost as much peculiarity of talent, and referring to objects as important, are not so separated from the ordinary employments of men in general, as the arts we have mentioned. The whole circle of commercial occupations, though in many instances requiring very different kinds of ability, are considered as offering success to all equally; the mechanical arts are the source of life to the greater part of mankind, but it is well known with what different degrees of profit they are followed from the fitness or unfitness of the mechanist's hand or eye. The same observation holds good when we ascend from the pursuits of men in their daily avocations, to the employments of the better cultivated orders of society, whose pursuits are a mixture of amusement and profit, or labour under the semblance of varied pleasure. This is remarkably the case with regard to travelling, the most fashionable, and in many circumstances the most profitable, employment of men of leisure. But if it be true, as we believe it is, that a reasonable being, as well for pleasure as profit, must have some object in view in all he does, it is surely of consequence for a man before he determines on spending the best part of life in travelling, to ask himself how he is qualified by nature or education, to find amusement or advantage in his proposed peregrinations. If he be inspired by a love of loco-motion only, he had far better hunt foxes all day, with the certainty of a good dinner and a soft bed afterwards; if it be the insatiable desire of novelty which impels him, we engage to amuse him a thousand times better with pantomimes and raree-shows, than he will be if he go the world over; if he want excitement, hair-breath escapes, curious adventures, and opportunity of enterprise, let him at once turn soldier or sailor, in the profession of either of which he will certainly find what, as a traveller merely he has only a chance of finding, employment sufficiently exciting without the necessity of thinking to make it so.

To travel, in fact, with a moderate chance of being pleased and profited, requires a much greater share of soundly cultivated intellect than is commonly supposed necessary. The most varied scenes in the universe have little variety, or soon lose their variety, in the gross vision of an illiterate or uninformed man. It is the quickened apprehension of the inner spirit which alone enables us to perceive the infinite diversity of forms in nature, and by that diversity the harmony of sights and sounds with which she appeals to our hearts. It is the same with regard to all the objects of strictly human interest. The highest reward and the truest pleasure of travelling, is the power it confers of contemplating man in a greater number of situations; of seeing his heart and mind undergoing their progressive changes through the action of a different discipline; of feeling our nature impaired, and become more keenly sensible as it is appealed to by the new voices of our kindred, in all parts of the globe. To the man who can take advantage of the thoughts and feelings to which these different sights give rise, they afford a lesson of the truest philosophy that man can study. He who is incapable of profiting by the deep moral they convey, is unfit to be a traveller. He wants the perception, the faculties which are to make him one; the qualities of mind and heart, which are to the traveller what imagination is to the poet, and a fine ear to the musician. Though there is nothing in the mental accomplishments we have mentioned, which we do not believe may be possessed in a certain degree and proportion of perfection by all rational creatures, we are, unfortunately, pretty sure they are confined to a few. Were this not the case, it would be utterly impossible that so few travellers should be found who really visit other countries in a right spirit, or with such ideas of the dignity of their office, as make them fit representatives of their country, even to the nation they visit; and true reporters of what they have seen and heard in the land of their pilgrimage. It is not the possession of a suppositious liberality that confers this dignity; as little is it the unnatural looseness of feeling which lets a man be at home every where, where he can find immediate provision for his necessities; it arises from the true humanity of our nature, freed from whatever contracted or oppressed it; from the prevalent wishes and desires which give a right impulse to the will under every circumstance; from a right ordering and balancing of private and of social sentiment; of the patriotism which makes a man proud because he is an Englishman or a Spaniard, and the universal charity which fills him with benevolence towards every member of the world's commonweal. Let a traveller have his mind and moral character thus tempered, and he will have the grand requisites for carrying on his pursuits with true success. He will have the power of correct observation, and that is the first quality necessary to a traveller. He will be free from prejudice, the evil most to be avoided by him, and open to kind impressions, the disposition the most likely to insure his profit. He will require the learning that is necessary to save him from deception; the experience that may caution and direct him; but these are of easy acquisition compared to the more important requisites of moral character, and, though a man can hardly travel profitably without them, will serve him very little if apart from the others.

A traveller, therefore, we are inclined to regard as properly requiring a character peculiar to what may be termed his profession. This, however, we must be considered as saying of those only who pretend to instruct the public, on their return from their wanderings; or to come home bettered in their intellects and moral constitution by their labours. There are a host of home-haters who profess to have no object in their journeys, but the destruction of ennui. With these, of course, we have nothing to do. We leave them till the gout, or a weary old age, induces them to write their reminiscences, and so bring themselves under our notice. For the present, we have had in our eye only what may be termed operative, or book-making travellers, which, by the by, is by far the largest class. Many great and estimable men are there of this number; men who deserve well of their kind as among their greatest benefactors; who have done more towards dispelling the darkness with which prejudice and ignorance covers the world, than the greatest of philosophers; and who have brought back from their wanderings on the desert and the ocean, and among the populous cities of distant empires, gems that are diamond-like and precious for the light of truth of which they are full. But, beside such men as these, there are a host of others, who having principally the gratification of their vanity, or their profit in view, produce volume after volume, either of incredible details, or of dangerous and misconceived opinions. Against all such productions the public cannot be too much warned. False opinions of national character are easily inculcated, and easily gain ground; and in like manner, there is scarcely an object of importance relating to other countries, of which the most grossly false ideas may not be given by the hasty or partial narratives of unqualified and untalented travellers. For the most part, however, it must be confessed, works of this description are by far more dull than dangerous; and if they evince some tendency on the part of their authors to misrepresentation, they manifest an equal desire to bestow all the knowledge which geographies and catalogues raisonnés of books and pictures can afford. As we can see no possible reason why we are to have a thousand-and-one descriptions of the same city, an equally large number of itineraries for the same route, and a still greater number of histories and statistical surveys of the same country, we should very much relish seeing a law passed to prevent a traveller either in France, Italy, or even Russia, publishing a book of travels which does not contain at least one-tenth of original information.

We trust Mr. Wilson will not imagine we have had him at all in our mind during the observations we have been making, or if he should, we refer him to his own book for consolation under the supposed rebuke, as we do ourselves, to enable our readers to judge of its merits and character.

We pass over the preceding part of Mr. Wilson's journey, as if we had put on the boots of Peter Schelmil, and come up with him at once on his departure from Polagen, on the Russian frontiers. The commencement of this part of the journey is told in an entertaining manner:

> ‘We departed from this place with very small horses, similar to those in Sweden, and got into the great road, which led through a wood where there was a profusion of wild strawberries. Some parts were cleared, and we saw farm houses built of wood and roofed with thatch. From the singular dress of the people, it was absolutely impossible to distinguish their sex. The wood continued as far as the next station, and we passed the barrier which divides Livonia and Courland, proceeding along the bridge on floating piles, across the small river Upisod. Notwithstanding it was the month of June, the crops were only a few inches above ground. On arriving at the post-house, the person who furnished us with fresh horses, said, pointing to the imperial on our carriage, that travellers who had this accommodation and two portmanteaus, were obliged to take four horses. We took five, only four being charged for, and had no reason to complain either of the animals or their driver, shabby as he was, for we actually travelled two versts in eight minutes. The driver, too, played us

an air on his horn. This we at first supposed was to show his musical skill, or from the hope of being rewarded; but we soon discovered that it was a signal to a cobler, who bolted forth from his stall, with an enormous bottle of spirits, and filling a tin jug to the brim, presented it to the postilion. The latter quaffed it off in a second with great avidity, smacking his lips at the delicious beverage, which acted as such a spur to him, that he galloped off like lightning. The fellow kept constantly jabbering to his horses, modulating his voice so as to be understood by whichever he addressed in particular. It was not a little entertaining, too, to hear him reason with the animals, as if they were capable of comprehending him: in speaking to the seniors, he would appeal to their experience, and suggest the propriety of their showing a proper example to the others. If a horse had not been turned out for some days, he would abuse him for his laziness, or express a hope that he would not allow others of less strength to outstrip him; frequently too he would flatter them when they proceeded at proper pace, styling them his *golubki* (doves), a very common term of endearment among the Russians.

'Never were we driven with greater velocity, having travelled about eighteen English miles in the course of two hours and a quarter, the animals proceeding at full gallop, so that we were repeatedly apprehensive that we should be upset; for as the roads are laid with trunks of trees covered with sand, the jolting was intolerable. There were but few farm houses, the population was scanty, and the houses and villages had a dark and gloomy aspect. We passed, however, a neat château with a portico in front, the first we had seen for a long time, and arrived at Tadaiken. During the next stage the road was tolerably good; but there was a deal of waste land, and such parts as were cultivated yielded miserable crops. Afterwards the scenery became beautiful, and resembled that in many parts of Sweden, having clumps of lofty spruce and birch trees, hills, vallies, and sheets of water. The females we saw were occupied in spinning with the distaff. The fields are remarkably small, and the ploughs here are of a peculiar construction. They have two shares, and the horse is placed between shafts, as if drawing a carriage, the extremity of which is not more than a foot and half from the ground. At Drogensche post-house, the postilion, although paid liberally, and, indeed, beyond what the regulations prescribed, annoyed us extremely; and perceiving that we were strangers, he used the most fawning and sycophantish behaviour to effect his object, kissing our hands and clothes. About three miles beyond this station, we passed an elegant mansion, built exactly in the English style, situate on an elevation, with a piece of water in front; and it was certainly the best house we had hitherto observed in Russia. We scarcely met a vehicle of any description the whole day, and the few peasants we passed were deplorably clothed, many of them, with their children, being actually in rags. The women, who are dressed in coarse jackets and petticoats, have a great squalidity of countenance, and their persons are quite disgusting; their breasts, like those of women I have seen in Greece, hanging down, and their shifts have two enormous buckles, the size of small biscuits, as a kind of ornament under the throat. Before every house there is a clumsy well, with chains for pulling up water in buckets, and covered with a roof of pantile resting on a log of wood on each side. At every other farm-house also are two posts, with cross-beams at top, and with two long branches suspended from them, to which a piece of wood is affixed below, as a seat, for the purpose of enjoying the exercise of swinging. During this stage the country was distinguished by the same beauty as in the former one; the road, too, was, for the most part, tolerable, until it struck into a wood, where the ground was deep sand, through which we were with difficulty dragged to the next post of Schrunden, the animals being completely knocked up. We found that we had, this day, travelled ninety miles, and during fifty of them had not seen a single church.'—vol. i. pp. 168—172.

But it is, as far as we can judge from his preface, on the account his book contains of St. Petersburg and Moscow, that Mr. Wilson principally rests its claim to public attention. It would, however, be a little difficult to understand how far he asserts the right of originality in these descriptions; as he first tells us that the improvements of St. Petersburg, and the renovation of Moscow, have rendered the descriptions which other travellers have given of these cities obsolete, and that his own contains many particulars not before mentioned; but then modestly says, the reader is not to suppose he has supplied the omissions of other travellers. We had marked for extract several parts of the account of St. Petersburg, but we have, or strongly imagine we have, read the greater part of them so frequently in substance elsewhere, that we are doubtful if our readers would relish them more than ourselves. It is fortunate, therefore, for us, that Mr. Wilson's work, in whatever other respects it may be deficient, is replete with passages which, containing some slight sketch of road scenery, or some little narrative of the difficulties of travellers, offer very attractive matter to the general reader, as well as to the reviewer. Travellers in northern countries, we are inclined to imagine, are favourably situated for the graphic, and light exercise of their pen. Their journey is generally made with great rapidity: the objects they pass among are all strikingly picturesque, and the nature of the country and the climate are both well adapted to give rise to a variety of occurrences, some more and some less important to the traveller; but all of them serving admirably to keep alive the spirit of the narrative. We take the following, which will give some idea of what we mean, and is a fair specimen of Mr. Wilson's general style. He is describing his departure from Novgorod:

'It may be observed that there is a great deal of posting on this road. Few travellers stop for the night at post-houses, but carry their bedding with them; for the carriages of persons of respectability are so constructed that they can stretch themselves at full length; and when not used, the bedding is packed at the back of the carriage where the servant sits. This custom must be allowed to be both economical and expeditious in travelling. On our arrival at the post-house in this place, the carriage was again surrounded by peasants, who annoyed us with their importunate clamours and officiousness.

'After quitting Novgorod, the postilion stopped at his house, which was at the end of the street, and his wife and children came out, when he began to offer up prayer, on which each made the sign of the cross. All this was performed with as much formality as if he had been setting out on a long pilgrimage. The excellent road over which we had travelled to Novgorod did not, unfortunately, extend beyond that city, and we now entered upon one as bad as can well be imagined; formed of logs of wood, whose interstices were filled up with rubbish. This vile road continued till we passed Bronnitza, nor did we see a single château or villa; a circumstance that may serve to account in some degree for the extraordinary badness of the roads, and the little attention paid to facilitating travelling; for we may reasonably suppose, that did the proprietors reside on their domains, they would take care not to incur the danger of being upset or jolted to pieces every time they stirred abroad in a carriage. We met, however, some hundreds of carts laden with goods: they were attached to each other in a line, in the same manner as those which convey coals on a rail-way. These vehicles, or *telegui* as they are called, were very low, had four wheels, and were drawn, some by one, others by two horses. The form of many of them was not a little singular, they being very deep, and somewhat like a boat without stern or bow; while others resembled the top of a square funnel. Some are so contrived, that the driver can stretch himself at full length, and sleep in front. Altogether they have an odd appearance at a distance, from their great number, and are not unlike the baggage-train of an army.

'Through the wood we had now entered the road continued for eighteen miles. At one spot there was a crowd of labourers occupied in cutting down a hill, for the purpose of forming a new line of road. The country hereabouts presents a striking contrast to that we had passed, it being diversified with hill and dale, and with meandering streams, while the beauty of the landscape was set off to the utmost advantage by a glorious sun gilding every part of the prospect around; in short, the view we now enjoyed was quite cheering, after the dull and uninteresting flat we had traversed from the capital.

'We now reached the poor village of Zaïlsova; but as no accommodation was to be found for the night, we were forced to push forward, and the only refreshment we could obtain, was that beverage which "cheers but not inebriates," but without even so much as a slice of bread and butter. We here observed a rather singular way of nursing children: cradles, in the form of a pair of scales, were suspended in front of the houses, from a pole, fixed in and projecting from the wall; and in these machines infants might be seen swinging in the open air. The loquacity of our postilion was altogether extraordinary, and we more than once thought he was soliloquising, but found he was engaged in a conversation with, or rather addressing a long harangue to, his horses, as if they could understand every word he uttered, promising them, by way of urging them to exertion, that they should be bountifully fed at the end of their journey.

'The road now struck through a wood, and the shades of night having fallen, we stopped till the next day at Kretsi, a village similar to the former, and the only place since we left Novgorod where we could find any accommodation. The inn-door was completely surrounded with a most extraordinary group of men, women, and children, all wrapped up in sheep-skins. Some were bare-footed, while others had only shoes made of slips of wood. The beds here were laid upon a thick matting, such as is used for packing up goods; where, however, after the fatigues of the day, we welcomed repose, exclaiming with Sancho, "Blessed be he who first invented sleep—it covers a man all over, like a cloak!" A stove of brick, plastered; some daubs of pictures; a book-case, with a display of miserable crockery; old rickety chairs, and a jumbling table; with a clock that would not go, constituted the whole furniture; while, to add to our further comfort, two of the panes of the window were broken, so as to admit more fresh air than was desirable. We certainly enjoyed also the beauties of wood and water; for the place itself was piled up with wood, the lower part of the building was laid under water: and by way of climax to the luxuries, the apartment next to us was literally crammed with persons enveloped in smoke, and drinking and singing.'—vol ii. pp. 12—15.

If Mr. Wilson had been contented thus to describe his progress through the dominions of the Czar of all the Russias, there is little doubt but his book would have been altogether a very entertaining one, little open to criticism, and even still less exposed to the laughter of unauthorised censors. But we fear our author is in some danger from both these classes of critics; from the one, for sprinkling his book with a set of truisms, when, if he had a mind to aid the cause of morality, he should have reasoned and elicited truth; and from the other, for speaking of certainly very important things, with an air of doubtful gravity, or at least with one which makes it very difficult for a reader, even a reviewing reader, to preserve his countenance unmoved. What, for example, can be more unexpected, or more likely to have the effect we have mentioned, than Mr. Rae Wilson's flying off at a tangent, from telling his readers they may have a duck for eighteen-pence, and forty eggs for sixpence, at Hamburgh, to a dissertation on the suckling of children, in which he most gravely informs us, that infants suck in with their milk the passions, as well as the diseases of their nurses; and that though born of the most amiable parents, they may thus become corrupted by the evil nature of their nurses. We would, if we were desirous of amusing ourselves at the expense of the author, point out some other instances of rather ill-timed attempts at making a moral out of his story. But we have no doubt that Mr. Wilson is a truly amiable man, desirous that every thing may go on well in the world, and wishing for nothing more than that the world may give him credit for being a most enterprising traveller, and his publication, for being full both of amusement and instruction.

We have not ourselves been able to discern much novel information in these volumes; nor are we conscious that they have conveyed to us any of those important truths, which, we think, every strong-drawn picture of a foreign country and its manners, may do. Mr. Wilson has taken up the greatest portion of his work in details, which are almost useless, because every book on Russia has told the same thing; and we imagine his style has not sufficient attractiveness to make old observations pass for novelties. In conformity, therefore, with the remarks with which we commenced this article, we are obliged to rank Mr. Wilson with the travellers who want much of that habit of thinking, and its corresponding qualities of intellect, which can alone render them useful to their readers, or travelling a source of real profit to themselves.

ART. X.—*Cours Couplet d'Economie Politique pratique; ouvrage destiné a mettre sous les yeux des hommes d'etat, des proprietaries fonciers et des Capitalistes, des Savans, des Agricultures, des Manufacturiers, des Negocians, et en général de tous les Citoyens, l'Economie des Societés.* Par Jean Baptiste Say, Auteur du Traité, et du Catechisme d'Economie Politique; Membre de la plupart des Académies de l'Europe. vol. i. 8vo. Paris: 1828.

THE progress of the human mind, from the second part of the eighteenth century to the present day, will excite the astonishment of posterity. Every branch of science has, within the last few years, received a degree of improvement, which seemed to require the experience of ages to confer. There are some branches of knowledge, the origin of which belongs to a remote antiquity, and which form the glory of the greatest names in history. The mathematical, for example, and the natural and political sciences, recal the venerable names of Euclid and Archimedes, and the remembrance of the works, rich in facts, and exquisite in method, of Aristotle, Theophrastus, and Pliny the elder, and their elevated doctrines of civil polity, which, if they be not applicable to the present state of society, explain to us the condition of those mighty commonwealths which time has swallowed up, and which have disappeared from the surface of the earth, after the most brilliant career. But there are some sciences, the origin of which is new, and whose progress has been like that of Homer's Neptune, who made three steps, and with the fourth stood on the confines of the universe. To this latter class belong chemistry and political economy; these may be considered altogether modern sciences, for there is a great difference between the operations of the visionaries who sought the philosopher's stone, and the wonderful combinations of our chemists, who have discovered the most remarkable principles of nature; there is a great difference between the *Economics* of Xenophon, and those rational doctrines which have developed the true means by which wealth is produced, distributed, and consumed.

Among those who have cultivated political economy, with as much success as perseverance, Jean Baptiste Say holds a distinguished rank. Having early applied himself to this interesting study, he has passed his whole life in collecting facts, tracing them to their principles, and deducing their most certain consequences. The safe and enlightened method recommended by Bacon in precept, and by Newton in practice, is equally distant from the idealism of those who seek nothing but abstractions, and the materialism of others, who love nothing but figures. Proceeding continually from the known to the unknown, verifying facts by their connection both with causes and consequences; looking, moreover, at nothing but the interests of science, which are the same as those of humanity, he has given the results of his laborious researches in works which have, by translations, become the property of all Europe; and to him belongs, exclusively, the merit of having made this useful branch of learning popular. Indefatigable in his labours, and sound in his principles, by his correspondence with the most celebrated English economists, to whose talents he has always rendered ample justice, M. Say has earned a new title to the respect of his countrymen, by the publication of a course of political economy, which embraces all the interests of society, and must become useful to all classes, from the statesman placed at the summit of civil order, to the humble artisan. This new work will occupy six volumes, the examination of the first of which, just published, will form the substance of the present article.

The author begins by some brilliant preliminary observations on the fundamental object of the science, on the obstacles which oppose its progress, on its character of general utility, on its connexion with other sciences not less important, &c. We shall begin by a rapid glance at some of these reflections, which altogether are very striking.

Nature has given man a variety of faculties, fitted to supply the wants, both of his animal and social character. The human mind, which is forced to use language to extend its knowledge, and which is, consequently, often obliged to comprehend many ideas under a general term, has at all times called the union of its means, and their produce, by the name of wealth. But whilst, unfortunately, by riches, people are accustomed to understand merely money, or property, considered in its material condition, and abstracted from its origin, certain rigid moralists can see nothing in money, taken in this sense, but an instrument of vice and corruption, both for individuals and countries. Thus, as soon as political economy declared its purpose to be the increase of riches, and to direct their proper employment, it was regarded altogether in an unfavorable light. The mystical philosophers especially, who suppose that virtue is attainable only by the hermit of the desert, covered with rags and feeding himself with herbs, and who admit no government not formed according to the laws of Lycurgus, or the rules of La Trappe, to be good, have asked, with indignation, what is the use of a science which is called social, but which has no connexion either with moral or political good? It may be easily seen, that all this reasoning originates in one of those *equivoques*, into which it may be very easy to fall, when the true meaning of words is neglected. It was not gold in general that corrupted the Spartans, it was the gold of Lysander in particular; that is to say, riches not the produce of industry. It was not treasures, successively accumulated, which degraded the Romans, but the bloody spoliations by which they sacrificed the whole human race to their insatiable avidity; or, in other words, riches became, in their hands, an instrument of corruption and crime, only because they were themselves the fruit of corruption. But political economy is not invented to instruct thieves and robbers how they may obtain or employ the produce of their knavery, or their crime. It is employed about that wealth only, which represents labour; that is to say, a result, pure and simple, of the employment of our faculties for the supply of our wants. Is it possible, then, that it should not be connected with moral and political science, which repose on the same foundations?

M. Say developes these ideas in a luminous and profound manner, and we remark, in passing, he has said nothing in contradiction to what he advanced in his *Traité d' Economie Politique*, where he strenuously insists on the necessity of not confounding this science with others which have no relation to it, although they may have a view to the grand interests of society. When he first devoted himself to this important study, he found it difficult to determine its proper boundaries. Adam Smith himself, who had discovered, with the utmost ability, its most important and least known principles, could not consider it independently of statistics and legislation, and many other branches of the science of government in general. M. Say saw the necessity of disengaging political economy from the heterogeneous mass in which it was enveloped, for it is by isolating a subject we are able to examine it properly in its different parts. The science is now defined. As soon as it is named, every body knows what to understand by it. It is thus in no danger of being confounded with the sciences which illustrate it, since, to determine the connexion which many sciences have with each other, is not the same thing as to consider them all as making a part of one science. The latter may be false; the former is always true, because every thing is connected and dependent in the human mind.

The character of general utility, which belongs to the study of political economy, is so evident as not to require any long proof. It is by the free efforts of industry, which this science makes its object, for the progressive augmentation and equal distribution of riches, that states prosper and become flourishing at home, and formidable abroad. A people slothful, and deprived of the precious resources derived from the development of their faculties, are always a feeble and unhappy nation, continually tormented by the double scourge of slavery and want. This is shown by the undoubted testimony of history. England has drawn her wealth from her industry, and her power from her wealth. By this connection of cause and effect, she has attained the first rank among the nations of the universe. Long and disastrous wars, like those which have oppressed her, with an enormous debt, may shake her; but she can make no retrograde motion, because the foundation of her strength is nothing foreign to herself; it is in her hand a sort of magic wand, always ready with its prodigies:—it is industry. Spain also was once rich and powerful. But as her wealth was passively drawn from the mines of America, and industry was employed neither to preserve nor increase it, her grandeur rested on an infirm base; and the day approached when, in losing America, she saw her power vanish, like a colossus of smoke; and every thing falling around it in ruin and degradation.

Much has been said about the feebleness of a despotic government. Politicians have repeatedly endeavoured to explain the cause. But little can be discovered in their dissertations, but the words right, justice, nature, which are soon despised and trampled on by princes. Their doctrines are thus lost in the clouds, like a breath of wind in the desert. The economists, on the contrary, who habituate themselves to reason on facts only, employ a language more popular and intelligible. They say that despotism is feeble because it stops the development of men's faculties, and stifles industry, and that the consequent feebleness of the nation in itself, makes it feeble in its foreign relations. M. Say appears to attribute this evil to an infatuation without motive on the part of despots. He seems to think that despotism would find its interest in protecting industry; for by thus rendering the people less miserable, and, consequently, more able to bear the yoke, the nation would be better protected, because taxes could be better paid. He alleges the example of Henry IV., who by these means made France happy, without altering the despotic character of the government. We confess that we are not able to discover the justice of this opinion, from what is said by M. Say, and we shall endeavour to unfold the opinion more fully.

Nothing is so well adapted to improve the manners of a people as industry. Constant employment, not leaving men time for evil, takes away even the thought of it, and leads them to habits of order, which at once puts them in the road of happiness. The relations which they are obliged to cultivate among their fellows, for the profitable exchange of their productions, cause them to feel the importance of gaining public esteem, which becomes the sole motive of their conduct. The wish of finding a comfortable relaxation in their hours of repose, awakens in them those domestic affections to which is attached the whole charm of life. The wealth which, according to their different degrees of activity, they derive from their work, confers upon them sooner or later, that character of dignity and independence, which adds to the qualities of a good man, the not less precious quality of a good citizen. Thus as soon as this class increases in number and influence, there arise from the midst of it those formidable powers, those social forces which oppose themselves to the caprices and the rule of a blind authority, because they see in it not only oppression, but insult; and putting themselves in opposition to its insatiable ambition, they invariably end by confining it within its proper bounds, or by totally overturning the existing state of society, and establishing it on other foundations. If experience tells us that this is the case, how is it possible to regard industry as of use to despotism, that despotism which employs all its power to lessen the strength of society, that of which the virtue, dignity, and wealth of a people are the greatest enemies?

The calculations of a lofty reason are always brilliant, but despotism repels them not by ignorance or by folly, but by that savage instinct which enables it to find the surest means for its impious preservation. A government of this kind is only established on corruption of manners, on baseness of character, on the degradation of all noble and elevated sentiment; it requires a complete equality, because all which breaks this menaces it with destruction: it is the equality of slavery and misery. If it tolerate industry in appearance, it is only to a certain point; it is on the one side that it may render the spoliations it meditates more easy and abundant; and on the other to prevent the people failing of subsistence, and throwing themselves into despair, into sedition, and revolution. But it is favourable only to an industry which has neither elevation in its principles, nor liberty in its exercise, nor surety in its results. When it is carried sufficiently far to produce that virtue, which opposes injustice, and that dignity of character which is not patient under the oppressor's yoke, it must be stopped, or despotism falls. This is the history of all the miseries, of all the revolutions which have deluged the earth with blood. The example of Henry IV., very far from weakening this argument, renders it more evident and certain. It was by protecting industry that this model of all princes, without its being his direct design, gave the first blow to despotism in France. It is in truth from his reign we must date the development of the spirit of liberty in that country. Following the impulses of an honest and generous heart, Henry IV. made liberty, as the country gentleman did prose, without knowing it.

These facts cannot be unknown to a writer who, like M. Say, has penetrated all the branches of social science. We must therefore conclude that he has in his mind something which he has not expressed, but which it will not be difficult for us to discover. He has observed, that industry naturally produces good manners in society; that wealth, while it produces industry, developes the spirit of independence, and opposition to absolute power; that whilst virtue and liberty united, make the happiness of nations, the government which knows how to appreciate them, very far from being weakened, finds in them its stability, its glory, and its power; lastly, that where the agreement between the governing and the governed is broken; there is only feebleness on both sides, misery, and the dread of inevitable destruction. Here there is matter for an eloquent philippic, against the blindness of despotism; but the author could not have followed it up without passing the prescribed bounds of an economist, and overstepping the domains of his science. He has had recourse therefore to a figure of speech; for whilst apparently laying down only one truth, he has revealed a thousand; and while animated with the enthusiasm of a friend of humanity, he has said to despotic governments, *it is your interest to protect industry*—he certainly meant to say, *it is your interest to cease to be despotic.*

There are some persons who, not giving themselves the trouble to examine the principles of the science, and without understanding the solidity and extent of it, have insidiously opposed themselves to its cultivation, on the plea, that there are yet in the science many equivocal facts of which the application would be dangerous, doubtful problems which it is impossible to resolve, obscure hints which can never be rendered really useful. As M. Say has combatted these blind prejudices by very close arguments, we shall cite his own words on this subject, which will at the same time show his luminous logic, and his manner of separating the real from the apparent objections to the science.

'It has been said, that the truths about which political economy is concerned, can afford no certain results, nor substantial doctrines, since they are dependent on the will and passions of men, that is to say, on the most uncertain and fugitive things in the world. But this will, these passions, do not prevent the things with which political economy has to do, having a nature proper to themselves, and which operates in the same manner in the same cases.

'The human will is only then an accident which modifies the reciprocal action of things, one upon another, without destroying them. It is thus that the organs of the human body, the heart, the nerves, and the stomach, exercise functions which become the object of a positive science, though intemperance and passions trouble them. It is necessary only to appreciate fitly the influence of accidental circumstances. We must observe, in passing, the reasons which make principles sometimes yield to circumstances; the action of which may exercise for a time a superior influence to the action even of powerful causes. The rules of the healing art direct bleeding in certain cases; but if the situation of the sick man would render bleeding more dangerous than the malady, it would not be wise to have recourse to it. The most zealous partizans for free trade have never agreed to destroy imprudently those rules which they regard, nevertheless, as very burdensome. It is not wise, then, to oppose the principles of a science because its principles may be dangerous when applied at an improper time. The science itself furnishes important directions to determine the cases in which principles are applicable, and those in which it is not proper to apply them.

'It is said, also, that social economy presents questions which cannot be solved; that that of the utility of luxury, for example, is not yet resolved upon. It is not, in fact, but it is only so for those who have not sufficiently studied the first principles of the science. Whoever has formed a complete idea of the phenomena of production, whoever has analysed the effects of the different kinds of consumption, knows very well what to think of luxury. The desire of arriving by a step at the highest results and practical conclusions of political economy, says Mr. MacCulloch, is the common error of those who have not far advanced in this study. If the science presents uncertainties, it is not to those who study it as they ought to do, but to those who do not study it properly. And what is worse, it is those who do not study it, who are the most ready to resolve questions, and give ridiculous explanations of the phenomena which they reproach others with not being able to explain. They who reproach physicians with not knowing the cause of diseases, are the first to attribute them to the humours, or to the nerves, without knowing what are these humours, or in what consists the nervous system. But, should it be true that political economy has some phenomena not yet explained, is this a reason to reject the truths it has already discovered? What science explains every thing? Many phenomena of the natural world elude the researches of learned men, as well as those of political economy. A very striking phenomenon astonished people towards the end of the last century: —Stones of a certain kind fell from the sky, but no one could explain the cause of their appearance. If any one should have the boldness to say, experimental physic is a useless science, he should be reminded of the discovery of the nature of the thunderbolt, and the means we have found of directing it at our will. Must we, then, because we are ignorant of one thing, remain ignorant of another that we can know? When a science does not give us indications in certain cases, ought we, then, to refuse the useful advice which we may receive in others? Because science cannot give any explanation of the stones that fell from the sky, shall we reject that which it gives of other electrical phenomena?'

After these preliminary considerations, which contain many just and luminous ideas, and which serve as the introduction to the work, occupying a great part of the volume, the author enters upon his subject. He had always maintained that the triple object of political economy is to teach the means of producing, distributing, and consuming riches. He begins by analyzing the phenomena of production, which he proposes to make the subject of the first part of his work.

To make himself intelligible to all classes of readers, and to those principally who are not yet initiated in the mysteries of the science, he places before them with precision and simplicity the idea they ought to have of what is called wealth and riches, inasmuch as they are more or less destined for the satisfying of our wants. He distinguishes the wealth nature has bestowed on all mankind, from that which is the result of our own care and labour. He explains the reasons why political economy takes up this last only, which he designates by the name of artificial riches, because they are altogether of human creation, or under the name of social riches, because they suppose a state of society without which we can conceive neither production nor circulation to exist. He proves, at the same time, that riches in general are to be appreciated not by their nature or quantity, but only by their value; and the use we make of them constitutes, without doubt, the foundation, but the things offered in exchange is the best proof of their true value. Whence it happens that value is at times relative and changeable, because it does not suffice that things are useful, but they must be changeable; and plain good sense teaches us, that exchange varies according to the time, place, and conditions of society.

Principles so simple and intuitive, and of which all the world appears to have a clear and distinct notion, are however of the greatest importance, because they serve as the basis to make us comprehend the phenomena of production, and to warn us of the false doctrines into which men have sometimes fallen on this subject. Man can create nothing from nothing, he can only modify and transform, into a thousand different forms, whatever nature has placed in his hands. But we say he produces, because by means of his labour he gives to things a use and value which formerly did not belong to them; that is to say, he renders them at the same time capable of serving several purposes, and becoming objects of exchange in society. These are, then, the two characters which constitute the essence of production: and it is under this point of view we ought equally to consider those as producers, who cultivate the field, who transform the productions of the earth into goods, or who transport both from where they abound, to places where they are wanting. Hence result utility and value, which bring all persons into the class of productive labourers: it is also in departing from these principles that the error has been brought back of the older economists, who excluded from the class of productive labourers, the manufacturer and the merchant, and retained in it the agriculturalist only. This ought to be attentively considered, as some otherwise excellent economists have refused the name of productive to immaterial labour, such as the advice of the physician, or the pleadings of the advocate.

But we are convinced of the incorrectness of this opinion, when we find that these advices and pleadings are of use in raising a sick man from his sufferings, and an innocent one from false accusations, and that they are of value we are convinced, by our offering salaries in exchange. M. Say has developed these different ideas in a very clear and satisfactory manner.

Industry being only a combination of productive labours, the author distinguishes the latter into three classes, the labours of the learned who seek to discover in the laws of nature sure and invariable guides for the exertion of man's industry; the labour of the enterpriser who profits by these lights to apply them to artificial production under all possible combinations; the labour of the workman who executes by the immediate action of his faculties the projects of the enterpriser. There is among these three kinds of labour a difference which it is impossible to mistake, though they may be sometimes exercised by the same individual; and it is also easy to be convinced that they must concur simultaneously to give effort to industry, which can never pass from any of them. If all the world, indeed, knew the necessity of agreement between the enterpriser and the workman, in order to arrive at useful results, the intelligent man would recognize by it a not less necessary agreement among the learned, when he reflects well, that among savage nations, or among people fallen into a state of barbarism, industry has neither extent nor progress, because the sciences have never been known there, or have been totally forgotten. As to the classification of different branches of industry under the relation to which they refer, the author has adopted the well-known distinction which is founded upon the analogy of the products from different arts; that is to say, agricultural industry, manufacturing industry, and commercial industry. It is requisite at all times, whilst it is useful to assist us to arrange in order our knowledge, and to examine in detail its application and effects; it must, however, be less vague and arbitrary, than are usually all the classifications which have the support of nature. As to the instruments of which industry has need of employing in production, the author, after having enumerated those which are at the disposal of all men, such as the sea, the air, the heat of the sun, &c., which should be always reckoned among the things which, more or less, contribute directly to production, proceeds to consider those instruments which are the property of individuals. Such are on the one side, lands fit for cultivation, and water courses, mines, &c.; and on the other what is called in a more extended sense, *capital*, viz. the accumulated productions of former industry.

Every species of production, then, requires pre-existing funds, which are composed of the personal faculties of all persons in the community, and of the things which serve as instruments for the development of industry considered abstractedly; these furnish no matter for exchanges because they are indestructible; the men and things which contribute to a production, remain after the production is accomplished. It is, consequently, their services only which are exchangeable, because these are consumed as soon as rendered, and they may be bought like any other merchandise; whatever is paid for them constitutes what is called the expense of production, the value of which is always represented by the value of the productions which are the results. From these truths, which rest on facts and not on abstractions, the author deduces brilliant consequences as to the innumerable advantages which society at large draws from industry, which is itself a great machine for continued exchange, and the progress of which consists in drawing the greatest possible profit from productive funds. Indeed, when the enterpriser, who is like the pivot of the whole industrious machine, has the talent to concentrate several forces together, to obtain by the same means a greater quantity of profit, or, what is the same thing, an equal mass of profit and value with less means than the enterpriser required before, the producer and the consumer distinctly gain by it, because they can then satisfy a greater number of wants with a less quantity of means.

The nature and employment of capital next fixes particularly the attention of our author. He attributes the origin of it to the application that is made of a new production to a reproductive process. He determines its character, by saying, that a capital employed in whatever enterprise, is a value put in advance, and that this advance, consumed in the course of these producing operations, is again reimbursed by the productions of these same operations: he distinguishes their different employment, and their different degrees of action and re-action, upon the happiness of civil society, according as they are productive or unproductive, accumulated actively, or wasted in pure loss. He explains the true influence that credit exercises on capital, not to augment it, but to render the circulation of it more rapid and effectual: he demonstrates the difficulty of valuing truly the mass of capital in a country, and the little exactness we must necessarily find in the works of economists, who endeavour to give importance to this kind of calculation.

In one word, he has treated this interesting subject in so many ways, that it seems exhausted in his hands; and he has added some researches on the division of labour, in which he has developed and abridged the luminous doctrines of Smith and Lemonthey on this subject. This first volume is concluded by two admirable chapters on the use of machinery in the arts, and on the revolution accomplished in commerce by machines for spinning cotton; chapters which, for their brilliancy and depth of thought, would deserve to be transcribed and presented entire to the meditation of the reader, if the limits of this article did not prevent it.

It appears that the principal desire of our author in this work, is to be clear, precise, and intelligible to every body: his style indeed is eminently simple, elegant, and didactic. He deduces his principles from facts, and he renders them clear in relation to the facts, in the same manner as the teachings of experience are at the same time the source and proofs of all his reasonings.

To render the chain of his ideas rigorous and correct, he does not fear to descend to observations, which at first sight appear very common-place, but which he has the art to prove are very fertile in useful application. Under this point of view, there are some passages in the book which seemed to us to have a very dramatic effect. A presumptuous reader, in seeing an evident principle advanced, says to himself, "that is common, I knew that long ago?"—but when, seeing a great question started, he thinks he wants the wings of Plato, or Kant, to resolve it; the author, triumphing with urbanity over the self-love of the pedant, appears smilingly to answer, "Ah, well, torture not your understanding, this difficult problem is explained by the very principle which you have ridiculed as common place, and which you boasted you knew so completely; you knew it only in a detached and sterile manner, but science rests on facts only, is composed of accommodations and relations, and if every one knows the first, it is the philosopher only who reflects upon them that can unfold the second." This method, in fact, while it is profitable for those who are not skilled in the whole extent of the science, cannot fail to be agreeable to those even who by long study have become fully masters of it, for they see pass before them what they know, or at least what they think they know, in a severe progressive and argumentative order, and the idea of order is always a source of pleasure. We should place on the title of M. Say's work, this line,

"Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti."

Art. XI.—*Salmonia; or Days of Fly-Fishing. In a Series of Conversations. With some Account of the Habits of Fishes belonging to the Genus Salmo.* By an Angler. 12mo. pp. 273. London; Murray. 1828.

It is pretty well known that we are indebted for this work to the pen of Sir Humphrey Davy, whose retirement from those enlightened circles which he had so long graced by his presence, and improved by his great talents and acquirements, has been a very general source of regret. Whether it is only since he has quitted the busy scenes of life that he has become an angler, or whether he had been accustomed occasionally to relieve in that way his graver pursits, from his youth upwards, it is of little importance to the public now to inquire. It is sufficient for us to know that, as far as the present work is concerned, he appears perfectly conversant with all the mysteries of fly-fishing. He has had the advantage of following that fascinating sport abroad and at home, and though he dedicates his pages chiefly to the *salmo* genus, yet it would appear that there is scarcely a tenant of the stream with whose history and habits he has not made himself acquainted.

The work is professedly modelled on that of old Isaac Walton. Three or four friends go out together a fishing from day to day. They select those trout streams which are interesting not only for the size and number of the victims which they contain, but also for the varied and striking prospects by which they are surrounded. In the intervals of the sport, while the sun throws all his light upon the water, and betrays too well to the finny brood the toils which are spread for their destruction, the wooded upland is observed, the picturesque vale is sketched, the fragrance and wildness of the expanded heath are felt, and the attractions of scenery, which are always engaging to well constituted minds, generally suggest a reflection that ascends to HIM who created them, and thus philosophy and amusement are combined. Johnson's well known sarcasm is any thing but applicable to anglers, who thus mingle the charms of nature with their operations.

Our philosophical sportsmen do not stop here. Sometimes their discourse is of man, and of the means which contribute to his improvement and felicity. Sometimes they enter into the natural history of the prey which they are pursuing, and unfold the several species of which the genus is composed. The pouncing of an eagle into the stream, leads to an episode on the peculiarities of that majestic bird. The breaking of a hook enables one of the company to inform us, where and how the best instruments of that description are fashioned. We are initiated in the art—and a curious one it is—of fabricating artificial flies, and of suiting them to different hours of the day, and to different localities. We are taught to throw the line, and to conduct the war against the monarch of the flood with skill and success, and all the while those sentiments of true humanity, which differ widely from the impulses of a maudlin sensibility, are inculcated, and sometimes adorned by a capital dinner and a bottle of the very best Bourdeaux.

All this might seem to be very much in the manner of old Isaac. Sir Humphrey's dialogues, nevertheless, could not be mistaken for those of his prototype. They want the raciness, the ample experience in the management of the rod and line, the deep acquaintance with human nature, the unaffected and poetical insight into the beauties of scenery, and above all, that delightful rambling, gossiping, garrulous mixture of enthusiasm and sense, of apparent cruelty and overflowing tenderness, by which the conversations of Walton are distinguished. Sir Humphrey follows his sport too much after the fashion of a modern military gentleman. He must have his mud boots, his warm stockings; he must ride to the edge of the brook in a light carriage, built for the purpose; he must have all his tackle in toilet order, shining and elegant, if not even perfumed. His philosophy is too elaborate, his reflections are too much sought after. They do not rise on the current of his thoughts like a ripple on the water. They are gathered from books, and pressed into service on the occasion. Very often they are altogether out of place, and have the appearance of being more the real object of the author, than the amusement under whose shadow they are introduced. In a word, the man of science and the moralist appear oftener than the thorough-bred angler; the hint is turned into a lecture; the dialogue into a dissertation.

Hence the book, though scarcely numbering three hundred pages, is in truth a very heavy one. The name of the author has bestowed upon it a momentary celebrity. It is pleasant to know how such a man as Sir Humphrey Davy loves to amuse his leisure hours. It is delightful to see him stooping from his chair of science to mingle in the recreations of the country, and engaged in describing and exalting them. But this curiosity subsides after turning over two or three of the dialogues. It is seen that, though decorated by a few beautiful passages, they are not upon the whole sufficiently beguiling for the theme upon which they are employed. The work will finally be set down among those modern attempts at the execution of a philosophical romance, which have uniformly failed, even when they have been made by some of the most distinguished masters of language whom Europe has produced.

We shall subjoin a few extracts from the work, in justification rather of the praise than of the censure which we have bestowed upon it. The dramatis personæ are—Halieus, 'an accomplished fly-fisher;' Ornither, a gentleman 'generally fond of the sports of the field, though not a finished master of the art of angling;' Poietes, 'an enthusiastic lover of nature, and partially acquainted with the mysteries of fly-fishing;' and Physicus, a mere tyro in those mysteries, but 'fond of inquiries in natural history and philosophy.' The following vindication of the sport is irresistible in argument, and even in expression.

> 'HAL.—The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game, or a fish, with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals, to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its object the same; but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterize man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly, employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resourses and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of

trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water lily; and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend as it were for the gaudy May fly, and till in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine.'—pp. 8—10.

Our author defends the use of the hook in preference to the net, inasmuch as a good angler destroys the life of his victim as soon as it is landed, or returns it to the stream, whereas the net-fisherman suffers his crowd of captives to perish by a lingering and painful death. Besides, 'the hook is usually fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves; and a proof that the sufferings of a hooked fish cannot be great is found in the circumstance, that though a trout has been hooked and played for some minutes, he will often, after his escape with the artificial fly in his mouth, take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing happened; having apparently learnt only from the experiment, that the artificial fly is not proper for food.' This is an ingenious defence for a sport which, after all, requires none. It is enough for us to know that the finny tribe are destined by nature for our use. It is of little consequence by what instrumentality they are removed from their native abodes, provided that no means of destruction, cruel from mere love of cruelty, be resorted to for that purpose. What is called by fine ladies and moralizing gentlemen "barbarous" and "unfeeling" in field sports, is no more than the adaptation of adequate and lawful means to a just and blameless end. The "humanity," as it is most improperly called, which pervades some classes of society upon this subject, is the most suspicious evidence that can be had of morbid and selfish feelings. It is notorious, that a maiden antiquary who devotes all her time to the cultivation of her dogs and cats, will turn the poor mendicant from her door with indignation. The great legislator for animals in our own day, it is well-known, cares very little how often, or how lightly, he exposes to peril his own life, or that of any man who would offer him a personal offence. We do not go so far as to say, with some keen sportsmen, that a hare enjoys being hunted; whether he enjoys it or not is a matter of little consequence, if it be admitted that he is to be enumerated amongst the various provisions which nature has made for the support, or even for the amusement of mankind. But we must finish the dialogue, which gives, indeed, a more ample field of observation and interest to an angler, than Dr. Johnson seems to have had any conception of.

‘Phys.—I am open to conviction on all subjects, and have no objection to spend one May-day with you in this idle occupation; premising, that you take at least one other companion, who really loves fishing.

‘Hal.—You, who are so fond of natural history, even should you not be amused by fishing, will, I am sure, find objects of interest on the banks of the river.

‘Phys.—I fear I am not entomologist enough to follow the life of the May-fly, but I shall willingly have my attention directed to its habits. Indeed, I have often regretted that sportsmen were not fonder of zoology; they have so many opportunities, which other persons do not possess, of illustrating the origin and qualities of some of the most curious forms of animated nature; the causes and character of the migrations of animals; their relations to each other, and their place and order in the general scheme of the universe. It has always appeared to me, that the two great sources of change of place of animals, was the providing of food for themselves, and resting places and food for their young. The great supposed migrations of herrings from the poles to the temperate zone, have appeared to me to be only the approach of successive shoals from deep to shallow water, for the purpose of spawning. The migrations of salmon and trout are evidently for the purpose of depositing their ova, or of finding food after they have spawned. Swallows, and bee-eaters, decidedly pursue flies over half a continent; the scolopax or snipe tribe, in like manner, search for worms and larvæ,—flying from those countries where either frost or dryness prevents them from boring,—making generally small flights at a time, and resting on their travels where they find food. And a journey from England to Africa, is no more for an animal that can fly, with the wind, one hundred miles in an hour, than a journey for a Londoner to his seat in a distant province. And the migration of smaller fishes or birds always occasions the migration of larger ones, that prey on them. Thus, the seal follows the salmon, in summer, to the mouths of rivers; the hake follows the herring and pilchard; hawks are seen in great quantities, in the month of May, coming into the east of Europe, after quails and landrails; and locusts are followed by numerous birds, that, fortunately for the agriculturist, make them their prey.

‘Hal.—It is not possible to follow the amusement of angling, without often having your attention directed to the modes of life of fishes, insects, and birds, and many curious and interesting facts, as it were, forced upon your observation. I consider you, (*Physicus*), as pledged to make one of our fishing party; and I hope, in a few days, to give you an invitation to meet a few worthy friends on the banks of the Colne. And you, (*Poietes*), who, I know, are an initiated disciple of Walton's school, will, I trust, join us. We will endeavour to secure a fine day; two hours, in a light carriage with good horses, will carry us to our ground; and I think I can promise you green meadows, shady trees, the song of the nightingale, and a full and clear river.

‘Poiet.—This last is, in my opinion, the most poetical object in nature. I will not fail to obey your summons. Pliny has, as well as I recollect, compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge;—in this mature state, it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

'HAL.—One might pursue the metaphor still further, and say, that in its origin—its thundering and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank, and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind, affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake, in calming and clearing the turbid water, may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the calm, deep, cool and unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise and foam. And, above all, the sources of a river,—which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere,—and its termination in the ocean, may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to, and lost in, the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it originally sprung.' —pp. 14—19.

The genius of our author tends naturally towards the grave and the sublime. The metaphor just quoted, though somewhat too elaborate, is a fine indication of the disposition of his mind. The following description of the flight of an eagle deserves to be quoted for a similar merit.

'POIET.—The scenery improves as we advance nearer the lower parts of the lake. The mountains become higher, and that small island or peninsula presents a bold craggy outline; and the birch wood below it, and the pines above, make a scene somewhat Alpine in character. But what is that large bird soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!

'HAL.—You are right, it is an eagle, and of a rare and peculiar species—the grey or silver eagle, a noble bird! From the size of the animal, it must be the female; and her aery is in that high rock. I dare say the male is not far off.

'PHYS.—I think I see another bird, of a smaller size, perched on the rock below, which is similar in form.

'HAL.—You do: it is the consort of that beautiful and powerful bird; and I have no doubt their young ones are not far off.

'POIET.—Look at the bird! She dashes into the water falling like a rock, and raising a column of spray; she has fallen from a great height. And now she rises again into the air; what an extraordinary sight!

'HAL.—She is pursuing her prey, and is one of our fraternity,—a catcher of fish. She has missed her quarry this time, and has moved further down towards the river, and falls again from a great height. There! You see her rise with a fish in her talons.

'POIET.—She gives an interest which I hardly expected to have found to this scene. Pray are there many of these animals in this country?

'HAL.—Of this species I have seen but these two, and I believe the young ones migrate as soon as they can provide for themselves; for this solitary bird requires a large space to move and feed in, and does not allow its offspring to partake its reign, or to live near it. Of other species of the eagle, there are some in different parts of the mountains, particularly of the Osprey, and of the great fishing or brown eagle; and I once saw a very fine and interesting sight in one of the Crags of Ben Weevis, near Strathgarve, as I was going, on the 20th of August, in pursuit of black game. Two parent eagles were teaching their offspring—two young birds, the manœuvres of flight. They began by rising from the top of a mountain in the eye of the sun, (it was about mid-day, and bright for this climate). They at first made small circles, and the young birds imitated them; they paused on their wings, waiting till they had made their first flight, and then took a second and larger gyration,—always rising towards the sun, and enlarging their circle of flight so as to make a gradually extending spiral. The young ones still slowly followed, apparently flying better as they mounted; and they continued this sublime kind of exercise, always rising till they became mere points in the air, and the young ones were lost, and afterwards their parents, to our aching sight. But we have touched the shore, and the lake has terminated: you are now on the river Ewe.'—pp. 84—86.

An enthusiastic angler must be delighted with our author's account of some of the salmon rivers in the North of Europe. The river at Drontheim, the Glommen, the Mandals, the Avendal and the Torrisdale, are said to yield excellent sport. We are told, that it is worth while to take a voyage from England to see the Gotha, below the grand fall of Trolhetta, in Sweden, although trout only are found in it. The Falkenstein and the Don abound in salmon. One of the best salmon rivers in England is the Derwent, which flows from the lake of Keswick. The rivers of Yorkshire, Devonshire, Cornwall and Wales, are also generally prolific of that delicious fish. Those of Scotland have declined in this respect, though the Tweed, and the Spey still preserve a great portion of their ancient fame. But the rivers of Ireland appear to bear the palm from all other waters in his majesty's dominions. Our author sounds loudly the praises of the Erne at Ballyshannon, the Moy at Ballina, the Bann near Coleraine, the Blackwater at Lismore, and the Shannon above Limerick. It is in this latter city that the best hooks are now to be obtained. They are manufactured by the famous O'Shaughnessy. It is said of them, that let the fish caught by their aid be ever so heavy, they will neither break nor bend.

Our author, after devoting a long dialogue to the history and habits of the Grayling, proceeds to the mysterious origin of eels; his observations on this subject, leave it nearly in the state in which it was left by Aristotle.

'PHYS.—As I was looking into a ditch coming down the river, which is connected with it, I saw a very large eel at the bottom, which appeared to me to be feeding on a small grayling: are there many of this fish in the Teme, and do they breed here?

'Hal.—There are many of this fish in the river; but to your question, do they breed here? I must answer in the negative. The problem of their generation is the most abstruse, and one of the most curious in natural history; and though it occupied the attention of Aristotle, and has been taken up by most distinguished naturalists since his time, it is still unsolved.

'Phys.—I thought there was no doubt on the subject. Lacepéde, whose book is the only one I have read with attention, asserts, in the most unqualified way, that they are viviparous.

'Hal.—I remember his assertion, but I looked in vain for proofs.

'Phys.—I do not remember any *facts* brought forward on the subject; but tell us what you think upon it.

'Hal.—I will tell you all I know, which is not much. This is certain, that there are two migrations of eels,—one up and one down rivers, one *from* and the other *to* the sea; the first in spring and summer, the second in autumn or early winter. The first of very small eels, which are sometimes not more than two, or two and a half inches long; the second of large eels, which sometimes are three or four feet long, and which weigh from 10 to 15, or even 20lbs. There is great reason to believe that all eels found in fresh water are the results of the first migration: they appear in millions in April and May, and sometimes continue to rise as late even as July and the beginning of August. I remember this was the case in Ireland, in 1823. It had been a cold backward summer, and when I was at Ballyshannon, about the end of July, the mouth of the river, which had been in flood all this month, under the fall, was blackened by millions of little eels, about as long as the finger, which were constantly urging their way up the moist rocks by the side of the fall. Thousands died, but their bodies remaining moist, served as the ladder for others to make their way; and I saw some ascending even perpendicular stones, making their road through wet moss, or adhering to some eels that had died in the attempt. Such is the energy of these little animals, that they continue to find their way, in immense numbers, to Loch Erne. The same thing happens at the fall of the Bann, and Loch Neah is thus peopled by them; even the mighty fall of Shaffausen does not prevent them from making their way to the Lake of Constance, where I have seen many very large eels.

'Phys.—You have shown that some eels come from the sea, but I do not think the facts prove that all eels are derived from that source.

'Hal.—Pardon me,—I have not concluded. There are eels in the Lake of Neufchatel, which communicates by a stream with the Rhine; but there are none in the Lake of Geneva; because the Rhone makes a subterraneous fall below Geneva; and though small eels can pass by moss or mount rocks, they cannot penetrate limestone rocks, or move against a rapid descending current of water, passing, as it were through a pipe. Again: no eels mount the Danube from the Black Sea; and there are none found in the great extent of lakes, swamps and rivers communicating with the Danube,—though some of these lakes and morasses are wonderfully fitted for them, and though they are found abundantly in the same countries, in lakes and rivers connected with the ocean and the Mediterranean. Yet, when brought into confined water in the Danube, they fatten and thrive there. As to the instinct which leads young eels to seek fresh water, it is difficult to reason; probably they prefer warmth, and, swimming at the surface in the early summer, find the lighter water warmer, and likewise containing more insects, and so pursue the courses of fresh water, as the waters from the land at this season become warmer than those from the sea. Mr. J. Couch (Lin. Trans. vol. xiv. p. 70) says the little eels, according to his observation, are produced within reach of the tide, and climb round falls to reach fresh water from the sea. "I have sometimes seen them, in spring, swimming in immense shoals in the Atlantic, in Mount Bay, making their way to the mouths of small brooks and rivers. When the cold water from the autumnal flood begins to swell the rivers, this fish tries to return to the sea; but numbers of the smaller ones hide themselves during the winter in the mud, and many of them form, as it were, masses together. Various authors have recorded the migration of eels in a singular way,—such as Dr. Plot, who, in his History of Staffordshire, says they pass in the night, across meadows, from one pond to another: and Mr. Arderon (in Trans. Royal Soc.), gives a distinct account of small eels rising up the flood-gates and posts of the water-works of the city of Norwich; and they made their way to the water above, though the boards were smooth planed, and five or six feet perpendicular. He says, when they first rose out of the water upon the dry board, they rested a little—which seemed to be till their slime was thrown out, and sufficiently glutinous—and then they rose up the perpendicular ascent with the same facility as if they had been moving on a plane surface.—(Trans. Abr. vol ix. p. 311). There can, I think, be no doubt that they are assisted by their small scales, which, placed like those of serpents, must facilitate their progressive motion; these scales have been microscopically observed by Lewenhoeck.—(Phil. Trans. vol. iv). Eels migrate from the salt water of different sizes, but I believe never when they are above a foot long—and the great mass of them are only from two and a half to four inches. They feed, grow, and fatten in fresh water. In small rivers they seldom become very large; but in large deep lakes they become as thick as a man's arm, or even leg; and all those of a considerable size attempt to return to the sea in October or November, probably when they experience the cold of the first autumnal rains. Those that are not of the largest size, as I said before, pass the winter in the deepest parts of the mud of rivers and lakes, and do not seem to eat much, and remain, I believe, almost torpid. Their increase is not certainly known in any given time, but must depend upon the quantity of their food: but it is probable they do not become of the largest size from the smallest, in one or even two seasons; but this, as well as many other particulars, can only be ascertained by new observations and experiments. Block states, that they grow slowly, and mentions that some had been kept in the same pond for fifteen years. As very large eels after having migrated, never return to the river again, they must (for it cannot be supposed that they all die immediately in the sea) remain in salt water; and there is great probability that they are then confounded with the conger, which is found of different colours and sizes—from the smallest to the largest—from a few ounces to one hundred pounds in weight. The colour of the conger is generally paler than that of the eel; but, in the Atlantic, it is said that pale congers are found on one side of the Wolf Rock, and dark ones on the other. The conger has breathing tubes, which are said not to be found in the other eel; but to determine this would require a more minute examination than as yet been made. Both the conger and common eel have fringes along the air bladder, which are probably the ovaria; and Sir E. Home thinks them hermaphrodite, and that the seminal vessels are close to the kidneys; but this circumstance demands confirmation from new dissections, and some chemical researches upon the nature of the fringes and the supposed melt. If viviparous, and the fringes contain the ova, one mother must produce tens of thousands, the ova being remarkably small; and it appears more probable that they are oviparous, and that they deposit their ova in parts of the sea near deep basins, which remain warm in winter. This might be ascertained by experiment, particularly on the coasts of the Mediterranean. I cannot find that they haunt the Arctic ocean, which is probably of too low a temperature to suit their feelings or habits; and the Caspian or the Black Sea are probably without them, from their not being found in the Volga or Danube: these, being shallow seas, are perhaps too cold for them in winter. From the time that small eels begin to migrate (April), it is probable that they are generated in winter: and the pregnant eels ought to be looked for in November, December, and January. I opened one in December, in which the fringes were abundant, but I did not examine them under the microscope, or chemically. I hope this curious problem will not remain much longer unsolved.'—pp. 190—199.

Although we might be contented to conclude our extracts with that which we have just quoted, yet the author has favoured us with some remarks on the colour of water, which are too original and interesting to be passed over without notice. He delivers them under the character of Halieus.

'The purest water with which we are acquainted, is undoubtedly that which falls from the atmosphere. Having touched air alone, it can contain nothing but what it gains from the atmosphere, and it is distilled without the chance of those impurities which may exist in the vessels used in an artificial operation. We cannot well examine the water precipitated from the atmosphere as rain without collecting it in vessels, and all artificial contact gives more or less contamination; but in snow, melted by the sun beams, that has fallen on glaciers, themselves formed from frozen snow, water may be regarded as in its state of greatest purity. Congelation expels both salts and air from water, whether existing below, or formed in the atmosphere; and in the highest and uninhabited regions of glaciers, there can scarcely be any substances to contaminate—removed from animal and vegetable life, they are even above the mineral kingdom; and though there are instances in which the rudest kind of vegetation (forms of the fungus or mucor kind) is even found upon snows, yet this is a rare occurrence; and red snow, which is occasioned by it, is an extraordinary and not a common phenomenon towards the pole, and on the highest mountains of the globe. Having examined the water formed from melted snows on glaciers in different parts of the Alps, and having always found it of the same quality, I shall consider it as pure water, and describe its characters. Its colour, when it has any depth, or when a mass of it is seen through, is bright blue; and, according to its greater or less depth of substance, it has more or less of this colour: as its insipidity and its other physical qualities are not at this moment objects of your inquiry, I shall not dwell upon them. In general in examining lakes and masses of water in high mountains, their colour is of the same bright azure. And Captain Parry states, that the water on the Polar ice has the same beautiful tint. When vegetables grow in lakes, the colour becomes nearer sea green, and as the quantity of impregnation from their decay increases—greener, yellowish green, and at length when the vegetable extract is large in quantity—as in countries where peat is found—yellow and even brown. To mention instances, the Lake of Geneva, fed from sources (particularly the higher Rhone,) formed from melting snow, is blue; and the Rhone pours from it, dyed of the deepest azure, and retains partially this colour till it is joined by the Soane, which gives to it a greener hue. The Lake of Morat, on the contrary, which is fed from a lower country, and from less pure sources, is grass green. And there is an illustrative instance in some small lakes fed from the same source, in the road from Inspruck to Stutgard, which I observed in 1815, (as well as I recollect,) between Nazareit and Reiti. The highest lake fed by melted snows, in March, when I saw it, was bright blue. It discharged itself by a small stream into another, into which a number of large pines had been blown by a winter storm, or fallen from some other cause: in this lake its colour was blue green. In a third lake, in which there were not only pines and their branches, but likewise other decaying vegetable matter, it had a tint of faded grass green; and these changes had occurred in a space not much more than a mile in length. These observations I made in 1815; on returning to the same spot twelve years after, in August and September, I found the character of the lakes entirely changed. The pine wood washed into the second lake had disappeared; a large quantity of stones and gravel washed down by torrents, or detached by an avalanche, supplied their place: there was no perceptible difference of tint in the two upper lakes, but the lower one, where there was still some vegetable matter, seemed to possess a greener hue. The same principle will apply to the Scotch and Irish rivers, which, when they rise or issue from pure rocky sources, are blue, or bluish green; and when fed from peat bogs, or alluvial countries, yellow, or amber-coloured, or brown—even after they have deposited a part of their impurities in great lakes. Sometimes, though rarely, mineral impregnations give colour to water: small streams are sometimes green or yellow from ferruginous depositions. Calcareous matters seldom affect their colour, but often their transparency, when deposited, as is the case with the Velino at Terni, and the Anio at Tivoli; but I doubt if pure saline matters, which are in themselves white, ever change their tint of water.

'Orn.—On what then does the tint of the ocean depend, which has itself given name to a colour?

'Hal.—I think probably on vegetable matter, and perhaps, partially, on two elementary principles, iodine and brome, which it certainly contains, though these are possibly the results of decayed marine vegetables. These give a yellow tint when dissolved in minute portions in water, and this mixed with the blue of pure water would occasion sea green. I made many years ago, being on the *Mer de Glace*, an experiment on this subject. I threw a small quantity of iodine, a substance then recently discovered, into one of those deep blue basins of water which are so frequent on that glacier;

and diffusing it as it dissolved with a stick, I saw the water change first to sea green in colour, and then to grass green, and lastly to yellowish green: I do not, however, give this as a proof, but only as a fact favourable to my conjecture.

POIET.—It appears to me to confirm your view of the subject, that snow and ice, which are merely pure chrystalized water, are always blue when seen by transmitted light. I have often admired the deep azure in crevices in masses of snow in severe winters, and the same colour in the glaciers of Switzerland, particularly at the arch where the Arve issues, in the Valley of Chamouni.'—pp. 263, 269.

We have now laid before the reader as many favourable specimens of the author's dialogues as our space could conveniently admit. The more we consider them, the more we are convinced that, however replete they are with the treasures of a scientific mind, however instructive and curious they may be in some instances, and however neatly written, they have nothing, or very little about them, of the conversational, familiar, and engaging tone which characterizes the pleasant pages of Walton and Cotton. They are overloaded with bullion, which can only be rendered useful by being coined into currency.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*The Beauties of Don Juan, including those Passages only which are calculated to extend the real fame of Lord Byron.* Vol. i. 8vo. London: Cawthorn. 1828.

WE can imagine few publications we should like better to see than a well executed selection from Don Juan, or what might be called an expurgated edition of that splendid poem. This is not exactly, however, what the editor of the present volume has attempted. He has given us merely what he calls the Beauties of Don Juan—and executed his task pretty much in the style which we might have been led to anticipate from his choice of so hacknied and ominous a title. His Beauties of Lord Byron are merely a succession of fragments, got together we do not very well know upon what principle, like what have been given to the public as the Beauties of Shakspeare, and Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Watts, and other popular favorites, by preceding scissor-wielders. Of the story of Don Juan, this volume affords us not a hint. Even of the wit and merriment of the original we have nothing, or next to nothing. The publication consists merely of a small number of smoothly turned stanzas, picked up here and there from the noble poet's pages, and arranged under so many heads, after the manner of what is called a Dictionary of Quotations. The extracts given are certainly scrubbed and purified with the most exquisite scrupulosity—not only all grosser improprieties being, of course, removed, but the most harmless jests being often, to the great injury both of the rhyme and the spirit of the verse, as remorselessly extracted, as if any unusual vivacity of expression were in the author's estimation one of the deadly sins. He—or she—for we much incline to attribute the work to one of the cerulean sisterhood—is of opinion, that Byron was often led greatly too far by his imitation of Ariosto and Pulci: an opinion which is quite enough to show, that his lordship has not met in his present critic with any very sympathising judge of his genius. The volume, we should remark, is very handsomely got up, and is introduced by a preface, rather flowingly and poetically written, though smacking too of the feminine gender.

Art. XIII.—*Lectures to Young Persons.* By the Rev. John Horsey. 8vo. London: Leigh. 1828.

This is a posthumous publication, the Reverend author, in confiding his papers to the charge of his children, having also left to them the decision of the question as to the expediency of giving them to the world. It consists of about a dozen addresses which the author had been in the habit of reading to the young people of a dissenting academy, over which he presided—the subjects discussed being, as expressed in the title-page, the intellectual and moral powers of man, the existence, character, and government of God, and the evidences of Christianity. The writer is so far from professing to have advanced any thing new upon these topics, in the way either of opinion or argument, that he acknowledges to have as frequently made use of the words of others as of his own in illustrating them, and claims no higher praise than that of having bestowed some pains in accommodating the selection to the understanding of those whom he addressed. Whether any very important purpose was likely to be answered, by sending so humble an attempt as this to the press, may, we rather think, be reasonably doubted; but if the work bring but little fame to its deceased author, it will not at least injure any reputation he may have left behind him either as a teacher or a man. The subjects treated of seem to be, upon the whole, neatly and luminously discussed—and the work is pervaded throughout by a tone of affectionate zeal for the improvement and general welfare of the rising generation—as well as by a spirit of tolerant and liberal piety, exceedingly creditable both to the head and heart of the writer. When he speaks in his own person, he uniformly expresses himself with an unaffected simplicity well fitted both to reach the understanding and to engage the attention of his young auditors. In his concluding lecture, we ought to remark, he gives a distinct and manly statement of the reasons on which he conceives the dissenters to be justified in their secession from the national church—in which, however, there is certainly no expression of sentiment that can give any offence to a candid member of the establishment.

Art. XIV.—*Waldstein; or the Swedes in Prague.* From the German of Madame C. Pichler. By J. D. Rosenthal. In 2 volumes. London: Rodwell. 1828.

The singularity of a translation from the German into English by a German, induced us to consider the work before us with more than usual attention. We have diligently compared it with the original, and are happy to be able to give our unqualified approbation to the manner in which Mr. Rosenthal has executed his task. His version possesses a fidelity and elegance which some of our native translators would do well to imitate, and he evidently undertook it in the spirit which alone can render translations successful; for he has rendered the tale into English, in the manner in which an author might be supposed to have written it, had it been composed for this country and not for Germany. The overstrained Schwärmerei, in which our neighbours delight, is softened into the manly simplicity of English feeling, and the pettiness of detail into which the original frequently degenerates, is ably avoided, while the whole effect and keeping is preserved, and, in our opinion, much improved. We are not sufficiently acquainted with Bohemian literature to know whether Albert is synonymous with Hynko, for which cacophonous name Mr. Rosenthal has substituted it, or Wulden with Przichowsky; but we are sure that all our fair readers will thank him for the change. A few peculiarities of idiom are occasionally to be met with. We would recommend to Mr. R. to abstain from the frequent use of the words 'wherefrom,' 'whereto,' &c., which are almost the only faults that occurred to us.

With respect to the merits of the tale itself, we consider it one of the most interesting productions of its voluminous authoress, and we were much pleased, as we doubt not all our readers will be, with its perusal. The scene is laid in Prague, during the last year of the thirty years' war, and opens soon after the death of the Great Wallenstein, (Mrs. Pichler must excuse us from altering the orthography). It is a pity that Helen and Odowalsky, considering the prominent parts which they play, have not some qualities to fix our sympathy. Heartless treachery and selfish vanity should always be rendered subordinate, unless in conveying some great moral lesson, or when the truth of history is to be scrupulously adhered to.

We subjoin a quotation, taken at random, to enable our readers to judge of the translation for themselves.

'The autumnal day was cool and overcast; the Moldavia mists were spreading over the adjacent hills; the fields were barren—the former harvest having been gathered, and nobody having either time or courage, in the commotion of hostile invasion, to plough or sow again. The variegated leaves dropped from the trees, and through the boughs the eye met with a veiled sky, which hung down sadly over the desolate scene.

'Helen wandered full of thought along the walls of the garden, where now neither flowers nor fruit smilingly met her gaze, but every where around were traces of change—of decline. No chaunt of birds in the abandoned shrubbery—not even the chirping of the tit-mouse: and she heard nought save the rustling of her own foot-steps among the fallen leaves which covered the walk. Her soul, like the images surrounding her, was gloomy and grave. She thought of that time when nature glowed in the warm sun-shine of summer,—when hope, apparently well grounded, opened to her the prospect of a distant future; by all observed, by many envied; when trusting to Odowalsky's promises and to his spirit, as a re-establisher of her party, she turned away with coldness the gentle youth, who only approached her bashfully, in order to follow a bold hero in his beaming path. What had become of all these proud expectations?'

Art. XV.—*Das Trauerspiel im Tyrol, von Karl Immermann, Hamburg.* 1828. Bei Hoffman und Campe. (The Tragedy in the Tyrol, by Karl Immermann, Hamburg. 1828).

This play contains many good scenes, and is a proof not only of the author's talent, but of the rapid improvement which he has made in dramatic composition. We hope that Mr. Zimmermann will not allow himself to be led away by the ridiculous eulogies pronounced upon his work by critics who declare, and to all appearance seriously, that he is superior in pathos to Schiller. Mr. Z. has rightly named the play a dramatic poem, for it wants the unity and sustained strength requisite for pure tragedy. The scenes in the Tyrol occurred too recently to be withdrawn at will to the objective distance necessary for dramatic effect. The character of Hofer, too, if faithfully pourtrayed, can never ascend to the ideal. The author has powers which, if well directed, may raise him to a distinguished rank among the German dramatic writers. The play has not, we believe, been produced upon the stage.

Art. XVI.—*Horæ Syriacæ, seu Commentationes et Anecdota Res vel Literas Syriacas spectantia.* Auctore Nicolao Wiseman, S. T. P. in Archigymnasio Romano, L. L. O. O. Professore, in Collegio vero Anglorum Pro-Rectore, et S. S. L. L. Institutore. Tomus I. Typis Francisci Bourlie. pp. 279. 8vo. 1828.

The Syriac version of the Old and New Testament is of the highest importance in biblical criticism, on account of its high antiquity. It certainly was made before the fourth century; and there are plausible arguments to contend that it was made towards the beginning of the third. It is contended, that most of the other Oriental versions were made from it. There is a remarkable agreement between its readings and those of the Vulgate. This is to afford a strong argument for the antiquity of both.

Doctor Wiseman's publication consists of three articles. In the first, he discusses the objections to the literal sense, in which the Syriac translator has rendered the words used by Christ, in the institution of the Eucharist. To this, many Protestant writers have objected. Mr. Hartwell Horne, in his "Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures,' has adopted the objection, and expressed it with force and accuracy. "If the words of institution," says the learned writer, "had been spoken in *English* or *Latin* at first, there would have been some reason for supposing our Saviour meant to be literally understood. But they were spoken in Syriac; in which, as well as in the Hebrew and Chaldee languages, there is no word which expresses to *signify*, *represent*, or *denote*. Hence it is that we find the expression, *it is*, so frequently used in the sacred writings, for *it represents*, or *signifies*." Of this he brings several examples.—The object of Doctor Wiseman, in the first article of the work before us, is to combat this position. He does it by producing a multitude of instances, in which both the Syriac translator and other Syriac writers have evidently used words of *the same* import, as the words to *denote*, to *signify*, or to *represent*. The second article of Doctor Wiseman's publication, contains philological observations on the Syriac version of the Old and New Testament: he pursued the same subject in the third article: the fourth contains a Syriac fragment, which relates to, and throws some light on, the eighteenth dynasty of the kings of Egypt. Doctor Wiseman accompanies it with a translation and notes.

We collect from the work that he is employed in preparing a Supplement, at least to the Syriac part of Doctor Castell's Lexicon Heptaglotton: he speaks of it with respect; but notices its imperfections, and corroborates his opinion of them by the concurrent testimonies of Graab, Michaelis, Hartman, and Mahon. A new edition of Castell's Lexicon has long been called for by the learned; we have expressed, in the present number, their general wish for a new edition of Walton's Polyglott, to which Castell's Lexicon has always been thought a necessary appendage.

Art. XVII.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi's auserlesener Briefwechsel.* Erster Band. Leipzig. Bei. Gerhard Fleischer. 1825. London. Treuttel and Würtz. Dasselbe. Zweiter Band. 1827.

A selection from the Correspondence of F. H. Jacobi. Vol. i. Leipzig. 1825. The same. Vol. ii. 1827.

We have been rather disappointed in these volumes. In correspondence with almost all the most eminent men of his time, Frederic Jacobi's Letters cannot fail to be interesting, yet they come upon us so suddenly, without notice or introduction, that they are deprived of half their worth. In fact, the epistolary correspondence of great men is only valuable when presented in sustained connection, and although we would not wish to throw the slightest blame upon the conscientious withholding of many letters which the public anxiously expected, from the fear that the publication of them at the present time might be a violation of the tacit confidence, which is the surest bond of society, yet the intervening periods might have been advantageously filled up by biographical sketches, or judicious information, as to the culture of Jacobi's mind.

The biographical sketch prefixed to the Letters is meagre, as it only gives an account of the outward circumstances of the life of its subject, without referring to their moral consequences upon Jacobi as a Philosopher. In all future publications of this nature, we would recommend the course pursued by Tieck and Raumer, in their excellent edition of Solger's *Nachgelassene Schriften*, one of the most interesting and valuable works which have been recently published in Germany.

Among the letters we would particularly refer to those of Jacobi and Fichte, as tending to unfold the principles of their philosophy. Its fundamental idea is doubtless just, if considered objectively, but herein consists the difficulty; by construing subjectively, what was never intended by the author to be so interpreted, discredit has been thrown upon the system, which does not properly belong to it. The collection includes many letters of Wieland, Jean Paul, &c., but some of them which treat of ephemeral subjects might, without disadvantage, have been omitted.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE,

Domestic and Foreign.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—This important body of men in a manufacturing, commercial and scientific country, has been united by a royal charter of incorporation. Mr. Telford is the first president; and the objects of the society under him are declared to be the acquisition and promotion of every species of knowledge connected with the profession of the civil engineer, bridge, aqueduct, dock building; the construction of roads, canals, ports, moles, breakwaters, light-houses, draining, navigation, steam, and other machinery, &c., &c.

Mr. J. L. Stevens, of Plymouth, has taken out patents for a description of paddles recently invented by him. This invention consists of a method of propelling vessels by the agency of a series of paddles attached to a three-throw crank, with the aid of steam or other power, and which may be used as a substitute for undershot water-wheels, &c. By this method, as the paddles work in a vertical position, they cause a saving of the power, now consumed by the descending and ascending paddles. It prevents, also, the vibration occasioned by the common paddles, as well as the run of backwater, so dangerous to wherries, &c. Its capability, too, of increased velocity is not governed by the maximum of motion that limits the revolutions of the common wheel.

The most respectable authors have recommended in the case of persons apparently dead from drowning, the artificial insufflation of the lungs. Recent experiments on animals have, however, shown that, under very judicious direction, this proceeding is attended with great danger. In sheep, especially, a single insufflation, if a little too strong, produces immediate death.

The Academy of Sciences at Paris, has decreed a Monthyon prize of 10,000 francs to Mr. Chervin, for his anti-contagion labours relative to yellow fever.

Mr. Martin's Geological Memoir on Western Sussex, contains some original and sensible observations on the probable causes of the remarkable disruption of the superior strata with which that district abounds.

The University Library of St. Petersburgh contains 60,000 volumes, and the Botanical Garden 80,000 plants.

About 34,000 volumes have been collected for the library of Moscow, since 1812. The university is now enriched by the anatomical museum of Professor Loder, which it purchased for 10,000 rubles, and the chemical laboratory is supposed to be the first in Europe. Prince Gallitzin has lately established an economical society, and school of agriculture, with professors of chemistry, statistics, mineralogy, geography, languages, architecture, botany, gardening, planting, mechanics, book-keeping, and the veterinary art.

Mr. Brookes's museum is now under sale. No institution has been found willing to enrich itself with this collection entire, although agents from the principal cities of Europe attend.

A grand topographical, mineralogical, and statistical survey of the whole Russian empire, is now in progress on a large scale, under the superintendence of Lieutenant-General Schubart.

Colonel Rottiers has recently published at Brussels, an account of his journey from Tefflis, along the shores of the Black Sea to Constantinople. The work has attracted considerable notice in France and the Netherlands.

It appears that in the year 1826, no fewer than twenty-eight German newspapers were in circulation in the United States of America; and that at the last Congress of the State of Pennsylvania, the German language had nearly been raised to be the language of the country (for the courts of law, &c.), the English language having had a majority of only one vote.

An important work is editing at Milan, styled Antologia Morale, Ascetica, Oratoria, &c. by a society of Catholic literary men. It is a judicious selection of the best tracts, dissertations, orations, and epistles, illustrative of the dogmas and of the morality of the Catholic religion, extracted and translated from old and modern writers of various countries. It contains, among other matter, letters of St. Jerome, orations by St. Gregory Nazianzenus, and St. John Chrysostom, sermons of St. Augustine, selections from Tertullian, and Theodoretus; and among the moderns we find Abbadie, Bossuet, Pascal, Bourdaloue, St. Pierre, La Mennais, and M. de Freysinous, Bishop of Hermopolis. This publication seems to meet with great success in Italy; it has already extended to 39 volumes 16mo.

The orientalist, Lanci, has published at Rome two volumes, folio, of Illustrations of the Scriptures, drawn from the Phœnician, Assyrian, and Egyptian monuments. The work is spoken of as one of great importance and extensive erudition.

Professor Paganini has published at Milan a "Notice of all the Mineral Waters and Baths in the Italian Peninsula," a work which must prove acceptable to travellers in quest of health.

To the Editor of the Monthly Review.

Sir,

In reviewing "a Journey from Constantinople to England," in your number for the last month, you seem to be under an impression, that the author was restrained by "certain restrictive injunctions imposed on him" by Lord Strangford, the English ambassador at Constantinople, a supposition as little merited by him as it is by myself. In details of what I conceive to be the truth, I trust I should be as little likely to be influenced by any interference, as his Lordship would be to practice it; I believe he has never exerted it towards others, I am sure he has not towards myself. It may be possible that my sentiments do not exactly accord with his on some points, but he respects the freedom of opinion too much to use any means to suppress them; nor has it ever interrupted that kindness and goodwill from his Lordship, which it is my pleasure to feel and to acknowledge.

I am Sir,
&c., &c., &c.
Robert Walsh.

London, July 4, 1828.

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